

THE UNIVERSITY

OF ILLINOIS

LIBRARY

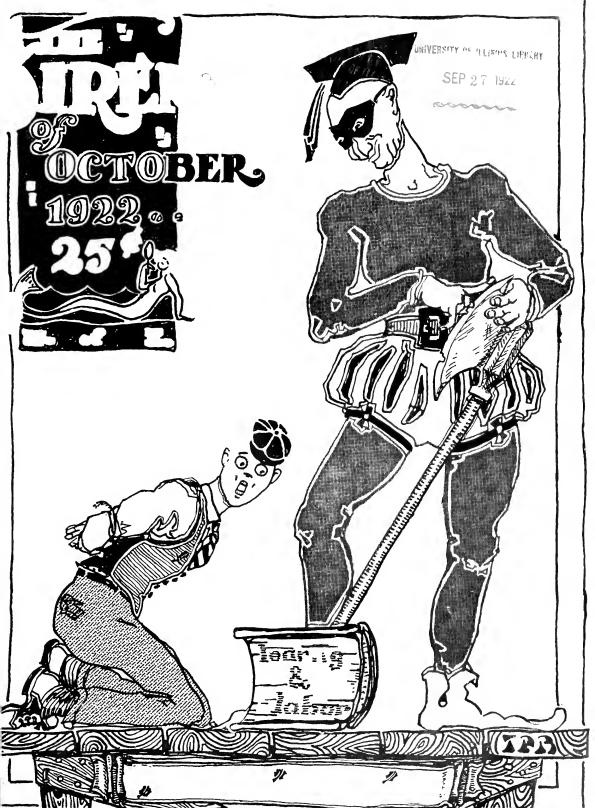
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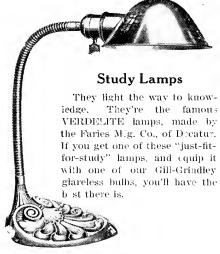




Ready to Produce

All vacation we've been "at it,"—on the job every day so that we would have everything in tip-top shape for you folks this fall. Our variety is larger than ever, several new lines having been added. In short, if you ask for something, we're ready to produce.

Note some of the standard-make specialties we carry



Leather Notebooks

A wonderful selection is here for you. We feature the McMHLLAN books because of their convenient size and durability. For women, the 7 3-4 inch by 5 inch size—just as large as your books—is about right.

Fountain Pens

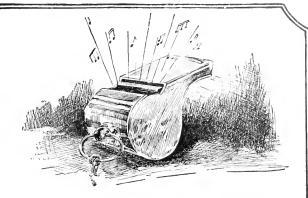
We carry the best makes: Waterman, Conklin, Shaeffer, and Moore. For women we have the above pens with ring tops—you can hang them on your notebook rings. Also see the SAUTOIR pen with a silk ribbon.

Laundry Boxes

One of our laundry boxes will last you during your whole Unive sity career. We are dealers for both Vic Krannert's boxes and for Kwik-pak boxes—both sturdily made and noted for their "lastability."



Ita: Lsi



It will pay you to listen to this music

AI.L over the country the whistle is blowing for the kick-off, the start of that great game another college year.

Be on your toes when the whistle blows. A good start will carry you well on toward your goal.

Let the football candidate start by working away till his muscles ache from bucking the line.

Let the aspirant for manager put in careful study of his team's needs, always eager to help—arranging a trip or earrying a pail of water.

Let the publications man be alert for news and tireless in learning the details of editorial work.

Whatever activity you come out for, crowd a lot of energy into these early Fall days.

And if a good start helps win campus honors, it helps win class room honors, too. The sure way to be up in your work is to aim now for regularity at lectures, up-to-date note-books and particular attention to the early chapters of text-books, thus getting a grip on the basics.

This is best in the long run, and—selfishly—it is easiest in the long run. That is, if life after college is made easier by the things a bigger income can buy.

Published in the interest of Electrical Development by an Institution that will be helped by whatever helps the Industry.

Western Electric Company

Since 1869 makers and distributors or electrical equipment

Number 21 of a series

THE FINEST SORT

Clothes and Furnishings

are sold at

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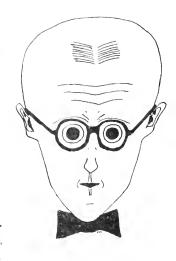
We made a RIGHT and deliver on TIME

ASPHASIA

Irate Cop; "Sober up here! Now, do ye mean to tell me that ye don't know your own name?"

Boiled One: "'Sall ri', ossifer, I'm not myself jus' now."

Puppet.



"Welcome Illini."

Bidwell's

Hot Peanuts Best on the Campus

FINE CANDIES

This is Clarence Fitz-Hugh Abercrombie who has come to school to work, not to play. He is interested in botany. He'll work, all right! There won't be anything else for him to do.

٠.

Joke L. (Riddle.)

Q. Why is an elephant like a piano?

 Λ . Because there is a B in both.

Note.—The B. has no reference whatever to the elephant or the piano but refers to the word both, whose initial letter is B. This is a prominent example of one of our best type of so-called humor. It is known as the Misplaced Kick Variety. Laugh is Optional.

Humbug.

The Comfort Shop

Havens Sisters, Proprietors

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We are headquarters "FOR GOOD THINGS TO EAT"

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Complete Line of Musical
Instruments
Sheet Music
Stationery and Fountain Pens

AN URPANA STORE FOR STUDENTS
121 W. Main St. Urbana



Tune in

We're broadcasting words of welcome to you returning Illini.

All summer we've missed you, but we didn't have much time for "missing." In fact, we've been busy every minute scouring the country, rounding up the kind of clothes that will be fit for Illini men.

We wish to emphasize especially our new and largest department—that of SUITS AND OVERCOATS. It's no longer a question of finding what you want but one of deciding which you want.



530 E. Green Street

Commissaries--

Phone Main 2461 for Fancy Cakes and Pies, French and Danish Pastries, Bread, Rolls and Doughnuts, etc.

UNIVERSITY PASTRY SHOP

608 South Sixth Street

Remember that Number Main 2461

PREPARED

He:"Dear, if I can't return for dinner, I shall send you a note."

She:"Do not bother yourself, I have already found the note in your inside coat pocket."

-Widow

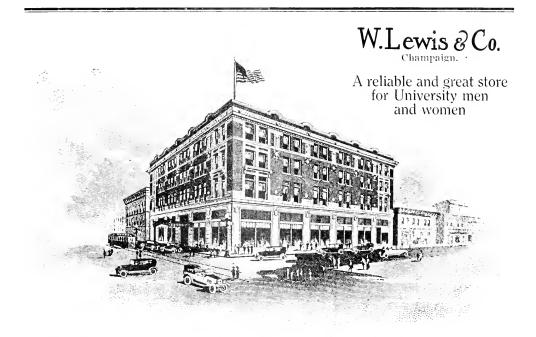
OOF!

James:—See that woman with the dirty face, daddy?

Father:—Why, James, her face is not dirty. She is that way all over.

James:—Gee. pa. you know everything.

-Humbug.



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22 Main St.

Tel. 2246

(Up Stairs.)



This is Felicia Fitz-Hugh Abercrombie, sister of Clarence, who aspires to be a college type. She is using face mud for the first time. The stuff has dried and she is frantic for fear it is so potent her face will never be the same again. It would be better so, perhaps.

ARCADE

Barber Shop

Cushing Bros. Prop.

IN ORDER

1 "Roy"

2

"Joe"

3

"Ed"

4

"Cush"

5 "Curt"

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1 suit pressed, 40c 3 suits pressed, \$1

Suits Called for and Delivered We make the best alterations in the Twin Cities

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H your clothes aren't becoming to you you had better be coming to me

STUDENTS

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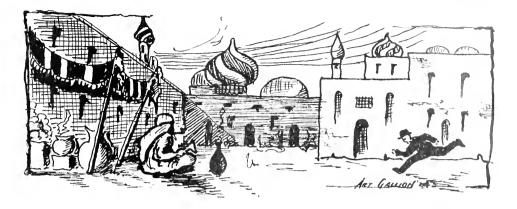
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Free Phones. Rest Rooms. Telegraph Station

The Greatest College Store

THE
CO-OP
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U. of I. Supply Store THE
CO-OP
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The Bazaar of Samarkand

In Which Abir-du-Tar Dispenses Money-Bringing Wares

Abir-du-Tar changed the long pipe with the mystical carving upon the bowl to the other corner of his mouth for a contemplative moment and eyed a black toe protuding from beneath the skirt of his ragged cloak, covered it up with a short gesture and resund his meditation. Abir-du-Tar was the proprietor of Samarkand. His uncle and his grand-uncle owned it before him. There was no limit to the number of relatives who had owned it before them. It was all quite within the family.

Just as families preserve things of very slight value, vacuuous in everything but sentiment, the bazaar of Samarkand was preserved. A wide, perilonsly supported awning of buff and white stripes kept the sun out of Samarkland. It was nothing more than a hole in the wall. But a hole in the wall will serve, sometimes, for many things. Abir-du-Tar's stock in trade was blankets, pottery and bric a-brack that tourists insisted upon buying in large quanities and shipping home in great packing cases which Abul Corfud made for them at fabulous charges.

But Abir-du-Tar was more progressive than his uncle had been. Abir-du-Tar had dared to change the tradition slightly, seeing in the metamorphosis of a time-honored practise the virtue of increased earning power, however small, of Samarkland. Abir-du-Tar had, through the Colonial sahib at the government registry, sent

to England quite a neat sum of money. In return he was to get a bundle of magazines, both home and foreign, which the Colonel sahib had said he could sell readily for goodly sums. Abir-du-Tar had received two bundles of the strange charactered magazines and, as the Colonel sahib had said. had sold many of them and at great sums. In fact, Abir-du-Tar was be coming wealthy. Had he not been able to buy from Zamart? Had he not been able to walk deliberately into the small-eyed wine merchant's shop and purchase a bottle of the elixir which the great Colonel sahib kept continually in his desk at the registry? Yes, no doubt, Abir-du-Tar was becoming wealthy and that is not all. He was enjoying his wealth. The ancient forbears had not enjoyed whatever wealth they had had half as much as Abir-du-Tar. One thing yet remained to make Abir-du-Tar fabulously wealthy

Sahib Smith strode noiselessly down the crooked street. It was white hot. The breeze only pushed the heat farther into the dirty corners. The deep blue sky above was strange and cool in contrast with the grey-white ground which rose up in transparent waves. Sahib Smith cursed (the heat. It was only one of the things which aggravated him. Ten months from the States and not even a sight of civilization. The employment bureau's prospectus had promised "comtortable surroundings." Prospecting for oil in Kabul districts proved the prospectus.

a pack of lies. There was only one pleasant thing in the offing just now. Sahib Smith had made arrangements with Abirdu Tar. It was time for the consummation. Sahib Smith w a s hastening to see Abir-du-Tar, who through the Colonel sahib, had given out most intensely interesting information concerning a particular ware at Samackand

Abir-du-Tar looked up quickly as a long shadow moved and stopped in front of him. Sahib Smith's eyes were alright and shone brightly. The bronze face was sternly passive.

"I have come, Abir-du-Tar."

"You have indeed come, Sahib Smith," came from Abir-du-Tar, who still sat, immovable, crosslegged upon the ground.

Sahib Smith, peering intently into the black eyes below him, reached slowly into his trouser pocket and withdrew just three pieces of gold. Abir-du-Tar's eyes narrowed. Sahib Smith dropped the yellow coins slowly one by one, into the lap of Abir-du-Tar. The latter looked down at the coins for a moment. Then he reached into the folds of the trayed garments and drew forth a brilliantly colored magazine. In the courious characters of the English the strange word SIREN was printed on the outside. Sahib Smith grasped the magazine and strode abruptly away. And Abir du-Tar smiled at the strangeness of Salub Smith and tell ever so good at his own good fortune.

Detail For a Lieve, to be called "Education". Done on this fourth Tuly, D. MCMXXII. . . While waiting. Law to hath 15 theat.



And this, dear friends, is the result of three incorrigible persons living in the same house for eight weeks in the summer time. You will say that the piece is grotesque. Its worse! It is the result of the influence upon one person of two other persons who, to say the very least, are peculiar. It is, so to speak, the quintessence of boredom into which we have a blending of fortitude, whimsy, poetical exasperation, and, as the artist succeeds, we see the flowing lines expressing a softening of the genus irritable and a final warmth which the creative urge has developed from a condition of chaos. The more you observe it, the more this truth is brought out.

Semi-Dirge

Bu Riff-Raff

Old Bill had a name as a terror; As the best of the shots at the bar; An' his whiskers was gnarly an' twisted, An' as black an' as sticky as tar.

Now Mag was a woman he worshiped, And none was there as could blame; For, though she was rough and irregular, Her heart was as true as her name.

Well, Mag was a drinker an' dancer— Hell Morgan's was her place fer rest. While to shoot everything full of bullets Was the sport that old Billy liked best.

Them ways wasn't made fer each other— He never liked dancin' ner drink; He once took a shot at her mother, And chuckled, "she died like a chink!"

Well, things fer a spell jest continued, Till Mag lost her patience and drunk Fer a day and a half an' she died like a calf, An' Bill shot his head through Ker-Plunk!

An' now they's two tomb-stones together Out there on the edge of the town; This story thereon is related: Bill was shot an' poor Maggie was drown.

MISTAKE REALIZED

1630:—Indians trade Manhattan Island for keg of whiskey.

1921:-Citizens want to trade back.

-Humbug.

SMALL CHANGE

Dealer:-Buy a trunk, Pat.

Pat:--What for?

Dealer:-To keep your clothers in.

Pat:-And go naked? Not a bit of it.

-Octopus.

HELP! HELP!

Queen of Spain:—Moi gracia! The baby has a stomach ache.

Lord Chamberlain (excitedly):—Page call in the Secretary of the Interior.

-Sun Dodger.

What to do



A member of the Class of '26 has strolled out to Illinois field, climbed the balcony on the gym annex and is prepared to see for himself. T. P. B. suggests such a thing as one of many to do on Friday night. He says:

"Try strolling over to the annex and watching the athletes. There are always a few there. From the balcony you may enjoy much the same pleasure which in the Dark Ages was ascribed to the Blessed, who were, on bank holiday, permitted to look over the gilded parapet and contemplate the tortured danned below."

We should say that during foot ball the analogy is beautifully correct but that during track season a squad of Hindu ascetics playing leap frog on a track paved with broken pop bottles would more nearly match the efforts being made to augment physical accomplishments.

FOR REFERENCE

"Percy proposed to me last night," she cooed to her father.

"Well, what did you say?"

"See me? Gosh, I don't want to marry him."

PRONTO

Prof.: "Success, gentlemen, has four conditions."

Voice from the fack row:"Tough luck, the Registrar will kick it out of college."

—Burr.

The Great American Family

Depicting Some Interesting Traits About the Jonezes

By **18t**



Mabel Jonez is the opposite of her twin sister. She is horribly serious and thinks everything else is, including the world. She will not succeed at the University; she needs a more concentrated atmosphere. She may go to a private school and then take up settlement work in New York.



The boys at the bank call Joseph Henry Jonez, "Hank:" He is the nominal head of the family and actually

manages to hold the position of exec-

ntive head by reason of his sense of humor; his wife doesn't believe this, though. When people look at Mabel, they say her father is a hard man,

but a glance at Gwennie neutralizes the impression. "Hank" gets a good salary and is willing to forego an automobile so the kids can have an edu-

cation.

This is Gwenivere Jonez. She leans slightly toward a Hollywood complex, but "has a good heart." She enters the University with her twin sister this fall, thereby adding another to the general type

This is Malcomb Harrison Jonez, He has an early start toward development into the prototype of his mother. He is at the head of his class in school and intends to run a dry goods store when he graduates from high school. His mother approves of the idea. Gwennie calls him Malcomb, but "Hank" calls him "Mac," which he resents very much, as does his mother. If he ever does go to college, he'll be a Phi Beta Kappa, if they let him live.



A STATE OF THE STA

Thus is the skeptic of the family; she doesn't believe a college education has any place in a girl's life. She got along all right without one. It was she who had their name changed trom Jones to Joney, when "Hank" got the hig raise at the bank and moved into the big brick house on the littl. Mrs. Jonez is a society leader. The only trouble is that Hoopville society is reticent about being led; ergo, most of the people in the town are stunid.



Horace is an old member of the family. Hank brought him home one night, and following a pitched battle and a siege of three days, Horace was allowed to remain. Some of Horace's friends are playing about in the offing killing time until this picture is drawn after which they and Horace will have a merry gambol.

BALLADE OF SIR HAFFE A TONNE

"The agile slip horn blareth free The dancers prance right nimblie And says Sir Knight, and dost thou see You clumsy varlet? Behold he cannot dance at alle And bumpeth one and bumpeth alle And doth a nusiance in the hall," Said lady Charlotte Said Hafte a Tonne, "I grant thy boon" And forth they danced into the room For he did shake most ponderous shoon Thys noble Knight. So when they bumped amid the presse He jarred Sir Nusiance loose, Ye wis And knocked him for a row I guess And wrecked him right!

- Tukulti-Ninib.

Pot Pourri

As I was walking down the street A bill board met my eye; The advertising that was there Would make you laugh and cry. The snow and rain had almost washed That old bill board away, But what was left of what was Would make that bill board say: Come smoke a Coco-Cola, Tomato Catsup, Pretzelettes: See Lillian Russell wrestle A box of cigarettes. Pork and Beans will meet tonight For a finished fight. Chauncey De Pew will speak Sapolio tonight; Peruna for the horses. It is the best in town: Castoria for the measles, You pay ten dollars down. Teeth extracted without pain-A little added time: Overcoats will sell tonight For the price of half-a dime.

-Red

Fable

With Two Endings for Convenience

Once there was a professor who had certain ideas. One of them had to do with artistry of literature and the pot boiling type of present day novels. He aspired to be a novelist. So he wrote a novel. When he had flnished it he read it over with great pride and satisfaction. He knew it was well-written.

But the publishers sent it back to him and said they would use it if he would make a few minor changes, such as having the couple married at the end instead of murdered, etc.

First Ending

He refused to ruin his work and prostitute his art. Today he figures up his debts on the back of the sheets of his rejected manuscripts.

Second Ending

The professor had the couple married, changed the ingenue heroine to a flapper, and had the villain heated in boiling oil. He sold eighteen novels straight after that. To-day he is worth a million dollars.



A PLACE IN THE SUN

107 DOWN

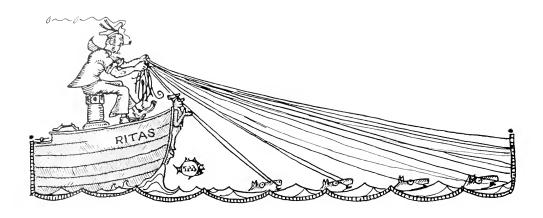
Servant: "There's a man to see you, sir."

Master: "Tell him to take a chair."

Servant: "He did sir. He s taken them all, and they're moving out the piano now. He's from the furniture store."

—Jack-o-Lantern.

The Ballad of a Hundred-Twenty Pintos



A hundred twenty squealing pintos Millin' in the hold;

A hundred twenty kickin' devils Goin' to be sold.

Th' hell they raised warn't ever nothin'

Till we cleared for sea; But when we hit th' first long roller Gettin out-a lee .

Th' hell they raised warn't ever Started fightin' bad. An' gettin' thirsty, darn near drank all Water to be had.

We'd hit the tropics off th' headlands Nigh on eighty mile. When down th' wind went an' we knew we'd Haye t' rest a while.

A hundred twenty squealin' pintos Millin' in the hold; A hundred twenty kickin' devils Goin' to be sold. Th' cap'n scratched 'is grisly whiskers Said: "Boys, this won't do;

"We're five days layin' quiet now an"
"Got a thirsty crew.

"Them bloomin' hosses gotta walk th'
"Plank er we'll all die;

"Ther ain't no more of water left nor "Thet wat's in yer eye."

We all was mighty scared at what th' Skipper had t' say; But jes the same we thought it would

Sin to do that way.

A hundred twenty squealin' pintos Millin' in the' hold;

A hundred twenty kickin' devils Goin' to be sold.

Now Shorty Baines, who's smarter'n deck tar,
Got a bright idee—

He advocated hitchin' up those Hosses in th' sea

An' lettin' all the crazy ijits

Pullous out a calm. Th' capt'n laughed, but Shorty stood th'

Taunts wi'thout a qualm.

He cut a hundred twenty rathines Forty-five feet long, An' tied 'em on the bloomin' pintos,

Tied 'em good an' strong.

A hundred twenty snortin' pintos
Bilin' np the sea;

A hundred twenty swimmin' devils Think they're gettin' free.

They pulled us 'round the Cape d' Jourdin,

Fourteen mile 'er more; Ever' wave they saw ahead 'em, Thought it was the shore.

They pulled us right into th' trade winds,

Where the sheets unrolled; Then we scooped 'em up with hammicks An' dumped 'em in the hold.

A hundred twenty squealing pintos, Millin' in the hold;

Millin' in the hold; A hundred twenty kickin' devils Worth their weight in gold.

—l. f. t.

HONEST!

The whole world has gone wrong, wailed the moralist.

There are not even as many upright pianos as there used to be.—Juggter.

IN STORAGE

Hard Egg: "I broke into a place the other night that had regular Rip Van Winkle carpets on all the floors,"

Second Hard Egg: "Rip Van Winkle carpets?" First: "Sure. Carpets with a long nap."

-Gargoyle,

SLIPPERY STUFF

"A horse just skidded around that corne——"
"But horses can't skid."

"This one was tired."—Jugaler.

Says Pierrot:



Says Pierrot: I'm bored nearly to tears, I think. I wish railroad tracks were bigger on top than on the bottom; I wish trees grew side ways rather than straight up and down; I wish people didn't have noses and ears, they stick out too far; I wish—but what's the use, I've been dead for five hundred years.

The Power of Syncopation



This is Art Galleon's reproduction of Limburg's famous piece, done in the modern manner by the versatile young artist. (Versatile is right). Galleon means to portray the subtle but undeniable and unmistakable potency of saxaphone music. Limburg's piece holds a violin and we are moved to exclaim that the violin has a soul. . . It was no doubt the inspiration of Limburg's art in this instance. No less does the saxaphone touch subtle things within and it is not entirely wrong to show the modern motivation with classic elements. Some persons will probably shriek in horror at this piece and go gunning for us. Sic! We'll start a school of our own, mixing modern and classic elements like the colors of a kaleidoscope.

OR UP

The Young Thing: *Oh, soft music just sends a thrill of eestacy right through my whole being."

The Brute: "Yeh. 1 get the same way when I go down in an elevator,—Way Jay.

AN EARFUL

Lydie: "Try to imagine it. Jack is going to give me a pair of carrings made out of Phi Beta Kappa keys!"

Lucia; "Slick enough. At least you will have the ear marks of knowledge then." *Phoenix*.



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Invocation

On your way, Sister; your debut this—season was hastily arranged but I think you are not so bad. I know that your last season's maid—was the acme of ability and I have some misgivings as to myself. T. P. B. was always raising monuments to himself, unconsciously of course. If I may serve you, Sister, in any such fashion as T. P. B. served you, it will be that Allah has caused the sun to shine upon me.

On your way, sweet nymph; may the stars and the moon and the sun give their color and radiance to you; may you be at once sweet, cynical, sentimental, satirical, lyrical, nonsensical, serious, sensible, critical, and impractical, not to say humorous.

"Red"

The Illini family that lives down in Journalism Canyon, and the one member that is away from home, kept away, perhaps for fear of untoward influence, has become such a chummy bunch that our astute parents, who cannot always be at home, have given big brother the keys to the jam and preserve closet. Horace M. Hodgson is to be adviser to publications this year. We like our parents for this; and we will never want to have the forbidden jam and preserves because we like "Red." Children never listen to older brother as we will listen to "Red," remember that. If we buy "Red" more cokes than usual it will not be because we desire favors, but because we like him.



Metamorphosis

The campus will ever be essentially the same; the tall widespreading trees, the cool, green grass (that human heels must never touch—reserved for dogs, only) the shaded walks, the buildings. There is however a perennial alteration in the general landscape. No one could place his finger upon that part of it which has been changed. but there is always a slightly different appearance; providence, mayhap, provides so that the place may be perennially new. This may be wrong, scientifically; it may be our own altered points of view. But who cares to be elemental?

This year, the metamorphosis is apparent in the disappearance of the board walk. It had to go, no doubt, but with its going came a lot of faint regrets when the ghosts of the past whispered things about the sound of footsteps along the wooden way when moons glowed white in the sky and the smooth rectangle shown like a pool of polished steel. We even liked it when it was the Via Sloppia and muddy water shot upon unsuspecting shins when the rain was especially heavy. But then, progress is no respecter of things like these. We shall determine to like the Via Cementia and we shall be glad that all eight of us can walk abreast and that when we are alone, we are not risking a sudden catapulting into the ditch at the advance of a careless squad of nice young things who could not be expected to change file.

The new agricultural building is carrying civilization into the South Campus; the spirit that baunts that place will now be quoted at flfty per cent. lower at the curb, I fear. We also are led to exclaim: "A million dollars for agriculture and not a cent for—." There we will not continue. The library is not buying any more books because there is no place to put them; University Hall still stands, a monument to the past, a perilous structure at the present, and what architectual beauty therein lies could readily be sacrificed to build a building ten times as artistic and a hundredfold more commodious and convenient. Time, I expect, will equalize all things—still, many things are to be regretted.

The Door Mat

To you who are returning, the "Welcome" on our door mat is truly serious and sincere. You know the warm hand-clasp of friends and the pleasantness of the atmosphere which greet you again. To those who are coming here for the first time, these first days may be trials and there may be need of fortitude. In fact, seniors never entirely escape from the registration incubus. After that, if you are normal and healthy, the Illini Spirit will slip a hand within yours and you will be gloriously initiated into the great fraternal solidarity. Make friends with the Siren at the beginning; she will lead you over the rough places —will buoy you up with her winsome smile so that your feet will not drag, stubbing your toes on persistent little projections you had not noticed before you came here. Don't take things too seriously, and learn to loaf the right waythere is a wrong way, you know.

So go your several academic and social ways, you who have come here for the first time. Your Sister of the Sea wishes you all the happiness in the world, knowing that unless you are a peculiar person, you will be happier than ever before.

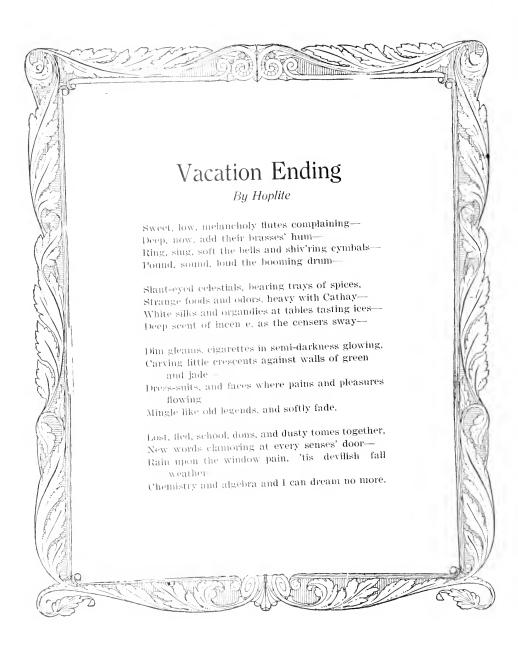
Platitudes

To be true to tradition is one of the best things campus editors do. The editor of this magazine therefore, in upholding the practice of the years, makes the traditional apology for the lateness of the magazine this year. There aren't any excuses, That's what makes this a singular issue. There aren't any apologies either, for dearth of editorial and art material. The dearth is here, as in most first editions, but, as has been said, there is no apology. Sic!

Watch for the November issue!







Projecting the Technique



Professor Henrique D' van Goofenhummer, for many years director and pianist of the Greque Symphonique Grand Opera company has retired into private life and is writing a series of articles for the American Magazine on "How 1 Became a Great Pianist." He is here learning to operate a typewriter which is necessary to his new vocation, It seems that besides carrying over the rapture he felt for his music the professor is likely also to project somewhat of a new technique in typewriterdom. We say nothing of what the poor typewriter must bear at his hands but feel it safe to predict that the professor will be annoyed when the little bell announces the end of the line just as the professor reaches the climax of a nimble fingered run into high F.

POPULAR

Bounder: "My father has been presented at court many times."

Snubber: "Yes, my father has sentenced him many times."

-V. Reel.

"Have you seen the Sea Wolf's Prey?"

"No, I never knew they did." Chaparral.

Young Lady (who has just been operated on for appendicitis): "Oh, doctor, do you think the sear will show?"

Doctor: "It ought not to."—Lyre.

Policeman (to disturbing banjoist): "Young man, you must accompany me—"

He: "Awright, offisher, what'll ya shing?"

-Juggler.

Coeur Crevee

Bu Charles E. Noues

1 bought a piece of odd French lace— My Lady Ann is very fair; My heart is like a pretty face.

I wandered in an ancient place, Four little shops were waiting there; I bought a piece of odd French lace.

Milady has a formal grace, Milord a most ungracious air; My heart is like a pretty face.

Between two swans I saw a race, And gazed with awe upon the pair; I bought a piece of odd French lace,

A hearse goes with an awkward pace. I gave the dainty thing to her; My heart is like a pretty face.

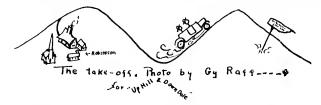
I drew three figures on a vase, And swore three oaths that were a prayer: I bought a piece of odd French lace. My heart is like a pretty face.



Up Hill and Down Dale

By Riff Raff

Riff and His Brother Gy Search the Country for Phenomena



(Editor's Note: It is our good fortune to have obtained exclusive publishing rights to the book of Mr. R. Raff which is in the form of a log compiled during a most interesting scientific and poetic expedition through the more or less unknown parts of the continent. The illustrations in the MS are by Gy Raff, brother of the author. It is hoped that we may obtain publishing rights to these most interesting bits of art in the near future. We will publish the book serially beginning with the foreword by the author.

FOREWORD

It was on a bright, sunshiny morning in June that my brother and I tore ourselves away from the loving embraces of our dear ones, rushed out to our Ford automobile, leapt in, and started out at top speed from our old home town of Robinson, Illinois on what was to prove one of the most eventful and prolific trips of all our already startlingly full career, and was destined to give to the world some of the most interesting discoveries and adventures people have been privileged to encounter.

My brother, Gy Raff, always accompanied me on my tours of research, and has proved infinitely valuable to me during the course of my life's work. He is a tall handsome, dark-skinned gentleman, with a grim face and dark, courageous eyes. He is eminently fearless, always alert and ready for contingencies, and possessed of a far reaching knowledge of the type of things I wish to investigate and perpetuate in thesis and verse.

Before we had started we had long deliberated the advisability of another trip. We were both beginning to show signs of wear from our strenuous globe-trotting and unmitigated work. On our last trip we had spent eighteen full nights in investigating a fungus growth we believed to exist in Wabash River moonshine, but, unhappily to say, we got no results excepting a high state of intoxication and a headache which quite incapacitated us for further research. That is the first time we have ever failed in any of our undertakings. At least it cannot be said that we did not try. To any one who has ever imbibed Wabash moonshine it is evident what such a sacrifice must mean. But my brother and I were ever firm and indomitable, and it had always been quite against our principal to allow the integrity of our bodily fitness to stand between us and success.

In spite of the fact that we had been to Mammoth Cave, Kentucky; Eagle River, Wisconsin. Bedford, Indiana; and Davenport, Iowa, we realized that there were yet some measures of the globe to cover, and we determined to make one last overland spurt, in the course of which we proposed to discover every natural phenomenon that was as yet unknown to the world. Although this was

indubitably the greatest scientific attempt that has ever been contemplated we were undaunted, even at the advice against it of some of the oldest inhabitants of Robinson, many of whom had been as far as Chicago during their lifetimes. Truly, this was to be an expedition on a wholesale scale.

But it was not only the desire to give science new food to masticate that urged us on. For many, many years 1 have felt within myself that wonderful cosmic voice that commands "create, create", and 1 wished to get out in the open, to commune with beautiful nature, and there to express my inspiration in poetry, throbbing, thrilling, thrilling poetry.

Now I have not attempted to write our trip up in the form of a novel, or even a story; however, in order that the general public may derive as much real good and information as possible from the book. I have refrained from using any technical terms that might describe our results; in its present form the work may be read and understood by the dumbest child or the most traveled adult, just like a washing machine, and the fine thing about it is that it brings to its readers straight, true, ungarnished facts. Rather than give any opinion of my own concerning the value of the book, however, I wish to quote the powerful exclamation that rose spontaneously from Theodore Preston Bourland, the famous fairy-tale (abricator of Fogeye, Illinois. When Mr. Bourland had read my book he came up to me and said:

"My dear Riff, you have written a masterpiece that the world will not soon forget. You will live to all posterity. The man who reads this book will be an educated man."

I also quote my eminent friend Mr. Laurence Triggs, more generally known by the quaint little nickname of "Hey Diddle Fiddle, the Cat and the Griddle". Mr. Triggs said: "I have read your book with the greatest interest, Mr. Raff. You have just put before the people in a clear and concrete form a straightforward and unadulterated outline of an expedition that means an epoch in science and poetry. Allow me to congratulate you".

I can say no more!

Unfulfillment

By Charles E. Noyes

The earth was bright with the moon of the East that night, And you were clothed with pallor that shone like pearl; While I was vain of strength, and sought to hurl The world afar in space, for your naive delight. But, laughing low, you chose to save the world. And I, to count the shadows in your hair. So, for a time, we watched the patterns where The eddies of the darkness-broken moonlight swirled. "Now we must go" you said, and still we saw The misty swaying of the ghost-like trees, And softly still I felt your hand in mine. The night was setting for a moment without flaw, Your face was taken from an ancient frieze. But world-remembrance spoiled the tair design.

Straw hat time is over, and the good old soft felt has come back to us. But it is no longer the drab affair it has been. It has returned in a greater variety of colors than ever before. You may take your choice of blue grays, brown and olive taupes, mint green, beaver brown or mouse gray. The blue gray hats with dark blue bands are particularly nice, and at once suggest wearing a blue suit with a manye shirt and a blue plum tie, the very latest color craze in London. Felt hats, for town wear, should have a well rolled brim, as in the sketch, but for sport and country wear, the brim should be flat so that it has the line of the one in the drawing, when turned

If you are interested in any question of dress or etiquette, write "The Well Dressed Man," care the Siren, and your letter will receive prompt and careful attention.

A Great Variety of Colors in Autumn Felt Hats





SISTER STUFF!

She: "No, Bert. I'm afraid you can never call me 'sweetheart' but you may call me 'little sister'."

He: "I'd rather call you little 'calculus.'

She: Why 'calculus?"

He: "Because I'll forget you just as quickly." —Brown Jug

PRECAUTION

"Rastus, why foh you pack dat 'er razor to dis dance?"

"Niggah, don't yoh read yourself, as how dis heah am to be a cut-in dance."

-Lord Jeff

AN AFRICAN HAND

Prof.: "What are the names of the bones in your hand, Mr. Smith?"

Mr. Smith: "Dice."

—Lemon Punch.

ORPHEUM?

She: "The show wasn't half bad, was it?"

He:"No, the whole thing was rotten."

-Octopus.



SELF-CONCIOUS

"So you've sold out three dozen pairs of garters since morning? cried the lady customer. "I don't see where they all go to."

"Neither do I," blushed the male clerk. —Whirlwind

THEN THE FUN BEGAN

He: "What were you doing last night?"

She: "Oh, helping dad around the house."

He: "Drunk again?"

-Green Mill.

POOR FISH!

Girl in Canoe (knitting)—"O, I dropped a stitch."

He—"Do you expect me to be a purl diver?" —Stone Mill.

DUMB!

She: "O Algy, you English are so slow."

He: "Er, I'm afraid I don't grasp you."

She: "That's just it."

Brown Jug.



AFTER THE WOMEN'S TRACK MEET Him: Did you see Mazie run the quarter? His: What did she do it in? Him: Darned if I know what you call them. ____S Oh these beastly Americans, always getting things backward, they say the Russian bally, when they mean the bally Russians. _____S __ He: What do you say to a tramp round Crystal Lake. She: I never speak to them. ____ S ---Set the alarm for two. You and who else? Wish God had made me a man. Well he did. I'm it. You have wonderful lips they would look well on a girl. They do quite often. ____ = __.8 _____ Janice I have always told you the truth save once. When was that, dear? Just now. We found a but in our room last night. Anyone I know? -- S ----Do you know who built the ark? Naw. _ · --- · S -----

"What's the difference between a hair dresser and a sculptor?" $% \left(1\right) =\left(1\right) \left(1$

"Easy. The hair dresser curls up and dies; and the sculptor makes faces and busts," -Gargoyle,



AN OLEFACTORY ODE

In a quaint New England village
On a clear October night
A Swiss cheese factory owner
Met a maid, whose throth he plight.

Now he was tall and handsome In a Denman Thompson way, And she, oh my, was quite a queen She was so tall and gay.

Now the Swiss cheese factory owner
When he asked her for her hand
Attempted to embrace her
But for this she would not stand.

"O why, O why, upon this manly chest Will you not lay your head?" She looked up into his whiskered face And this is what she said:

"My love works in a greenhouse
And there always is a smell
Of violets and geranium
Upon his coat lapel.
Now mind, I do not blame you
Nor do I make complaint
But a greenhouse has a fragrance
That a Swiss cheese factory ain't."

— Shimshin Hagibor

WHO DOESN'T

Flipper: "Don't you like Jack?"

Flapper: "Yes, and lots of it."

—Beanpot.

OR JULES VERNE

I've been reading some racy literature lately."

"Yeh, what?"

"Ben Hur."

Beanpot.

IT'S ON RESERVE

"Jack says he just loves to play with my hair."

"Then why don't you let him take it home with him?"

Mirror.

SOME FUNERAL

Columbia Buries A m h e r s t College at South Field—N e w York Herald.

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Servant: "The Lyons are calling, sir."

Master: "Very good. Show them into the den."

-Lemon Punch

AN INFORMAL RECEPTION

A student entered a Hygiene lecture room when the class was half over. The Prof. did not recognise him, and thinking that perhaps he was in the wrong room questioned him:

"Hygiene?"

"Howdy, prof," retorted the delinquent one.

-Widow.

Returned For Adjustment Guide—"This tower goes back to William, the Conqueror."

Tourist—"Why, what's the matter with it—isn't it satisfactory?" —Burr.

LOCKET SIZE?

He: Saw Minnie with her new bathing suit under her arm.

She: "Is that the latest style? - Chapparal.



He:—Where in hell have I seen you before?

She:--Dunno. What part of hell do you come from?

-Jack-o-Lantern

Prof after a very bad recitation):— Class is dismissed; but don't flap your ears when you go out.

--Mink.

"My, but he's conceited."

"How come?"

"He congratulated his father on his own birthday."

--Brown Jug.

"You probably don't remember me, Professor," began the meek little middle aged man, "but fifteen years ago, you sent me over to the library to get a book for you—"

"Yes, yes," returned the professor, "and you got it?"

—Jester.

Manager (to applicant):—
"I expect you know all about geography?"

Applican: "You bet. I was on the football squad at college."

-Wag Jag.

Anxious: "Frank, you are wheezing dreadfully. Is it asthma?"

Frank: "Nope. I'm all out of breath trying to catch up with my sleep."

—Juggler.





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The SIREN Mailed

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9 ISSUES

Read Your Own SIREN

And Know Your Stuff



"I hear Mike lives in a bird of a house."

"Yes. When I stayed with him the other night I had a room in one of the wings."

-Chaparral.

THE MARVEL OF THE AGE

"You say you get music offa them strings?" querried Silas Silo, as he gazed aloft at the radio antennae.

"Yes, sir," smiled the affable operator "is there anything about the apparatus you would like explained?"

"Yeh, just how in thunder do you get a feller way up there so he can play on them fool strings?" -- Sun Dodger.

Lynette: "Is Galahad crooked?"

Garath: "Well, no; at least he wouldn't run away with a red hot stove."

—Phoenix.







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The Stadium Cafeteria

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Real Home Cooking

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Props.

FLOWING

Smith: How's the liquor question in the West?
Jones (who has just returned): No question at
all. Why, in one town I was in, the water had
been turned off for a week and the inhabitants
didn't know it until they had a fire—Pel.

AN EAR FOR MUSIC

She (romantically); "They say the ocean's roar is really the moaning of its countless victims."

He (practically); "Sounds fishy to me,"

—Showne.

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Military men will be pleased to know that this store has been established to fulfill their specific requirements in the way of new uniforms and military equipment of all kinds. The scale of prices will be that employed in all of our departments, namely, actual cost plus a small fixed per cent. to cover necessary overhead. We can offer you a very decided saying on this merchandise.

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AN' THAT'S NO IDYLL JESS

Would you ever consider suicide as an easy way to end all these earthly griefs and trials, my dear Neuritis?"

"Ah, Myopia! It would be the last thing I would ever think of doing." —Goblin.

EASY ENOUGH

Wife: "Drunk again, Harry? You have broken the promise you made to me."

Hubby: "Hic, n'ver mind, dear, 'sall ri'. I'll, bic, make you 'nother one." Sun Dodger.

RARE BIRDS

Rumb: "At the Follies the other night my eyes felt like little birds."

Durib: "How come?"

Rumb: "Flitting from limb to limb, m'deah boy." - Phoenix

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White Line Laundry

MAIN 406

M. G. Snyder

Harry J. Millard.

You've tried the rest— Now use the best



It was another of those mayelous June nights. The old moon was full and peeking over a cloud—just peaking and sorta rocked in the soft, balmy breeze. Dreamy, oriental fox-trots drifted out over the shimmering lake The sweet odor of lilacs permeated the air. What a wonderful party.

Yes, indeed! The National Association of United States Spinisters were staging an that woman that you met her initiation.

Juggler.

"I want a loaf of bread."

"White or graham?"

"I doesn't matter: this is for sandwiches." a blind lady." Banter.

NOT SO OLD AS HE SOUNDS

Hobo 1: "Why did you tell husband on the fleld at Gettysburg."

Hobo 2: "Because it's the truth. He was running a sightseeing bus and I was selling

-Purple Parrot

Main 226

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Wholesale Confections

CANDY SUPPLY HOUSE FOR FRATERNITY STORES

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SIREN

FUNNY ANSWER NO. 108691

Census Taker: "How many children have you, madam?"

Madam: "Four."

Census Taker: "All together?"

Madam; "No, one at a time" Jester.

~

IN THE BOX

Commuter: "Well, m'dear, I've had a very trying day. Yes, very trying."

Commutess: "Big business?"

Commuter: "No, jury duty." Tiger,

8

"How do you like Pittsburgh?"

"It soots me all right." -Puppet.

8

Dumb; "Why does a divorce suit remind you of ruined lingerie?"

Bell: "I'll bire."

Dumb: "It's the ripping of a combination."

—Punch Bowl.

John: "Just burned up a \$100 bill."

Demijolm; "You must be a millionaire."

John: "Well, it's easier to burn them than to pay them."—Chaparral.

Welcome Back!

BERT SPALDING'S GREEN STREET PHARMACY

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Knowlton and Bennett

URBANA

Minister (at close of sermon) "We will now sing hymn number 389."

Operator, rousing from nap,)
"The line is busy." — Goblin.

Auntie: "I hear that Bogg's cafeteria has failed."

Toxin: "Yes, it was in the basement of a skyscraper and there was too much overhead."

---Goblin.

MODERN METHODS

"Isn't there some fable about the ass disguising himself with a lion skin?"

"Yes, but now the colleges do the trick with a sheepskin."

-Dirge.

Nurse: "Well, it's a girl."
Father (with keen foresight):
"And 1 just sold the porch

swing this morning,"
—Mugwump.

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YOU WILL find the quality of our light lunches admired by the most exacting—and our drinks are always delicious.



Prehn & Henningsen

Green at Sixth

FAIR ENOUGH

Willie (excitedly): "O Pop, there's a poor man crying outside; can I give him a nickle?"

Pop (producing nickle): "Why, yes, it's mighty kind of you to want to give him a nickle. But what is he crying about?"

Willie (disappearing through the door): "Peanuts, 5c a bag,"—

Cafe Brule.

TIME TO FADE

Side Show Cashier: "I need a holiday. My beauty's beginning to fade."

Boss: "What makes you think so?"

Cashier: "All the fellows that buy tickets are beginning to count their change."

-Sun Dodger.

SILLY CON

In the sweet silence of the twilight they honey-spooned upon the beach.

"Dearest," she murnured trembling, "now that we are married, I=1 have a secret to tell you.

"What is it, sweetheart?" he asked softly.

"Can you ever forgive me for deceiving you?" she sobbed. "My—my left eye is made of glass!"

"Nevermind, lovebird," he whispered, gently, so are the diamonds in your engagement ring."

IDEAL ARCOLA HEATING OUTFITS

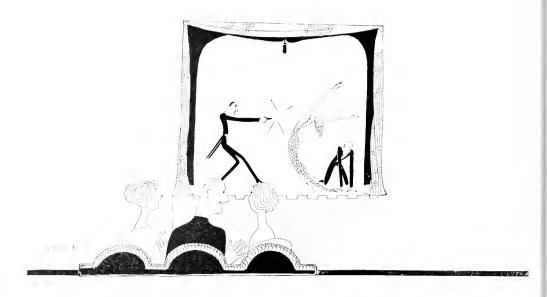
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PAGES of photographs of the most carefully dressed actresses and the most carelessly dressed dancers.

REVIEWS of the latest plays, to solve the problem of what to see when in town.

SATIRICAL sketches by Fish and other artists, to keep you in touch with the follies of the world.

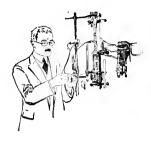
HUMOR with a line you'll find irresistible to female prom-addicts and hometown débutantes. S PORTS articles by men who have played on teams themselves, and motor pages by an expert.

A^N Auction Bridge corner which will make your game a social and business asset.

ART, life and letters served up in short courses which will not jade the most delicate appetite.

AND the only sensible, correct, well-bred department of men's clothes published in this country.

Where's the Nearest News Stand?



Which Type of Research is of Greatest Value?

A stove burns too much coal. A man familiar with the principles of combustion and heat radiation makes experiments which indicate desirable changes in design. That is research.

You want to make a ruby in a factory, a real ruby, indistinguishable by any test from the natural stone. You begin by analyzing rubies chemically and physically. Then you make rubies just as nature did. Your rubies are the result of research—another type of research.

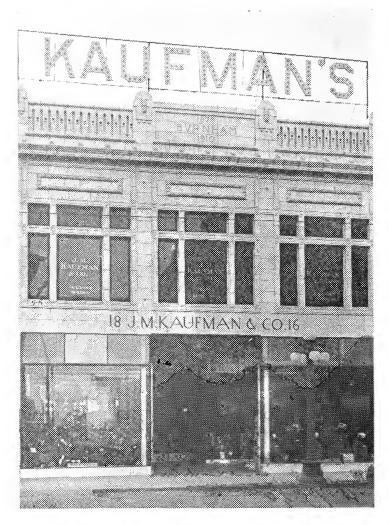
While melting up your chemicals and experimenting with high temperatures, you begin to wonder how hot the earth must have been millions of years ago, and what were the forces at play that made this planet what it is. Your investigation leads you far from rubies and causes you to formulate theories to explain how the earth, how the whole solar system was created. That would be research of a still different type.

Research of all three types is conducted in the laboratories of the General Electric Company. But it is the third type—pioneering into the unknown—that means most in the long run, even though undertaken with no practical benefit in view.

For example, the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are exploring matter with X-rays in order to discover not only how the atoms in different substances are arranged but how the atoms themselves are built up. The more you know about a substance, the more you can do with it. This work may enable scientists to answer more definitely the question: Why is iron magnetic? Then the electrical industry will take a greater step forward than can be made in a century of experimenting with existing electrical apparatus.

You can add wings and stories to an old house. But to build a new house, you must begin with the foundation.





YOU WILL BE WELCOME HERE WHETHER YOU COME TO BUY OR MERELY TO LOOK. AND SHOULD YOU COME EVERY DAY, YOU WOULD FIND NEW STYLES TO STUDY. NEW APPAREL TO ADMIRE, NEW COURTESIES, TO APPRECIATE.



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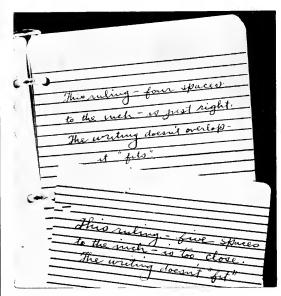


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Choose notebook paper that is ruled properly for writing. We carry only that ruled four spaces to the inch as shown above. Notice the writing overlaps on the lower page shown above. It is too closely ruled. Get the right kind of ruling when you buy paper.

International Bond, three ring paper with four rules to the inch, 8 1-2 x 11, 100 sheets 50c It's the same paper that has sold for 65c.

Here's proof that this is a real Illini Store

All of these people are 3 S employees and all of them have attended the University. Those with stars after their names have graduated.

"Chuck" Bailey Shelby Himes Rollie Laurence* George Zimmerman* Walt Wessman* Raymond Singer Edmund F. Cameron Elmer Cook J. Ellis Mann R. H. Gilson Carl Becker Allen Zacher Robert Parsons Rov Eden Sollie Carlson Hobart Peterson **Pernard Popel** H. F. Cope* adv. mgr.

Don't expect us to stay open when there's a game. We want to see it as badly as you do.

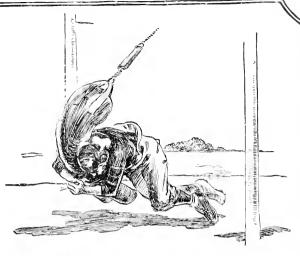
You'll find that we have any kind or size notebook paper you're looking for.

STUDENT SUPPLY STORE Daving Datisfaction

"CHUCK" BAILEY

606 E. Green St

"SHELBY" HIMES



This is you—at college

SEEKING a symbolic figure to represent Knowledge, let us turn away from the muses of antiquity and the be-capped and be-gowned youth of our own day.

How about the Football Player Tackling a Dummy? Isn't he typical of everything you do in these four years?

You are the Football Player. The dummy is every knotty problem you tackle, every effort to carn your way through, every examination, every campus activity.

Tackle the dummy hard, and you'll be ready for even bigger tests in the game of business or professional life.

Do not say about this symbol, "How elever", and let it go at that. It is worth nothing unless it reminds you to get the spirit of the Tackler into your work.

By his earnestness he seems to feel the thrill of combat. With set jaws and muscles tense he plunges at the dummy. For him it is alive, and the practice is a means to win the game.

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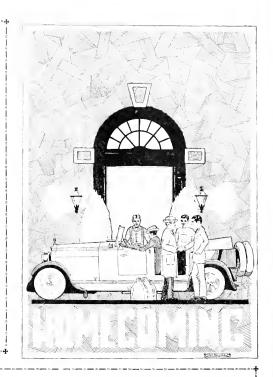
Let Pictures Tell the Story

KODAKS AND SUPPLIES
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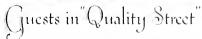
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Green Wright





Guests in "Quality Street" greet Whitman's quality group of di-tinguished candy packages as welcome friends. In any social gathering they give an added sense of sociability. There's magic in

eating together. There's conversation stimulated whenever the hostess produces the Sampler. Salmagundi, Pleasure Island, or any others of the favorites in "The Quality Group."

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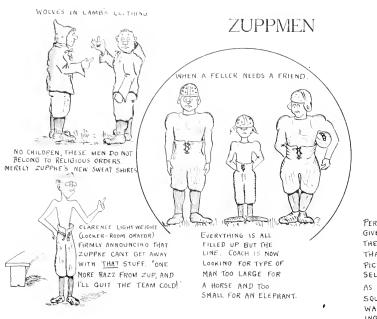
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University Pharmacy 705 S. Goodwin Ave. John Schuler & Co. Arcade Confectionery (J. A. Thornhill)

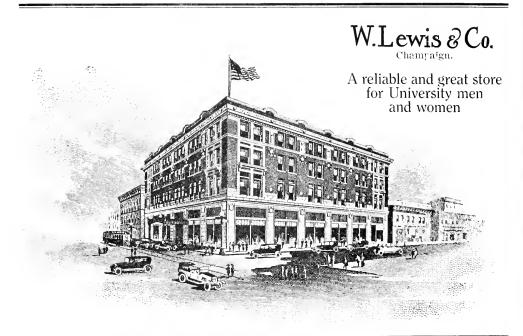


SIREN





PERCIVAL BRITTLEBONE HAS GIVEN A SOLEMN PROMISE TO THE FOLKS IN GRASS CREEK THAT HE WOULD SEND A PICTURE TO THEM OF HIMSELF IN FOOTBALL REGALIA AS SUON AS HE MADE THE SOUAD AFTER 3 WEEKS HE WAS SUCCESSFUL IN BORROWING A UNIFORM.



The Yellow Parrot

Showing That Even a Fowl Can Be Modern

"Say! Mooch, will ya! 4a think yer a lamp post? Wadaya got two feet for? Go home, you're keeping the sun out of my window!"

The Poetic Looking Individual with the long hair and the pale face turned squarely around in his tracks and gazed in stupefaction in the direction from whence the chatter.

The chattering voice became whimsical,

"Come on, please. I'll give you a daisy to put in your hat if you'll please shuffle,"

"By what manner of authority, may 1 ask, do you presume to order me off your street?" asked the Poetic Looking Individual. He had now found the source of the impertinence and was looking up in the window of the great white house of Miss Tabitha Steerhoof. Just inside the window hung a great round wicker bird cage and inside the great round wicker bird cage, head cocked on one side and the visible eye fixed in a glassy stare was the yellowest parrot you ever could imagine.

"I don't have to have authority. If I want you to get off my street that's all the authority I need. Are you going?" The Poetic Looking Individual swallowed very hard indeed, he did, and then he said:

"I don't understand just why you shouldn't want me on your street. I am not making any noise, am 1?"

"That doesn't matter. It's just how you look."
"Why, I look all right. My clothes are pressed

and my hair is combed and"

"Oh razzberries, I mean how you look with your eyes, not how you appear as to haberdashery."

"Well! How queer you are! What's the matter with my looking, then."

"You have that T. G. J. P. stare!"

The Poetic Looking Individual almost choked:

"Th- the what?"

"Say, are you dead? Shove off before I throw this east iron perch at you.

"B-but I don't understand!"

"Understand what?"

"What you mean by T. G. 1. P."

"Aw, that's the moniker us girls give to the frills and the puddle jumpers that paddle around with a look like the Mona L. on their faces, meaning: Thank God I'm Pure."

"Well of all things!"

"Yeah. Think they're fooling people. Put on the 'Look at me- I'm wise to everything but I'm still virtuous' front or the "Look at me. I've never heard a dirty word in all my life. I'm innocent and nice' facade and strut around with it where people can see 'em. Now you for instance..."

"I refuse to be insulted!"

"Ho! Ho! you even persist in wearing your masquerade even when I'm telling you about it, do you? You're a Zincop aren't you?"

"A what?"

"Zincop, stupid! Zinc and copper, BRASS, get me! Von put on your mask and then persist in wearing it when someone whispers your name in your ear Go away, you make me dizzy!"

"Say, you're the most incoherent creature I ever heard of. Are you trying to talk rough, be wise, or bawl me out? For heaven's sake talk sense!"

"I haven't any sense. That's what makes me vellow,"

"What color would you be if you had sense?"

"Black."

"Why black?"

"I'd be dead."

"How morbid!"

"Yes, but the re-incarnation!"

"Do you beieve in that?"

"Sure. I'd then turn into a gold-digger!"

"Why a gold digger?"

"It's compensating."

"Where would you prospect?"

"Mich. Ave. Chi."

"I don't understand you,"

"Well, 1'd take the tarnish off the gold coast, see. 1'd lay for the hip pocket Johnnies, take 'em in tow, lift the roll, and flit, sabe?"

The Poetic Looking Individual could not bear any more. He had reeled and swooned right there on the brick sidewalk. The policeman who had called the ambulance, reached up to pet the parrot through the big wicker bars and saw that the bottom of the cage was covered with a page from the SIREN and wondered what Miss Tabitha Steerhoof could possibly be doing with such a magazine in her house.



"Slumming?"
"Naw, goin' t' woik."

Guess What

BY CHARLES E. NOVES

Being a Revival of the More Familiar Game, Adapted for College Students

The scene is almost any classroom, the first day, with the inevitable occupants.

The Prof: It is customary to explain a course at the beginning, so we shall devote our time this morning to that purpose. The title of this course is—2. Anyone?

(Λ hand is raised, timidly. Professor points and nods, encouragingly.)

Voice: (Attached to hand) English 95, a-z.

The Prof; Yes—hm—yes. You understand that the description in the catalog is for purposes of classification only. Now the actual nature is—yes?

2nd Voice: (From one who read the catalog) Study of O. Henry.

The Prof: (In mild rebuke) Hm well, not quite, O. Henry is our starting point, of course, but our actual interest is—does anyone think what it might be?

Profane voice: In getting credit.

The Prof: (smiling to show his appreciation (!!) Ahem! We shall hope that is not quite all, at any rate. Most of our time will be devoted to a consideration of the mystics of the South Sea islands—

(A long whistle, under some one's breath. Prof. frowns.)—which Professor Sec says have influenced the well known author of—anyone?

1st Voice: O. Henry?

(The Professor shakes his head and indicates another hand)

3rd voice: Alexander Comstock.

4th voice: Frederick O'Brian,

Profane voice: Gilda Gray.

Professor: (Bewildered) What? What? No. 1 don't think so. Well, perhaps you wouldn't know that, It was—(sees a hand)—Yes?

Eager voice: Shakespeare?

Professor: (This is familiar ground again, though of course such dippancy is not to be tolerated. He ignores the speaker) It was Al Jennings I meant. He is famous for—? Anyone?

1st voice: Being in jail.

Profane undertone: Stealing pennies from blind men's cups.

(Laughter)

Professor: What? What? I didn't catch that?
(Silence)

Professor: Doesn't anyone know what Al Jennings did?

(Profound silence, Etc. Etc. Till the merciful bell.)

-11

Same scene, two months later.

The Prof: Now our lesson for today is—?

Voice: Pages 148 to 4169 inclusive in Crayton's History of Prehistoric Oceanica.

The Prof: Very good. Now 1 realize that the assignment was perhaps a trifle long—

Profane voice: You tell 'em, dry-as-dust!

The Prof: (frowning severely) But you have had three full days to cover it, making only 300 or 400 pages a day. I won't quiz you on all of it, because I wish to say a few words about the tribal customs of the inhabitants of Figiwawa, so I'll just ask a few questions here and there. Now can someone tell me the connotation of the passage on page 776 beginning: The native priests—yes?

Subdued voice: The native priests recommended head-hunting as a relief from over-population, and at times used this to secure the death of certain personal enemies.

Profane voice: Hear! Hear!

The Prof: (ignoring this) Very good. And their method was to take a poisoned—

2nd subdued voice: Spear and hurl it down the throats of their adversaries when their mouths were opened to consume their native beverage.

The Prof: Quite so, (Waxing facetions) That method would hardly work in this country since the passage of the 18th amendment, would it?

(The class laughs, dutifully. The Prof. laughs, too.)

The Prof: One more question. The native name for their weapon is?

The class: (In trained chorns, though light on the bass) Bollabelaberroba.

The Prof: That's fine.

(And so he goes on with the lecture, and the talking and the sleeping make another hour.)



Is the change due to anticipation of coal shortage?

Poly. Sci. Seminar 9:24 A. M.

Bent heads. Bent brains. Sleepy, fishy, glassy. red rimmed and half-mast lidded eyes. Restless chair creakings. Impatient tread of stude librarian trying to find text for long-locked, avid Phi Bater. A sneeze, More vawns. Entrance of two slinkers. Up-bobbings of heads. Tense atmosphere, Slinkers subside, Bent heads, prof spills rack of reference cards. Lilliputian commotion. Portly prof gives snickering slinker dirty look. Again bent heads. Yawns, Faint aroma traced to slinker a powdering her nose while giggling to handsome actor in next chair. Bell., cold rays today, Scuffling feet. Handsome actor grabs slinker's I wonder. hooks. Exit -- Young Ray.

Nocturne in Greek Letters

" -and ah! the passive lip I kiss'd How many kisses it might take and give!"

"You do?"

"Yes, Asphodel, honestly I do!"

"Silly boy musn't!"

"But, Asphodel, won't you say good night?"

"Thats' not what you were talking about."

"I know it isn't but it means the same thing."

"Why, what's that?"

"Does Asphodel like me?"

"Oh, you men are the silliest things--and these lights on too!"

"Can't we say good night in spite of the lights?" Why, yes Good Night,"

"Oh, I'll admit we can say it that way but do we want to?"

"I don't know but doesn't that change the subject?"

All this was, of course, preliminary. I knew that I would kiss her good night, and she knew it. It was almost social etiquette to do so. The assumed reluctance was social formula, just as was the way she looked into my eyes, and at the proper moment closed hers. So be it-1 kissed her. Do not assume that I was thrilled. I wasn't. Neither do I flatter myself that she was. This, let it be observed, is the twentieth century, A. D.

"Good night, Asphodel."

"Good night, I've had a lovely time."

"Good night."

TUKULTI-XINIB.

Queer Thoughts

On these cold days when the sun shines

Does the sun shine without feeling like it --As I laugh somethimes, without feeling like it,

Just because it's the time and place to laugh?

And I wonder

If when I laugh without feeling like it,

I am as disagreeable as the sun these days

And if my laughter is as weak and pitiable as its

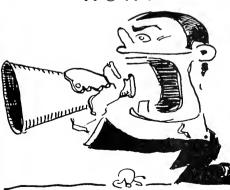
—D. D.

The Professorial Incubus

John Freshman Has a Night Mare



WOW!



What's wrong with this picture? Ans.—The megaphone is superfluous.

Yeller Shoes

A Kentucky Ballad

1

It wez down in Ole Clay County

Wher th heavy mountain dews

Settles down upon th hollers like a rain;

Ther th ole men likes ther licker

An th young uns hits th booze:

It's a land fer men, by God, an only men.

11

Ole Jess Filpot wuz as sqar a man

As ever ve could choose,

If he'd only leave th moon-light i th jars;

But th evenin thet I seed him

He'd jist bought some yeller shoes,

· An his blushin nose uz pinted to th stars.

111

He us standin by th hitch-rack

Fore th Flat-crik genera store,

Spittin baccer in th hoss-trough, slow an sad; "Tell ve what," he says "I'll tell ve—"

An he stops an squirts some more,

"I'm th two men in this country what is bad."

IV

Jist then up steps Young Matt Barley,

Full o home-made corn an joy,

"Luck like this," he says, "don't never come in two's."

And without no interduction,

(Alluz wuz a keerless boy)

Ups an spits on Ole Jess Filpot's yeller shoes.

v

Wal, we scattered for the fire-works,

But it didn't take em long,

Cause they both could bust a button, twenty yards.

When ther guns hed got through talkin

And th lead ud sang its song,

We come back an foun em clinchin like ole pards.

VI

Jess uz settin on a soap-box

Holdin Matt locked in his arm,

Pumpin bullets in a droopin curly head.

We jist let him go on shootin,

Fer we couldn't see no harm

In a minit both uz layin stiff an dead.

—Donald F. Lafuze.

The Temple Tango

Come plunk your harps, and play your sweet sack buts,

And I will dance without upon the ruts:
With all the tribal maidens, wild eyed mutts,
Garbed in their choicest shredded rat da tuts.
The stuff the fathers use upon the huts.
Then while I dance each maiden round me struts
Weaving her arms quaint Liliputs,
But dancing's hard in army boots and putts,
My legs are worn, my feet are full of cuts.
But say, (the great door of the temple slowly shuts)
This rhyming dictionary's quite the nuts.

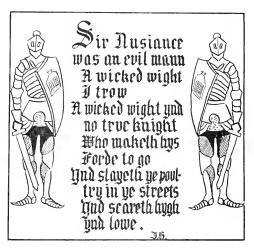
 $-\Lambda$.



Reggie has stumbled a little on a small pebble, "Come on, pick up yer feet!"

BALLADE

OF Syr Haffe A Tonne ^{By} Tukulti — Ninih



The mynstrelle's shout was high and bolde And the torch-flare gleamed on the war-geare cold And the wine cups bryunned to the daies of olde

Circled the courtlie ringe, Deepe rang the pledge in the arches high And the mailed knights strode clanking by Fayre and talle ynd brave toe die The dethe for the Lord, thyr kinge.

Gay was the revel and faire to see But who, Oh, who may the mayden be Wraith-like, wan as the mistic sea

By the dyeinge of the moon? Close to the kinge's hie throne she creeps And pale, Oh, pale are the maiden's cheeks, But red, Oh, red are the words she speaks:

She crayeth the Kinge's boon.

Lond did the herald trumpet blare Lond and clere on the hushed aire "Now, Ho for a knight toe doe ynd dare, Toe ryde and suffer longe?"

SIREN

Ynd three longe moons were far agone Whanne sadd the maiden came alone Ynd stoode toe mak ve wistfull moane "Alays, Ye brave Syr Knight!" (Noo, Mary Mother, send hym grace) "He mett Syr Nusiance Forde toe face Hys bodie lys in ye parking space-Curse onne vtt, wykked wight!"

Alays, Syr Sparrow's grave is greene Hee sleepeth far ynd cold, I weene And evrie daie is ve villain seen Who wrought thys dredful deed. And the knights yane the hall are blanched with feare And ther kinge's worde they may not heare For toe avenuge Syr Sparrow's biere Ynd deale the rouge hys meed.

"Ye cravenne dogges" quoth ye kinge, "Ye doe well to be whimperinge. Aryse and ende thys flivveringe A speedie sooth Ynd carve thys minion free hys Forde Ynde swatte hym with ye goode broadswoarde Else will I cann ve froe this borde 'I Godde's truth!"

Ynd thanne arose Syr Haffife A Tonne Broade and rounde as ye goodlie sonne Ynd wyde and thickke as ye hous of brickke Ynd spoke these wordes sweet "Ho, worthy Kinge, hear my worde, Als I han gleaned thys merric boarde Grante mee thy boon toe swatte thys Forde"-Ynd sette hym doon to cat,

Forth onne the morrow hee dydd faire Ynd three ellse broad hys shouldern were Ynd broader moe he was else-where l' sooth a mightie tub Ynd hies hym toe ye broad hieway Where Nusiance flyvveredd everie daie Ynd washed the passinge time awaie In a flaggonn free the pubYnd whanne Syr Nusiance clatteringe came Thys worthic knight bestirred by frame "A boon, Syr Kinge," Sir Sparrow crydde "Lo, by the woundes in Jesu's side Yponne thys quest 1 sweare toe ryde,

And right thys maiden's wronge?" For toe avenuge Syr Sparrow's shame

Ynd squarlie in the road he halts Syr Nusiance saw and laughed "Oho The Kinge's knights doe fatter grow I'll knock thys varlet for a row Of olde Egyptian catapaults." (A pox upponne Ye, Traitour vile) Syr Nusiance smole a wykked smile Ynd slilie shifted gears the while

Ynd trodde vponne the gas Ye Forde upreared and charged dounce Syr Haffife A Tonne dyd turn hym rounde Ynd sette hys shoon and fround a from Ynd waited for ye smash!

Ynd whanne ye horrid dinn hadde diede Ynd whanne the duste hadd cleared aside Syr Haffe A Tonne thikke and wide

Dydd strowe a battered heap Yt never was Syr Nusiance founde, Save one smalle grease spotte on the grounde (A tittinge ende for the hounde

Yn Helle does hee weep,)

Ynd loude and longe dydd the revel holde. And a kinge's daughter dight ynn golde Espoused was toe thys knight see holde

(Ah favre was slice viid sweet) "I han donne mie dutie manufullie, Noo lette ye blacksmyth summoned be For ere I take thys bride toe me Lerst woulde sitt ynd eat!"





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Homecoming

Now that the boys have polished the trophy cups again, waxed the floor to a dangerous glass-like surface, dusted off your pictures in the chapter room and have assigned the frosh to their bunks in the coal bin for the time being, we wish to welcome you, again, fellers, to this institution which nursed you through four years, more or less, of human development.

You will find things changed, no doubt,—perhaps not as changed as you yourself have changed but the essential things to be noticed are the things which have not changed. Not the least among them is the spirit that supports championship football teams, builds two million dollar stadiums, and draws seekers for knowledge from all parts of the globe to partake of the excellence of the educational advantages here.

The days are not long until we ourselves will be returning to see the boys and the profs, and refresh our memories of the physical appearance of the old place. We hope that you will be as highly pleased as we ourselves wish to be pleased when we return. We shall do our best to make you glad you came, even as we want to be glad when we return to the old haunts in the near future.

How Disarming?

We view with mirthful appreciation Boni & Liveright's advertisement of Ben Hecht's "Gargoyles": A 'devastating' novel by Ben Hecht, the author of Eric Dorn, has just been published. We refuse to join the Lily-Painters' Union by adding to this statement one note from the paean of praise that is already being sung all over the country."

We are reminded of the petting paradox reported in the annals of the Scout long ago:

"Oh! Get away closer! Your haven't shaved and your whiskers hurt so nice Γ

Or, in Aristophanes' "Birds", you might run across that delectable bit in which the Chorons of Birds completely and unconditionally agree to enter into a debate with one of the Utopia seeking Athenians if the judges agree to give all the points to the Birds in case the Athenian loses and in case he wins, the Birds are to have a majority of judges' yotes by one only.

B & L are in despair at using superlatives but it is apparent that they still have hope.

We're not criticising "Gargoyles" but if you should like to see a super-concentration of the Frendian incubus over the head of an author read it!

Wet Sparrows

As did Big Ben's Hiawatha when, "He cared not to be seated so he stood and cogitated,"—even so did 1 before the Arcade.

But unlike Hiawatha 1 did not cogitate on the maidens—No, it was the men this time.

Time was, indeed, when your student walked with a wide, rolling strut, with an air of free and full-fed insolence about him, as though he were under no foolish illusion as to his true worth among men and things. And if, perchance, he should stand very high in contemporary valuation—well, there was no denying the obvious. For one thing, it was not scientific.

But now, alas, the campus Lothario cringes by in a cramped and craven phobia as though some malignant and imminent deity were momentarily expected to deal him a terrilic thwack over the shoulders. Dear me, I thought, is it possible that the ancient bogey of "Raising-The-Standards" is even amongst us? Or is this quest of the recondite in abstruseness too fearsome for our youth? More I might have pondered, to what high end no one knows, had not the colored philosopher of those environs remarked as he swabbed the window, "Dem dudes am afered to show dey neck 'n so dey hitches erlong all scrunched up like."

So profound was this observation, and so in accord with the observed facts that I made haste to shrug my own shoulders craftily and dodged in for a coke of enough caloric deficiency to wash away the taste of logical deduction.

Lem Phillips

They are not long, the weeping and the laughter,
The Love, desire, and hate;
Methinks they have no portion in us after
We pass the gate.

The world lost when Lem Phillips died. It had bruised him and beat him down but it couldn't touch his heart. Lem went on singing, and at last

"Went down, rosecrowned into the darkness..."

Lem's poem "To Pain," recently published in the Illini with the story of his death is the essence of this courageous spirit which lingered awhile among us, gave us his love, his tine passion for noble things, for beauty and then took Fate again by the arm and went on.

Lem's poetry burns with a clear white flame in its intensity and in its delicacy. Lem loved humanity and understood it. His songs and lyries will live with the fortunate few who knew him: those who have to know him only through his works, the richness of his personality will not fail to touch.

Surely the University of Illinois,—perhaps the world—has lost a poet who was sung by those who knew him well as "another Masefild, another Brooke,"

The Most Interesting Person

Sometimes 1 think 1 am growing absent-minded, . . . And then 1 take heart and have high hopes for myself.

I pass a figure on the campus which speaks and nods as it passes, I am very glad indeed if I do not recall until well in the throes of the next lecture that this figure once sat next to me in Ec, or Soc. or Polly Sigh 2. Not that I am a crabbed and anchoritic young person. Not at all! The point is: I believe in such moments that I have found within my own mind greater things and far more interesting phenomena than are presented by a hurrying panorama of campus similarity.

So I very frankly envy the professor, who can stare at me unseeing—all the while tighting the battle of Kadesh perhaps, or fondly working over the documents in some mouldy, old muniment room. And is he not to be envied for not seeing and recalling the contentions and bombastic young ass who disturbed his disquisition on the treaty of Xijmwegen by asking what difference it made anyway?

--T.·N.

An Informal Introduction to a Formal

Tonight is Her formal. The taxi is to call at five bells and Ken has just emerged from the bath tub as Big Ben on the dresser salemnty points to \{\partit{t}}\). PecWee, studious and long suffering room mate, is up to his generously proportioned ears in calculus when Ken bursts into the study room with his Palm Olive in one hand and PecWee's pet towel in the other.

Ken--(Glancing at clock)

Great cats, gee whizz, who's got the time? That clock is on the blink or I'm

PeeWee--(Aroused)

Pipe down, you mit, dry up, sit down. Put on some clothes, you crazy clown. Just 'cause you've got a date tonight. That doesn't give you any right. To start a riot. Say, that's my towel. (Exasperated). Don't stand there blinking like an owl.

That taxi's due to dock at five So shake a leg, show you're alive.

Ken—(Leisurely and independently)

Pull in your neck. (Then) Say if you please Pay back that suit of byd's.

(Ken finds and squirms into the prodigal garment, Finally.)

Say PeeWee lend me your silk socks I can't wear these lond things with clocks.

I've got to look my best tonight

(Softly and tenderly and with a reminiscently smile)

I love that little girl all right

Oh man, she's nice and sweet to me.

PeeWee - (Devoutly)

Oh gosh, go out and climb a tree.

You're soft. Go get inside some clothes

You can't go that way, goodness knows.

You are a fish, Great stars above

I thank the Gods I'm not in love.

I thank the hosiery so that a hole.

Ken (Adjusting the hosiery so that a hole will remain below shoe level)

You're jealous PeeWee, have a heart



What time am I supposed to start? PeeWee—(Deserting books)

You're wild, man, acting in a trance Come on, put on the striped pants. That's fine, now where's the pleated shirt? Look out, don't drag it in the dirt. Say when have you cleaned up this room? I cleaned it last.

Ken-(Slightly peeved)

Aw, can the gloom

We'll fix that up some other day

(Unyieldingly) It isn't my turn anyway.

Help fix this stud, the sucker's stuck I'll bet I break it, Just my luck,

Just push it in and twist it (PeeWee follows instructions)

Gee!

Oh Boy that almost finished me But I don't care in two more hours Mid lanterns dimmed and fragrant flowers Unconscious of this world's alarms With Heaven's choicest in my arms . . .



on Dave Felts

Illustrations-by-Ruth L. Dixon

PeeWee (Paternally and grimly)
Unconscious suits you to a T
Pull off those tags. Don't let folks see
Your Tux is rented. Turn around
Those pants are dragging on the ground.
(Ken pulls them up half a foot)
Aw let them down below your knees.
Let me adjust them (PeeWee takes charge of suspenders) you're a cheese.

Ken-

Where are my pumps? I'll get that Frosh He didn't rub them off, oh gosh The poor old kicks are sleek and green



With carbolated vaseline.
Say PeeWee give thise kicks a shine
I'll get my hands all greasy. Fine.
(All goes well for a time—then)
Say PeeWee you're a likely kid
Why don't you fall in love? 1 did.

PeeWee-

Ye Gods, You Fish, five minutes till You haven't any time to kill. Forget her till the music starts Then have your comedy of hearts,

Ken-(Offering tie)

Say tie this PeeWee, will you, please?
You're choking, but 1 don't care. Squeeze,
Pull the ends out long and thin
She likes the corners snuggled in.

Frosh-(Downstairs) Taxi!

Ken-Make it snappy kid!

PeeWee-(Holding him)

Say keep still won't you, where's your lid Your Tux and gloves and fancy yest Your hanky, mints and all the rest?

Ken—((Accepts garments from PeeWee and drapes them on his figure)

At last I guess Eve got them all I'll grab my topcoat in the hall. Thanks PeeWee for the timely aid Some day I'll buy a lemonade. (Ken hurries out door, downstairs)

(Ken hurries out door, downstairs into taxi, PeeWee slumps down into chair and stares unseeing at his calculus...)

PeeWee—He's went (Turns pages absently)
Gee Whizz I've lost the place
My stars, that was an awful chase.
He'll have a night of Heaven on earth
Of dance and play and childish mirth
And while I toy with a and y
He's tiving life, the lucky guy.
He gets the thrills, the moon, the maid,
What do I get?—A lemonade.

Up Hill and Down Dale

By Riff Raff

In Which More Phenomena Is Uncorked

June 10. Arrived in Champaign, Illinois, after a short, uneventful trip. Saw nothing of scientific interest other than two lockus worms fighting over the carcus of a diagbat which had inadvertantly ex pired along the highway. Gy thinks the hockus worm is a Peruvian animal, I discovered today. A hasten to inform him that it is quite impossible that it be a native of Perue! I am quite sure I saw them first in Mesopotamia. (It was I who discovered the worm, I might say.) At that time there were fifteen of them turning handsprings in the back yard of the King's castle. When they saw me approaching they immediately stood up on their third and fourth legs (a peculiar characteristic of theirs) and emitted a sound not unlike that of our own seveneared Kameladekayway (Punjabis Cathartis).

Champaign is a very pretty little city of twenty thousand. It is noted for its University, which has an enrollment of two thousand students and six thousand who go to class.

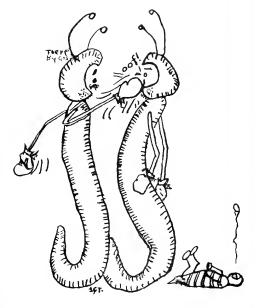
The young men and women are divided up into claus known as fraternities and sororities. The advantage of such an arrangement is that members of the different claus may live in one house where they may have their fights and indulge in occasional swearing away from the public eye.

We have pitched camp on the outskirts of the city, near to a little farm house. As I write I can hear the housewife singing, no doubt as she goes about washing the evening dishes or changing her baby's clothes. The song she is singing is a plaintive little melody so characteristic of farm and home life. I am printing it here for you. Notice the gentle, swinging rythm and the simple, clinging intonation:

Justinia says that she would rather go with the man who only rents his dress suit, and have him spend the difference on her.

Skirts look longer now, but the men don't.

It's peculiar how some of the best families hang around Shan Kives—just picking up such crumbs as they may.



Down by the river—sleep, baby, sleep— Boils a little still, baby—sleep, baby, sleep; The sooner you're asleep, baby. The sooner I can go And see what's in the still, baby— Go to sleep, go.

Is not that beautiful?

Tomorrow we shall arise at the first stroke of the sun and be off for the state of Ohio, where we expect to find much of the greatest of interest.

Man's place is in the home—until he has had time to share in the morning anyway.

If Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast why not sic Music on the savaphone player?

He never spoke to me until I became a class officer and after that I never spoke to him.

To pun is human, to forgive it is divine,

SIMPLE TO THE COMPLEX

Rain makes the flowers grow, furniture makes the piano shine, and Nature turns the leaves from green to brown in autumn. Look what four years in school did to Susie!



at First—

Campus Notables

The Journalist—Who reads voluminously and turns up his proboscis when someone unlettered offers an opinion on contemporary fiction or the like. He believes that he is among the foremost of the literati, the intelligentsia, etc. ad infinitive, yet he never takes his L. C. Smith in hand to write anything for the university publications.

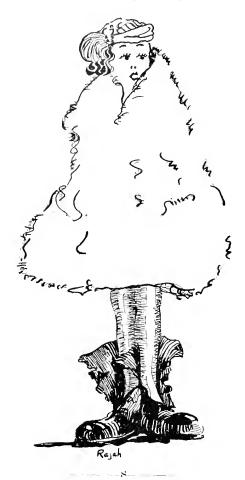
THE LAW STUDENT—Practices diligently in his room on the correct contortions for his cane. He believes that he is being legal when he gives evasive answers, beclouds the issues with lengthy, meaningless words, and argues over technicalities. He is ever ready to debate on any subject, giving you the choice of the subject and side.

—and Now



After all, I never sleep when I have time to loaf. For if I sleep how am I to know that I am loafing, and if I don't know it, what satisfaction is there in it for me?

HOW IT FEELS AT FIRST



Kisses are like a certain brand of eigarettes; they're mild and yet they satisfy.

That worn out phrase, "sweeter than sugar," is losing its flavor among the people of the better taste.

Dead letters tell no tales!

It's too deep for me, as the frosh said when registering in swimming.

Life is just one dam thing after another to the construction engineer.

If "brevity is the soul of wit" then judging by the new styles girls aren't so funny as they used to be.

Fuzzy Walks Among Us

Whereupon We Learn Something About Ourselves

The first month of our great University education is now completed:

Every day we see: Prep school debutantes who are not quite as sure of the potency of their stuff;

Staid seniors carrying their spare trousers to be repaired;

Sophomores struggling and floundering in the role of politicians;

Hopeful juniors lining up dates and drags for tickets to the Prom:

Innocent tish beaming under the glamor of fresh-cut pledge ribbons;

Acclimated middle-class literati certain of their coffee and their hose:

Complacent P. G.'s, free for the day, blearily eveing the gyrating panorama;

Self-satisfied landladies resting on front porches, Embryo activity men affecting the bustle of big business.

Cane-bearing , lawyers, psychologically on a voyage:

Freshman sisters who have relinquished, with a sigh, their predilection for fancy sundaes;

Naive blossoms from the bush, dizzy from the glare of a thousand eyes;

Fish on Fridays, and apricots on a oprovocation at all:

Class caps hanging in closets, senior hats all out of joint;

Dancers who can't tell tympani from theugelhorns, and have given up trying;

Snobs who find they can get snubbed as good as they give;

Three minute dressers nochalantly strolling late into eight o'clocks;

Languid, languishing seminar beauties ogling for late afternoon cokes;

And tired freshmen doping their chemistry findings, and their letters of account home.

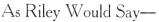
Making ends meet is not so difficult, said the football coach as he looked at the mass of humanity draped in a heap.

Isn't it peculiar, as the officer on the range remarked that a ritle says pop no matter who it

Those who believe that water was made only to wash in should live in the sand dunes for awhile.



Ex-07 has found that an old sweetheart of his still works for Mr. Bell at the telephone office.



A blessing on thee little girl
With your coiled enticing curl,
With your silken rolled down hose,
And your short transparent clothes,
With your unclothed back and knees;
Lips of scarlet, eyes that tease;
Hair cut short in jaunty grace,
And your makeup on your face.
From my heart I wish you joy.
Glad that I was born a boy.

—D.C.A.



This is an R. O. O. G., taking his daily sail in the briny boneyard. The instrument held in his mouth is the recognized insignia of his organization.





Have You Had Your Irony Today?

See the lady. She is fat. She is made of semicircles—her arms, her cheeks, her double chin, her waist. Her hands are so pudgy she can scarcely close them; her fat spills over the tight skirt band at her waist. She moves slowly, heavily, ponderously, painfully grunting and puffing. Her arms stick out from her sides; her legs flare from the tops of her shoes.

The lady is buying a hamburger sandwich! —D.D.



Prof. Zu-zu, psychology, has come to the crest of the wave in his oration on his own particular panacea for social ills. The striking thing about Prof. Zuzu is that his hair moves sympathetically with his histrionics.

Pedigree By Helen E. Brehm

I don't boast of my ancestors And family tree and things Although I trace my fore bears back To cabbage heads and kings.

King George the Third and Jesse James Were relatives of mine; My mother's folks were Kallikaks You know that famous line?

On father's side, you find the Jutes. They're noted for their sin And my Uncle Eli Whitney Made some famous cotton gin.

A rock pile is our coat of arms With fields of bars around; Our family portraits you will find In galleries renowned.

Our family tree is said to bear The choicest brand of nut. I never mean to boast or brag Or be conceited, but

The F. F. V.'s and D. A. R.'s Don't have a thing on me. Oh, Woodman, take my alcohol, But spare my family tree.

It was during homecoming. The stranger on the campus paused as a beyy of red-cheeked co-eds passed by, "Now", he mused, "Now, I know why these persons are called the Illini tribe. They are always playing Indian."

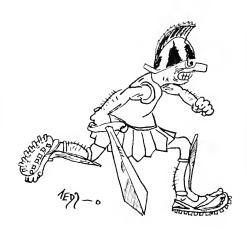
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The throng crowded around the scaffold, where the criminal was standing somewhat nervously. The young professor, absent minded of course and slightly near sighted, stepped up to the shivering individual. Thinking that he was addressing a friend who accompanied him to the scene of the execution, he queried, "What are you going to do this afternoon?" The criminal smiled on seeing the professor, then replied; "Oh, don't worry, I'll be hanging around."



Add Inventions

Silvia Sliver, who entertains frequently, is just starting back to the drawing feeling very pleasant and languid and vampy. She has just taken a shot of Old Taylor from the patent, side-light celleret on the wall. "So convenient," says Silvia.



IN THE OLD DAYS

Horatio Steelbeak has just received a pattry C on a ten minute quiz.

Oh, that we, too, might have done these things of which thou speakest.

SIREN



- AND ANNETTE

Oh Nancy's quite a dear coquette, As ever waved a cigarette, Or managed well an amourette, But I forget there's Annette. An athletic girl-Minette. She swims and sails the rivulet, And sports a nasty silhouette. My deep regrets . . . there's Annette. And Isabel a rare brunette. A Spanish comb, a castanct. A billowing red chimisette, And yet . . . , there's Annette. And so I'll pipe my flagolet, Although it isn't etiquette. To those above a fair quartette. Printer inset . . . , "there's Annette."

 $-.\lambda^{25}$.

Summer Resort Impressions

The cries of the birds in the forest; The trail that winds and turns; The dead leaves slowly falling, And the scattering damp of the ferns.

And a hotel porch where women sit,

And knit And tat And knit.

The spatter of rain on the water, The hot sweet breath of the pine, The clouds that wrinkle the heaven A fantastic white design.

And men who, "Raise yuh two," and play
All day

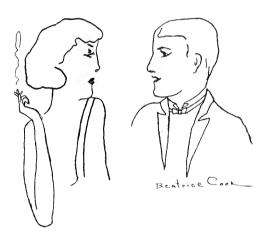
They play All day,

The star that glows in the twilight, The swallow's joyous grace. The moon a pale, wan lover Who kisses the water's face.

And people who crowd the narrow walk

And talk
And talk
And talk.

 $-\Lambda$.



What did you say? Nothing!

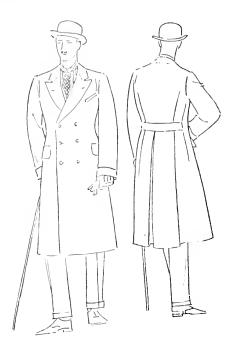
I know, but just how did you say it this time?

Just because a man has his shirts made out of airplane linen and writes on polo cloth . . It is no sign that he's an athlete.

The tailor has many a pressing engagement. The grocer many a date.

Life is a continual grind . . . to the hand organ ist and the seissors sharpener.

(21)



Vanity Fair Discusses the Fall and Winter Overcoat

The guard's coat still remains the most popular type of overcoat for Fall and Winner town wear. Whether it be made in heavy or lightweight material. It always hangs well and gives that neat well-fitted appearance that smartens a man up in a way that no loose hanging coat ever does. The principle differences between a guard's coat and a great coat ulster are that the guard's ocal is a trifle shorter and the collar is cut like that of a dress overcoat, instead of like a storm collar on an ulster. The heavy-weight guard's coat is generally made in dark blue or dark brown chinchilla cloth, lined with satin. For top coat wear it should be made in homespun or covert cloth without lining except across the shoulders. There should alweys be a breast pocket and cuffs on the sleeves.

It you are interested in any question of dress or efiquette, write the Well Dressed Man Department, care Siren and your letter will receive prompt and

careful attention.

It is a wise man who knows more than his barber.

The old poet who wrote, "full many a Rose was born to blush unseen," never lived at Illinois.

Our idea of the height of optimism is going to an hour exam without studying in the hope that the prof will cut.

A co-ed is known by the lipstick she uses!



ONE OF THE BOYS



FASHION NOTE

A very pretty affair—truly distinctive for music students. We suggest tiny silver cowbells for jewelry.



The curtain, reading "Asbestos" has just been lowered.

"Shucks, I've seen this darned show before!"



Movie of '26 coming home from a date in Urbana on a moonlight night. They turn off the street lights on a moonlight night over there and take in the sidewalks at 9 o'clock. The trouble is that the trees keep out the moonlight so you couldn't find the sidewalk if you wanted to use it.

ARKLE FUGUE IN A FLAT

I must average A this semester The world is grey outside

The day is cold and dark and dreary

A bird goes winging south
The rain is cold and wet and drizzly

The shows are rotten and the dates are worse

I must average A this semester ${\rm POP}(\Lambda, {\rm COWE})$



It you would heep your feet from going



Ice Cream - Sherbets Ices - Eskimo Pies

•

SANITARY

Champaign Ice Cream Co.

Main 175

2101

Coreds are of three kinds, the pets, the prudes and the pals.

8

Now we have ear-rings on all the belles.

_ _ 8 _ _ _

The pipe course is not always Velvet.

×

Be Frank, Be Earnest, but above all, Be Your-self.

The Best People Buy Their Drinks at

Shuler Bros.

Our Light Lunches are Delicious

Whitman's Candies

In 1, 2, 3 and 4 pound boxes as well as

An excellent Assortment of our Own Bulk Candies

9 Main Street

Champaign

Heaven pity the one who is afflicted with insonmia during a history lecture.

All good things come to him who waits—on tables in a Ritz hotel.

Johnny, when we have been standing here in the doorway has it ever dawned on you—

Good gosh no! You'd never let me stay that late.

Jos. Kuhn Fto.

33-35 37 MAIN ST.

CHAMPAIGN

"Central Illinois' Greatest Clothing Store for Men and Boys" Specify on your party order

Berryman's

Purity Bakery Goods

and you'll be pleased, both as to quality and service.

Special attention to Fraternity and Sorority Trade.

Berryman's Bakery

213 South Neil.

We make it RIGHT and deliver it ON TIME



Freddie has already acquired the 'college' scenery and the accompanying attitude. He is studying the timetable preparatory to returning home for the week-end to knock the natives for a row of hitching posts.

QUALITY

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SERVICE

ARE USED BY US GUARDEDLY

With us they signify something definite which may be fully depended upon by our patrons and which also have belind them the name

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513 S. Goodwin Ave.

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J. Y. Rose

Do you give your clothes a close inspection when they are returned from the cleaner? Have some cleaned by us and then

"Look it over." Service

Gordon's

Cleaning

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Your Greeting Cards

for the coming holidays should be selected now to insure your getting what you want.

We have two extraordinary lines from which you can make selections in lots of 10 up.

DANCE PROGRAMS
will also be our specialty.

Marriott's Print Shop

120 N. Walnut Over Campbell's Restaurant Phone 1698





For Your Party

Our all the year around stock of PARTY FAVORS and DECORATIONS will solve your party problems. Varied according to the particular seasons, with always something new and attractive, you will find here the necessaries to make your party a success.

Knowlton and Bennett

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Excellent Service Quick But Not Hurried. Desirable Surroundings and Satisfactory Prices (We Never Close)

Twin City Cafes

309 N. Neil St.

621 E. Green St.

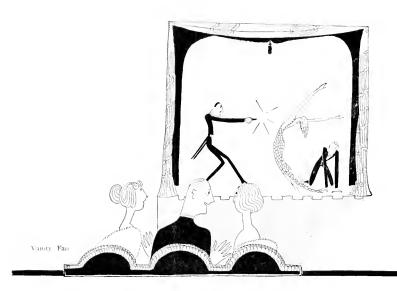
HIGH GRADE LAUNDERING

"THE MODEL WAY"

-you'll like the service

Model Laundry Co.

Successors to Sonder's Laundry



The Happy Ending

The play's over—the whole shooting match. Everyone is either dead or married. Now you can go home, to the really happy ending of the day—to read your copy of

VANITY FAIR

In Each Issue:---

PAGES of photographs of the most carefully dressed actresses and the most carelessly dressed dancers.

REVIEWS of the latest plays, to solve the problem of what to see when in town.

SATIRICAL sketches by Fish and other artists, to keep you in touch with the follies of the world.

HUMOR with a line you'll find irresistible to female prom-addicts and hometown débutantes. S PORTS articles by men who have played on teams themselves, and motor pages by an expert.

AN Auction Bridge corner which will make your game a social and business asset.

ART, life and letters served up in short courses which will not jade the most delicate appetite.

A^{XD} the only sensible, correct, well-bred department of men's clothes published in this country.

Where's the Nearest News Stand?

"WORD MONGERS" and "CHATTERING BARBERS"

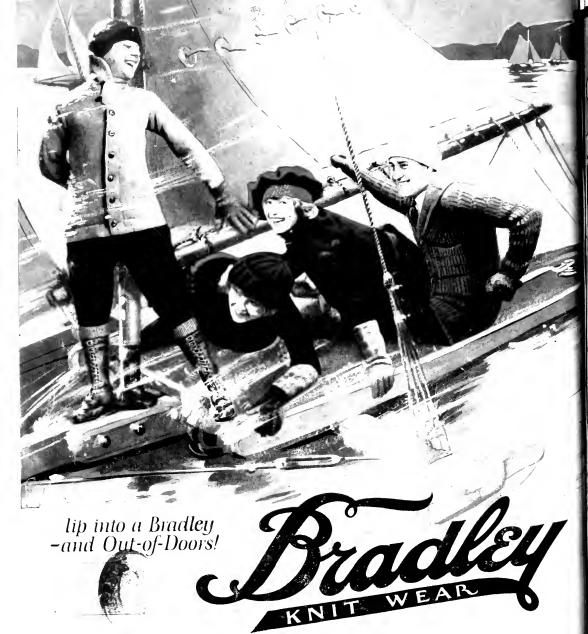
"Word mongers" and "chattering barbers," Gilbert called those of his predecessors who asserted that a wound made by a magnetized needle was painless, that a magnet will attract silver, that the diamond will draw iron, that the magnet thirsts and dies in the absence of iron, that a magnet, pulverized and taken with sweetened water, will cure headaches and prevent fat.

Before Gilbert died in 1603, he had done much to explain magnetism and electricity through experiment. He found that by hammering iron held in a magnetic meridian it can be magnetized. He discovered that the compass needle is controlled by the earth's magnetism and that one magnet can magnetize another that has lost its power. He noted the common electrical attraction of rubbed bodies, among them diamonds, as well as glass crystals, and stones, and was the first to study electricity as a distinct force.

"Not in book, but in things themselves, look for knowledge," he shouted. This man helped to revolutionize methods of thinking—helped to make electricity what it has become. His fellow men were little concerned with him and his experiments. "Will Queen Elizabeth marry—and whom" they were asking.

Elizabeth's flirtations mean little to us. Gilbert's method means much. It is the method that has made modern electricity what it has become, the method which enabled the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company to discover new electrical principles now applied in transmitting power for hundreds of miles, in lighting homes electrically, in aiding physicians with the X-rays, in freeing civilizaton from drudgery.





The New Book of Bradley Styles

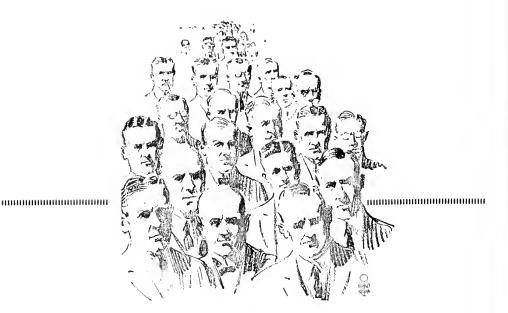
Bradley makes Sweaters and Searts Toquesand Tams. Gloves and Hose, will and sturdily knif, to meet the cellege man's and girl's—ildas of good value and smort style. Just drop us a postcard and will be glad to send you a copy of the new 8tyle Took.

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Sail or skate or ski; pull a stroke oar or captain the varsity football; be a grandstand looker-on, or "book-worm" it through life—you always need Bradleys.

Bradleys save your street and classroom clothes; they keep you warm and set your body free of the restraint of tailored coats; they yield to the most violent exercise, and stand-up under hard wear.





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Old Hampshire Band and Vellum

You'll find Old Hampshire social stationery sensible and suitable for every purpose. Whether your letter is to a college friend or the Queen of England, Old Hampshire is always right.

Bond and Vellum are in three sizes: Imperial or Semi-Business, Royal Club (folded) and Regent or Note Size (folded). Tablets in both Bond and Vellum in four sizes.

In bulk and in quire boxes (Papeteries):

Quire box, 24 sheets and envelopes____5c 125 sheets in bulk_____81.75 to 82.00

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"CHUCK" BAILEY

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SHELBY HIMES

NOW LISTEN QUIETLY!

YOU don't need to be hit over the head before you'll see a new idea.

You don't need to be assaulted and battered into a grin of approval.

You like to smile at living. You have a taste for Art and Drama and Letters.

You're keen for sports and motors. You're a good working model of a citizen with leisure interests. Aren't you?



Then Vanity Fair is made for you and your kind.

Vanity Fair believes that it is better to be gay and gracious than sad and sullen.

That Golf is as important as Lloyd George.

That an Ingres painting is far more inspiring than an investigation committee.

VANITY FAIR

Vanity Fair makes a direct appeal to people who want to enjoy life—not just consume it. Whether you reserve it for a quiet evening, snatch at it between classes, or study it under cover of your note-book at the lecture on Early Christian Thinkers, it will interest you and entertain and amuse.

VANITY FAIR opens the horizons of the Campus to a panorama of the larger life.

THE STAGE? All the coming shows are torecast—all the new ones criticized—by people whose judgments you can trust.

ART? The new, dynamic, stimulating—products of men who give their work the zest of youth,

SPORTS? Motors, tennis, golf, baseball, covered by writing sportsmen and illustrated by unusual photographs and drawings.

LETTERS? Every month the contents page carries the names of a dozen famous authors, writing in that easy, intimate manner they adopt for Vanity Fair.

SATIRE? Plenty of it—humor with a bite—witty with a dash of acid.

PORTRAITS? Vanity Fair prides itself on knowing every lovely, brilliant or bizarre woman in the world, and printing her photograph.

CLOTHES? What gentlemen are wearing for the different functions and occasions of modern life.

35 cents

\$3 a year

\$4 two years

SUPERIOR FOOD Correctly Prepared

Excellent Service Quick But Not Hurried Desirable Surroundings and Satisfactory Prices (We Never Close)

Twin City Cafes

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621 E. Green St

CREED

I shall never marry.

If I marry a slim reed-like sybil, with "grace in every movement, charm in every pose;" she will be an angular emaciated thing at forty, subject to chronic colds and chest disorders.

If I marry a plump, well rounded sort of a girl she will weigh a few pounds less than a ton at forty, and have the appearance of a sack of wheat, so: I shall never marry.

-D. C. A.

This is a Lie. Bill



DUKE & COTTON

Cave Barber Shop



SATISFACTORY SERVICE For the Men Who Care

530 E. Green 8t.

Champaign

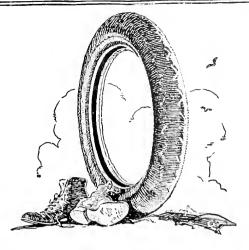


Particular Clothing for Particular Men —

FITFORM

530 East

Gelvins
CLOTHES SHOP
CLOTHES SHOP



Shoes. Which kind gets you there the quickest?

Two college men were walking down the road, when a classmate whizzed by in his car.

"Pretty soft!" sighed one.

Said the other, "I'll show him. Some day I'll own acar that's got his stopped thirty ways."

The more some men want a thing, the harder they work to get it. And the time to start working—such men at college know—is right now.

All question of classroom honors aside, men would make college count for more if they realized this fact: You can buy a text book for two or three dollars, but you can sell it for as many thousand—once you have digested the contents.

This is worth remembering, should you be inclined to the self-pity which social comparisons sometimes cause. And anyway, these distinctions are bound to be felt, even though your college authorities bar certain luxuries as undemocratic—as perhaps they are.

The philosophy that will carry you through is this: "My day will come—and the more work I crowd into these four years, the quicker I'll

make good.''

Published in the interest of Electrical Development by an Institution that will be helped by whatever helps the Industry.

Western Electric Company

Since 1869 makers and distributors of electrical equipment

Number 23 of a series



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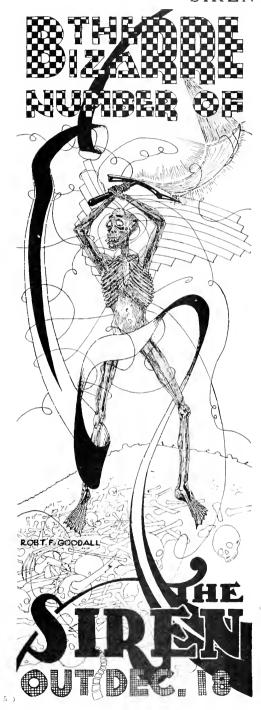
John Schuler & Co. Arcade Confectionery (J. A. Thornhill)



Special Illino<mark>is</mark> Package

SIREN

the dadaists will conceive the january issue







Hot Fish

By R. S.

Last night at ten
1 took her home
Today 1 have
Desire to roam
To Arctic lands
And take delight —
What 1 could do
1N A SIX-MONTH NIGHT!

The Submerged Ten Percent

The story is told of a serious German student who toiled long at his books, and with such good fortune that some time before the end of the term he knew precisely what the volumes meant.

This scholarly soul, having little else to do, bethought himself of how he should spend his leisure moments.

He visited a vast number of charming places. He philosophized with his friends. He drank beer, read Kant and Fichte, and in general did what he might to uplift and fructify his placid soul.

Still time hung heavily on his hands. So heavily—he had not mastered the American art of graceful loafing—that he cast about him to find something more to do. At first nothing occurred to him. He could not take up duelling for he was a rotund and slow witted person not given to sharp and contentious practices. Moreover he was a solenn young man so that the pranks of reveling students in the old college town did not interest him. Finally, after he had slowly turned over the whole matter in his mind, he resolved to take an unheard of step. In short, he would go to class. And go to class he did.

The worthy Herr Professor was in splendid spir-

its. He stood forth and descanted on the theory of the course in fine, round, robust, German words, the like of which we do not have in English. His chubby face grew rubicund behind its great glasses, and tiny drops of perspiration appeared on the good Docktor's honest bald head, for he loved to dilate on his subject and expound it at great length. So, with the greatest good will in the world, he beamed thru his disquisition, full of facts and marvelous in solid learning.

But alas, our schollard was nonplussed. He was absolutely at sea, for the *Herr Professor*, like all professors had his set way of presenting the course. Moreover the learned *Docktor* was not without that heavy professorial wit, so devastating to undergraduates. And, unhappily, he was this morning in his most joyial mood.

Our student was crushed. His ideas were horribly mangled by the new presentation. His outline of the course was completely rained. He did not recognize one single guide post in the wilderness of new material. The unlucky youngster tried nobly to recast his work on the new plan, but too late. The damage was done. When the dread examinations came he flunked dismally.

Therefore, we are told, he resolved never again to attend any class whatsoever. As a result, it is said, he took high honors, and brought great credit on himself and the University for his profound learning.

I cut my eight o'clock this morning. That is nothing unusual; I cut it as frequently as cut rules will permit. The obvious reasons are; I was sleepy; I was not at all interested in this eight o'clock; I wanted to cut it. But now I compute on my fingers, and my calculations are not assuring for I have only three cuts left, and the semester is long.

I wonder what tuition is at Heidelberg.

T.X.

Note--A Vital Function of the College is the Development of Individuality



Rotarian Rambles

Being a series of observations on trades persons,

By Tukulti-Xinis

TAILORS

Tailors are crude persons. They tell me apropos of nothing, that I should wear long stripes on dark clothes to conceal my girth.

Now I am not vain. I trust I am not foolishly absorbed in details of personal adornment. To be so, says Matthew Arnold, is to be a barbarian. Agreed! Excellent!

Still tailors are crude persons.

HABERDASHERS

Haberdashers are to be regarded with awe. One should never go near a haberdashery.

I remember one occasion I had resolved to purchase some handkerchiefs. I stepped into a haber-dashery. There ensued a vast amount of talking which I know nothing about. I stepped out of that haber-dashery and I found that I, in some way had acquired a Nile green shirt and a purple tie.

Since then I treat a haberdasher as people treated Mr. Kahn—that is Mr. Kubla Kahn—not the Kahn in the clothing business. I

"-weave a circle round him thrice

And close my eyes with holy dread;" and pass on my way—else I shall surely buy something.

One should never go near a haberdashery,

RESTAURANT PROPRIETORS

I have a positive veneration for restaurant proprietors.

We eat, not to partake of nonrishment, but as a means of expression. And if we may not eat in company, how, I pray you, shall we be clever?

Moreover, who would dream of gathering a halfdozen merry wights for a midnight potlach without the ministrations of Hellas and her sons?

I have a positive veneration for restaurant proprietors. Not only do our wittieisms thrive and vegitate under their care, but they do our very souls good by the rotund and genial aura which pervades them. There is nothing in the world more easeful to contemplate than your well-lined Greek.



My deah! Can you imagine? She wrote a note and said "You are herewith advised not to register", , ." The Cat!

The Idiot Mouths a Truth

What a sentimental fool I am, after all. I pride myself on being a cynic, an egoist, a mysogynist; yet at the first whiff of Romance blown against my nostrils it is all gone, dropped off me like a worn-out porous plaster.

I heard great news tonight. I heard that Mary has broken her engagement. Often and often I have said, "I do not love Mary." This I said to keep my mind off the fact that she was engaged, out of my reach. I succeeded in cooling a crust over the lavabed within me. But now, what an eruption! No volcano is hotter than my released passion. Wild dreams thy before my eyes. I see myself wooling Mary. I see myself giving up my South American venture. I see our wedding. I see myself settling down into a mediocre, harassed wage-carner. I see myself—my God!—I see myself selling paper! I see all this without fear, without regret.

After all, I am a sentimental ass.

-Gibbering Idiot

Gosh

Gosh!

I wish the girl who Sits in front of me in Logic Would comb her hair.

All thru class I sit
Dreamily enwrapped
In that floating maze of golden hair—
Beautiful dreams of rare old gold—
And then the teacher snorts
"Did you get that point sir?"
And I stutter, racing miles and miles
In moments, from my
Daisied fields and moonlit hillsides
To hie me back to the crass plain
Incomprehensibility of
Logic.

Gosh!

I wish the girl who Sits in front of me in Logic Would comb her hair.

-Pop A. Cowe.



Yes, girls, this is the first thing every man does when he learns that you are already dated for next Friday or Saturday.

Jack & the Bean's Ted Carpenter

illustrated by Robt. F. Goodall

Many years ago when children still tolerated abuse from their parents, there lived an old widow and her son Jack. White mule was then selling at 86,50 a quart and between the two of them they were kept poor, or rather poorer. Finally they hocked everything, but their coupe, and, after due discussion it was decided to sweeten the pot with it.



"They Decided to Sell the Coupe"

Jack was a simple sort of boy easily led into foolish things, and when his mom told him to take it out and bring back the root of all evil, he went. On the way downtown the old kettle developed a bot box and stalled.

Along came an enterprising young seed salesman with a catalogue under one arm, some samples of seeds under another, and his derby under another. He showed Jack some handsome half-tones of the Giant Tomato and the Lima Beam in action, then offered him 27 beams for the boiler. He pointed out that by planting them Jack could reap 568 which in turn would yield 15,327 that would produce 824,537,961 or seven times the value of the coupe and tire tester. Beams and cats have about the same birth rate.

Jack wasn't hep on city slickers and so was out noodled. When he arrived home and told his mother what he had done she flew into a rage, just the same as if he had been her husband, and tossed the beans out the opening that rich people call windows. She sent him to bed with no supper saying that, this night, he could not watch ankles outside the Orph.

Next morning, outside the window where nothing had been before there was a huge vine growing up six or nine blocks past the topmost cloud. This proved the salesman a swindler, because things bought from catalogues are not supposed to grow like that. Jack grasped the opportunity—I mean the vine—to get up in the world and immediately got a raise.

Soon he was in a strange land. Before him was an expensive looking hovel where they delivered the parcels at the rear an everything.

He knocked and a dizzy blonde knockout answered the door and invited him in. She said that hubby was a giant who traveled for lady's shirt waists, but that he wasn't at home. While they were sampling some home-made juniper-berry explosive, and telling each other how they were misunderstood, Jack heard the giant coming unexpectedly, a habit that traveling men develop and which makes them very unpopular with men who don't travel—fast enough.

The wife looked for a place to hide Jack and finally hid him in time. (Editor's Note: We don't know just where that is but we've read of it before.) Her giant husband had brought home a delicatessen and together they had supper. Suddenly the giant sniffed, growled and spake;



"Watching Ankles at the Orph"

"Fee, fie, foe, fum,

A smell th' blood ava Englishmun."

Jack was about to step out and tell the giant that he was Irish and that the remark was an insult when he remembered where he wuz and let the giant continue:

> "—Be he alive Er be he dead, I'll grind his bones T'make my bread."

"That's th' odors from upstairs," said his wife. "Besides we don't need bread. I made biscuits today,"

"That's why I wanted bread," replied the giant just like a co-ed.

After she had convinced him that there were no Englishmen present, having taken time out during the scrap so that Jack would not get caught in it, (Guess that one ought to be labeled) the hard-boiled giant ordered her to bring his magic harp and his hen that laid golden eggs. Those eggs, oh gentle readers, were nearly as precious as the ones we used to get in the stores that came fresh from the country—the old country.

The giant ordered the harp to play for him. After listening to its records he commanded the hen to break a record laying some golden eggs. Satisfied with this display of local talent, the giant knocked off for the evening and dropped 'way down into a deep sleep.

Jack slipped out of his hiding place, tucked the harp under one arm and the chicken under the other and began to shag. But the instrument slipped on a new record just as Jack did the same on a stray banana-peel and then the tireworks started.

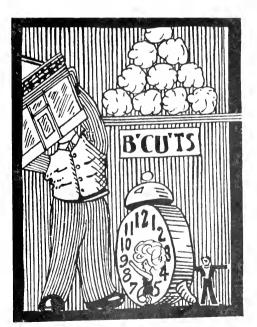
The giant awakened and, picking up his two-byfour, heeled after Jack. But John had a good start, and had on a pair of track gunboats which made him rather fleet of foot, so he gained the vine ahead of the giant.

At that moment the seed salesman came along with his catalogue and sample seeds. Our hero grabbed the catalogue and quickly running through it came to an illustration of the Knock 'Em Dead Insect Sprayer, guaranteed to kill anything that crawled, climbed, or slept—1 mean crept on the garden vines.

lack bought one on the spot.

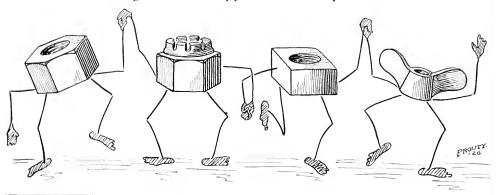
As the giant hopped off the vine with murder in his eye, Jack gave him ever so little of the insect dope right in the same place. The giant looked for a soft place to lie, then turned his toes to the daisies—dead. (Him, not the daisies.)

Now isn't that a lotta rot?



"He Brought Home a Delivatessen"

How College Students Appear to the People of the World



AT LAST! THE FAULTLESS JOKE*

To sharpen our sense of collegiate wit (which hath been sorely disparaged of late) and to satisfy our clientele in their demand for clever, non-salacious quips which are, notwithstanding, so abstruse as to preclude the appreciation of the merely boisterous, we submit the following:

He—My, you're still pretty well tanned. She—Do, why really—well, thank you.

He-Huh?

*This quip has been approved as disinfected, sterilized, immunized and expurgated by seventeen of our leading Deans of Women.

—Т.·Х.

SHADES OF DON MIGUEL



Salame

BY WILD OSCAR

Cast

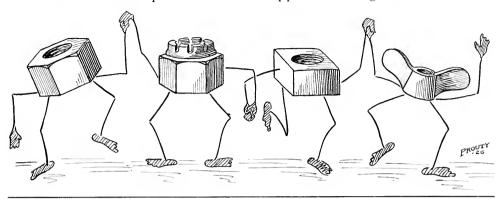
Salame	Vic Knight
Herod, the Tut-Tut of Judea	
Herodias	. Swain
Jokanaan	. Weirick
Executioner	. Paul
Young Syrian	. Tolman
Page	. Dodge
First Jew	Fitz-Gerald
Second Jew	Camahan
Third few	, O'Keefe
Fourth Jew	McIntyre
Maidens Colby, Pease, Sherr	nan, Bundy
Slaves The S	tudent Body

THE COTILLION

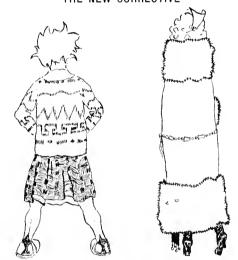
The Sophomore Cotillion is supposedly held for members of the class that shout out the first day of their second year, "Pipe down there, frosh!" but really is made to help the chairman and his commit tee work their way through school. It is held in the Gym Annex and the decorations are acquatic usually, tlying fishes and the like to make those present feel right at home. Like the freshman frolic only juniors and seniors are allowed to attend.

---8.0.8.

How the People of the World Appear to College Studenst



THE NEW CORRECTIVE



BONEYARD ANTHOLOGY

 Garabed Pelstus, Immersed these many years within the boneyard.

Have come to earth to tell my tale
And warn the careless freshman from my fate;
For I, I loved a coed on this campus,
(How very stale this boneyard mud may smell)
And gave her all I had and some of others
But she, she was unsatisfied, she took my pledge pin
And the brothers of the house,

Fearing 1 loved too well, or perhaps elsewise— Cast me out here, alone to taste my fate.

Bob Seaman.

The Call of the Wild

BY HELEN E. BREHM
When the telephone rings
Her eager heart sings
As she stumbles out of the door.
She skips down the half
To answer her call
Her watchful waiting is o'er.

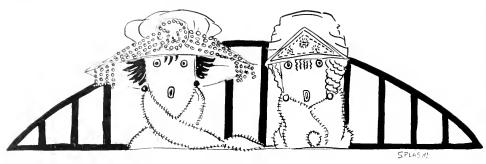
He has called her at last
Oh let her go fast
And heark to his eloquent voice.
He loves her, he does,
Thank God for that buzz,
And rejoice, and REJOICE:

Oh eestatic chills

And feverish thrills,
Hushed are her wailings of sorrow—
Then falls on her ear—
"This is Elsie, old dear,
Do you know what's the French for tomorrow?"

BRADLEY

Bradley holds dances every Friday and Saturday night so that the leaders of the campus activities—Union senior, and junior councilmen—may be able to trip about lightly, gratis. The most beautiful part about it is the balcony which, although one-ninth the size of the regular floor—has to accommodate twelve times as many dancers. Once in a while the lights are dimmed by mistake and all the patrons threaten to go home because of this fact, but they are persuaded to stay. It is a cheap place to run because no heating system is needed,—8.0.8.



She's a pumpkin-head!

Well, even pumpkin heads are bright when they're lit up.

Memorablia

1 came home this morning having had breakfast Of rank waffles and rancid ${\rm symp}-$

Doughy fried cakes.

And I lay down on the bed

With Henry James's "Lesson of the Master"

And dozed off into sleep.

Somehow I dreamed of fine

Old England. Satins and billowing laces-

For a bit

I was a cavalier as gay and fine

As any of the best.

And now I have awakened

At the clatter of my cheap alarum clock

And sit here thinking of

The chili I must eat for supper

(Gosh I hate chili)

And all the rotten Camels I must smoke

Kismet--

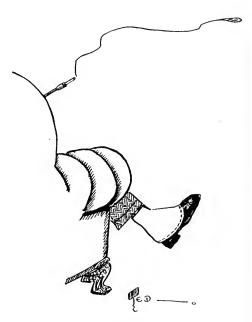
But I'd rather read than live.

-Pop A. Cowe.

FRATERNITIES

Fraternities are called Greek letter organizations because the members of them dress like it—with all due apoligies to the modern Hellenes, Pledges take courses in landscape gardening in them and interior decorating without getting much credit. Each admits it is the best on the campus although one would have to use a crowbar to get a member to admit it. Several of the members in a certain organization have quit smoking eigars lately because the streets are getting too muddy. Pledges try out for the track team but you wouldn't think so from the speed they run errands. (8.0.8)

AIN'T COLLEGE LIFE TOUGH



THE SEVEN WONDERS AT ILLINOIS

Bradley's Sorority porches The south campus Sunday Eight O'Clocks Frosh frolic The Ohio game and The SIREN!

Wahoo vs. Blahoo

IN A HIGHBROW IMITATION OF "HENRY IV"

(Seenes English Seminar, Chavacters; Wahoo and Blahoo, busts on top shelves, near entrance, Both need cleansing, Time; midnight. As the chimes strike the last stroke of twelve, the busts become articulate.)

Waloo: What! Thou ignoble scion of a maritime chef! Thou here! What manner of raree show is this?

Blahoo: Ay, thou miscreant sketch. What traitorous villain left you portals open so that thou camest in?

Wahoo: Sirrah! The Society for the Uplift of Recreant Babylonish Chao-ticians placed Mr here! I came not bestride a Latin pony, as didst (succastically) the Downright Honorable sycophantic myrmidon of neurotic blatherers—Sir Blahoo! Meaning thou!—caitiff knave.

Blahoo: Ho ho! reviler—My peregrinatory inclinations have not led mc to plumb the uttermost abysses of gehenna—knowst thou thy fair, roscate countenance is hidden 'neath a coat of Stygian dust! Thon lookest like an inky imp of Tophet!

Wahoo: Per chance! But beside thee, thou blithering idiot, I am as immaculate, as impeccable, as the leaves of a Treatise on Fluxoidal Oscillations of Therapsychopeutics!

Blahoo: Beshrew thee for a perjurer! Fell rogue. The nlferno holds no such swarthy variets as thine own "immaculate self!" Holio!

Wahoo: Cease thy gibbering—thou giddy-pated nincompoop—the knowledge confined within thy thick cranium would not suffice to draw thee to shelter during a deluge!

Blahoo: Oh desiccate! Thy mental cerebration is absolutely nil!

Wahoo: Art anhydrous thyself? Thy company hardly conduces to stimulation of cerebral metabolism?

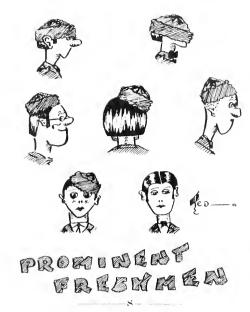
Blahoo: Thou infinitesimal microcosm!—thou nebulous atom of inchoate putrescense!—thou wilt vet provoke me to auger!

Wahoo: Partake of a tumble to thyself—ranter! Thou art not an over-much of much!

Blahoo: Thy vanity is highly conducive of uproarous hilarity! Coxcomb!

Wahoo: Thou—(But here the clock strikes one, and per section 348 of the Vociferatory Code of the Busts, Ltd.—paragraph xle—you may look it up = the busts subsided once more into their former inanimate selves.)

—G. R.



Cassins was a lean and hungry man. Cassins was a student at a co-ed institution. No wonder.

He: Have you anything on for tonight? She: Sir!

HOW FREE!

Thank heaven that I am here in my study Writing alleged poetry
Rather than cavorting
With mad grace about the floor of Bradley
For were I there I must admire the women.
Here I think as I will and can condemn
The whole of earth, in this alleged verse,
And tear it up again.

-Pop A. Cowe.

YES, YES, WHAT?

If it is true that the greatest thinkers of the time are bald-headed, what of the women? What of the women? WHAT OF THE WOHEN?



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The Yankee System

"Yankee System Enters Old British Colleges: New Methods Popular", reads a headline in a recent edition of the Illini.

God Forbid!

When the Anglo-Saxon contagion becomes complete, when the machinations of scientific democracy come at last to their barren goal, and when men no longer read Homer or Horace or Lucretius or Catullus for the pure joy there is in it—then let these last vestiges of culture become the victims of the so-called Yankee System, for then no man will care. There will be no one then to whom nobility of intellect and cultural perfection will mean something to be desired.

The Yankee System? Well, it's a great fifteen ringed circus in which, if we wish to get it all, we must turn madly from one to another of the attractions, seeing only a useless, superficial pageantry where we might under another system receive a complete and harmonious impression. Selah,

A Vindication

Now that supervised salvation doth dragoonade among us and bid fair to fetch by the heels those who were neither born into a fold or compounded into one, let us rise, on behalf of the indifferent, and assume their defense.

Our chimes, too true, ring out on good and bad alike. But it is only the very good or the very bad who are not enraged by the changer. Unhappily the great mass of students is neither very good nor very bad. To be good, by definition, one must be in possesion of a vast store of pietistic information. To be really bad one must be original and energetic. It becomes painfully apparent that there is small danger of even a mildly naughty student life. As for a really bad life; it is unthinkable.

It is, then, to the unhappy rogue who is still obsessed with some small vestige of pious misconception that all these exhortations address themselves. He who yet harbors the minor vice of conscience, and is still contaminated with the most damaging form of scholastic perversion—that is to say, faith in anything or anybody—is invariably annoyed by brazen chanticles of the faith.

In the old days, ere all the saints were dead, great deeds might well be rought after prayer, and fasting and abstinence. Belike the good Stylites himself might find it in his heart to abjure the lust ful ping-pong, or cast a wary eye on the place of dancing. But who among us is a whit better for having his meek conscience prodded into life, and vexed into snapping and barking forever at his heels? Not one!

For, after all, it is not conscience that hinders crime. Great crimes are ever committed by great repenters. Indeed if a good sound conscience ever goes a long way it is always after the crime is done, and the criminal apprehended.

But if he hath no conscience, this sleepy scholard? Then he is thrice blessed. Leave him to his dreams. And, mayhap, after the clanger of the morning dies, and the crabbed have returned drowsy from a dreary sermon, he will fare forth happy and content to snuff the brisk autumn air and be warmed by the fine, goodly noonday sun. Then shall his spirit have contentment, and a gentle joy, and a mild transcendant peace worth more to him than all your stuffy sermons.

—T.N.

"The Frozen Face"

Seldom, very seldom, does the Sirca concern itself with the many synthetic enthusiasms of the campus.

Drives come and go, a pox of them, and we shrug our shoulders. We endure them for the most part, and for the rest we take refuge in a certain collegiate boredom. This we find is our most effectual relief.

But occasionally a drive is inaugurated which we cannot ignore, a drive of such absolute asininity that we are forced to protest, and such a drive is the drive for "A Perpetual Smile and an Automatice Hello."

We are not opponents to good cheer and pleasantry. Over the coffee cups, before the Arcade, on the campus, and in spare moments, we advocate all the sprightliness and good-fellowship in existence. Not for all the world would we part with the fine lad who can grow wise and witty on occasion. But his discourse, we hasten to add, is the outpouring of a free, tolerant spirit. It is the effervescence of good learning and catholic interests mixed in the bubbling alchemy of youth. It comes from within, and it cannot be controlled or elicited by all the placarding in Christendom.

We do object to the live-wire cheerfulness of our esteemed American Maya; inc on this campus, or anywhere else. We have small faith and less patience with efforts to cultivate perpetual grins by up-to date advertising. "I am getting better, better, better every day" from a half-wit enthusiast completely sold on the "good and tine life," is not, in our opinion, preferable to even a dour silence. The silence is at least sincere.

Let us have a democratic campus, by all means, bet us be as democratic as the range of personal honesty will permit, yes, even to the verge of hypocrisy. But all this on one condition, and that is that we be ourselves, and that we act of our own motives. If we are friendly—well and good. If we are not, well and good also. But in any case, let us not have the campus aswarm with grinning louts, each one emitting an automatic hello with all the fervid cheerfulness of a book agent.

-T.X.

Charity at Home

We have the solution of all the professionalism troubles at last. Our small but sweet-singing bard from St. Joe suggests that we create another large fund similar to the Stadium Fund or even set aside a part of the Stadium Fund, which could be enhanced by a super-drive, and use the whole for the support of football and baseball players during the summer and other sensons so they wouldn't have to play professional ball in order to live.

Take it or leave it, peoples! It really is the only constructive plan offered so far which gives any encouragement regarding the future of Illinois athletics. The jingle of shekels makes more music than the band playing "Loyalty" it has seemed.

The Library

The library is the place across the Arcade which sounds like the boiler-factory back home. They call it a library because it has lots of books in it which nobody ever uses. Just like some coeds' brains. Like the Armory which is used for everything but military purposes, the library is not to be used for study purposes. A girl once came there to study and they were going to hang her at sunrise, but nobody could get up that early so she got away with it. It is the best place in the world for dates, chats, letter writing and general lounging. If you have nothing to do outside of six or seven semester papers to write, come there and be distracted.

Eskimo Love

A Heart Warming Tragedy of the Frozen North



By Don Allen

CHARACTERS CAST UP IN THIS PLAY

18KER deeply in love with

AURORA, whose dear father,

J. ARTHUR BOREALIS objects to the match,

Numerous others, too numerous to name,

ACT ONE

The seeme is laid in the ice gardens of old man Borealis, the ice is somewhat tenacious, and the snow is falling uncrealy most of it precipitating over the left wing. The sawdust is slowly dribbling from the polar bear perched on the north east glacier, the dachshund attached to the sled in the foreground seems extremely bored with the whole business.

Enter Aurora.

AURORA: (rather fatly):

This weight's sure getting on my nerves,

Tis tallow gum, bear's grease perserves,

That made if so.

If Isker's face I'd only sec

I'd laugh this fat right off of me.

Oh me, oh my, oh moe.

VOICE: Don't mention that jail bird's name again. AURORA: The warden may call him a number,

but he's always Isker to me. (Sings.)

I love him, I love him.

A note falls from the curtain landing at Aurora's reet. She opens it and reads it looking at the audience att the white.

AURORA* A voice from the tombs, a note from Isker, oh, God that I should live to know it. He has escaped. (Spotlight). While the lears course down her face, Isker enters, stepping on the eskimo dog who fluently curses in German.

AURORA: Isker!

ISKER: Aurora! (Embrace)

AURORA: (sings)

Oh Isker sweet, keep off my feet,

When ere you kiss and hug.

You big cartoon, you homely prune,

What is that thing you lug.

ISKER: (sings)

My dearest duck,

I love to suck

The sweetness of your lips

I like it well,

But then, oh, hell,

Your shoes have copper tips.

My only, look,

I have a book,

I got for thee incog,

The very thing

I bear, I bring,

Sears Roebuck's catalogue.

They sit down in the snow and turn the pages.

18KER: Some carpet tacks, a barbed wire fence They'll send to me for forty cents.

AURORA: And each that sends a dollar gets,

A wool night shirt, some Cascarets.

BOTH: Oh stars above and moons that was

Eskimo pies (wo bits a doz.

Enter the chorus of eskimos (girls in tights, men in full dress suits with wombat fringes). Isker and Aurora continue to read as the chorus dances the Russian Clog singing

SIREN

Why don't they send it to the eskimos, No one knows, shake your toes. You'll her get it, sweet love charms, Come and nestle in your daddy's arms,

(None genuine without.)

AURORA: And we'll have them at the wedding breakfast

CURTAIN DOWN

ACT TWO

This act takes place in the drawing room (I'd like to have it in the hed room, but I can't work it in, the star too is provoked; she claims she is well costurned for a bed room seene) the wedding quests have arrived. Not having enough soup and fish to go around some of the quests are accaring Louis Quinze costumes. Well to get back to the subject the guests have met but the groom has not arrived yet, neither have the pies. The bride is beginning to be worried.

AURORA: Oh gosh, oh gee, oh mia dia.

BOREALIS: (base solo)

Oh never fear my daughter dear

The pies are sure to come

They'll come all right some time tonight

But where's that Isker bum?

GUESTS: (talking among themselves.)

Ooli Rosie lookit that swell feller in that box And I sez to her, now Mame I don't out there mind ver goin out with other fellers but don't wear that perfume I gived vuli. Dat's my favorite smell and cost thoity cents a bottle.

AURORA: Oh what will all these people think

Nothing to eat, the same to drink,

The pies won't come oh my, oh me,

I'm ruined with society,

The telephone on stage rings off stage, Borealis answers.

BOREALIS:

YES, WHAT? DAMMIT KEEP STILL.

My dearest daughter, luck by heck! Isker fell and broke his neck.

A mail man enters with a package,

AURORA: (under her breath)

Thank heaven, my honor is preserved.

Ah, come now guests and gather round,

And sit you down upon the ground.

And I will pass this delicacy,

That dearest Isker got for me.

Aurora squats on a cake of ice and registers gricf, as only an eskimo can, by munching refleclively on an esquimo pic and looking mistily off into the arctic space. Flies swarm and light on the bours nose when the stage hand, exhausted, ceases to move bear's head to and fro.

CURTAIN

Goes down and stays down,

A Date

BY HELEN E. BREIGH

Eve sat here now for two long hours And smiled at all you've said (But, gee, I'd give most anything If I could go to bed.)

You're such a clever man, I think You have a fearful line-(Rave on, you boob, I'm going mad It's only half past nine.)

You're so successful, soon you'll be A haughty millionaire You say your boss is foud of you? (Good lord, what do I care?)

You sayed a woman's life—how brave— (I know it isn't so) You'll have to save me mine some time— (You would if you would go.)

The women always fall for you-(You've told me so before) You're irresistible, 1 know (But, LORD, you are a BORE!)

SAYS PIERROT

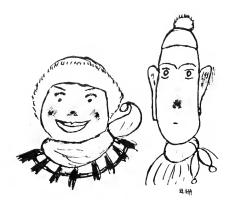


Says Pierrot: "I hope the moon knocks me cold if I ever order Chili at Tite Wad's again, Usugg-g-hh! Oh!"

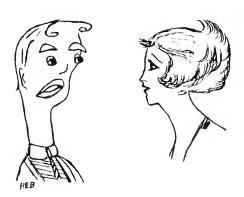
Campus Lovers

A Series of Pastelles

BY HELEN BREHM



The Mystery, Why should Alice, the Campus Beauty, fall for this Human Toad Fish???? He has no beauty, brains, money or political pull. Neither does he own a car. But Alice was always interested in curios.



Soul Mates. He loves Her for Herself Alone together they sit on the mountain top and throw paper wads at the Muses. Their Love will Outlast Time Itself. Their love knows no Adam's apples or greasy locks it is spiritual and uplifting. It is, so to speak, The Greatest Thing in Life. Mary and Albert are both Lovers of The Great Out of Doors—that's where they spend most of their time. Mary is just a great big buxom lass with natural color in her cheeks and nose, and such a pal. She is an advocate of grape nuts and the simple life. Albert, being slightly tubercular, is getting a lot of good out of their long hikes. They take awfully good photographs of Nature all along the way—rustic benches, squirrels, wind-mills, sun-sets, etc.





The Instructor-Coed Complex. She will laugh at all his jokes and pass the written tests and chat after class and if she arouses a Flutter of Little Wings, she will get an A. If she doesn't, she'll get a D, and say that it was Entirely Due to Personal Prejudice.





In Occupied Territory

ELLES W. KRIECKHAUS
Illustrations by Walt Campbell



They are sixty thousand strong, those French, in Mayence. The streets are full of them and at night, when lights are ordered off and there is gay music in the officer's club, only a grim poilu on guard before the Hotel Continental reminds one

Six of them in their blue-green uniforms were gathered around the little table in a wine shop just off the Kaiserstrasse. There was no light except the dim yellow glow from a candle. Black eyes sparkled and the men caught an old French air by the last verse and carried it to a glorious finish. The gayest of them signalled for the German bar maid, a pretty girl with fair hair and blue eyes. She stooped and kissed him and he smiled. La guerre est fini.

The hand that rocks the cradle often gets fired.

Some books are like water; the deeper you get into them the less hope there is.

There is many a man who believes that the tennis court is the Supreme court of sportland. The counterfeiter is judged by the money be makes.



May: "Why did the life guard give that woman a bar of soap?"

Dot: "If she gets out too far, the soap will wash her back."

Model Love Letters for the Young

BY ROBERT F. GOODALL

If you are freshman, sophomore, or junior, you will find this letter invaluable. We make no comment. Don't fail to notice its Chesterfieldian style. Champaign, Ill.,

Nov. 4, 1922

Dear Johana:

Well how are you; Well I am feeling good now, because III, just beat North Western U. The score was 6 to 3; in favor of 1H. This is tine!

Well I think we outplayed The Evanstonians. (so to speak.) Did you have any dates since I have been down here at this Paragon Of Learning & Labor? I'll say its Labor!! spelled with a Capital Letter.

Did you get my last letter? you didnt auswer it yet. It should of been received by you by now. I wrote it the 22 of last inst. It had some very important questions in it. I hope you got it. I will send this special dilevery because I wish to be sure it will be received by you,

I have some studiing to do so I guess I will not write any more. You wont get peeved will you?

> Yours in friendliness & sincerely; Edsel Rolls-Royce,

P.S. I have not heard from you for a long time. S. W. A. K. Ha! Ha!

However, if you have lasted long enough to have become a senior, you could hardly be expected to write a letter like that. Here is one written by a senior, about to graduate forever. It is to be recommended chiefly for its Frankness, Humor, and Vivacity; the last paragraph is especially magnitudinous in these virtues: The style has improved? Such was only to be expected!

Dear Resignation:

Lam about to commence: Chee Hee Chaa Haa!! There has been a question a bothering me for a long time. This is it: What am I going to do with you after I marry you? You are not supposed to know. however.

I shall try and get some advice out of your damned old man; he's always croaking about what he knows about women. Does he still remember the time you made the fudge? I always said be couldn't appreciate you.

Let's date the fifteenth?

Sam

Next month's SIREN will give letters for deafmutes and stammerers.



And if he rips her net in twain. And Sweetic waxes cross To him, it's just a new net gain: To her, one more net loss.

AFTER THE FALL

Observant Kiddy Oh, look at that funny man. Mother. He's sitting on the side-walk talkin' to a banana peel!

A MEMBER OF THE PSYCHOLOGY STAFF PARTAKES OF HIS NOONTIDE REPAST.



Fairy Tales

(With apologies to Grimm)

Once upon a time there lived not so far from the Oskee-Wow-Wow river a Queen Chaperone who had twelve beautiful daughters, but these poor princesses had no father to watch and scold them, and so they lived an independent life.

The Queen-Chaperone had to economize and, as clothing fit for the princesses to wear was expensive, she urged them to take good care of their dresses and shoes. As all the court understood these painful circumstances, it was shocked one morning to discover that all twelve pairs of the princesses' shoes had holes in them—From dancing!! But no one could understand how the twelve daughters danced, when they had been put to hed by the Queen Chaperone herself. From that time on each new pair of shoes was found the following morning, with holes in them. At last in despair the Queen-Chaperone offered a reward of several dates to anyone who could solve the mystery of the dancing shoes. But he who tried and failed would be put to death.

Now it happened that there was a freshman prince who was thought such a coward that his fraternity brothers, for a joke, made him try to solve the mystery. In despair he called upon his fairy god-mother to give him a charm that would prevent the princesses from binding him to their services by their lines. He set out, was received at court and immediately started slenthing around in the approved manner.

When the twelve little princesses had been put to bed in their dorm, high up in the castle turret, he watched their window as his godmother had bid him, holding his pledge-button-charm for protection. Soon he saw the twelve little princesses slowly creeping down a curious iron ladder, used in times of fire,—and what astonished him more, twelve of his fraternity brothers waiting around the corner each in his own car. He followed, and discovered that they went each night to the Moonlight Garden Pal ace where they danced until late.

The brave prince went in and danced also, Al though the twelve little princesses recognized him, they did not speak for fear of being reported. But the youngest liked his looks and spurred on by her sisters, vamped him. He gave away his charm, lost his power, and each night took the youngest to the dance. And still the mystery of the dancing shoes remains unsolved.

—Juliette Armstrong.

THERE IS A TIME FOR ALL THINGS



They made beer in Egypt 3,700 years ago, but it's all gone now.

7

Voliva says that all flappers are going to hell; some are nearly dressed for the trip.— Λ .

SIREN



Mirabile Dictu

Yes! She has wondrous light blue orbs;
Her cheeks, like the first blooms of spring.
Are flanked by waves of tresses
Such as L or eyes, have never seen.
Her pearly teeth are matched only by
Toothpaste ads.
And when I'm with the boys.
And she passes, she smiles
As if I were the only one within miles.
And murmuns, "Hullo, Ted."

Ted Carpenter

TAKE THIS HOME FOR CHRISTMAS



The New Banditti

When I was just a little child I read with interest more than mild, And all my fancy was beguiled; By Jesse James, Old Trusty Shot, The Man Who Smiled, And other names.

I hankered for the keen affray,
The quick stick-up, the get away,
The drinking bout throughout the day,
The wild excitment;
And juries coming in to say,
"A new indictment."

I say before I reached my prime I hankered for a life of crime A sort of Gyptheblood sublime Was my ambition. And so I spent a lot of time On my tuition.

Well all those boys would die 1 guess With jealous rage at my success Eve got them beat 1 must confess By modern dodges, I get more loof the risk is less, I run garages,

—Don Allen

PORCHES

Sorority porches are now going to rack and ruin because the Twin Cities' new lighting system provides too much electric. It is a well-known fact the light in front of the A. Chi O. house has been broken three score times without complete success. Here it is where the juvenile on his first date says, "Don't you just love nights like these" and the bashful maiden replies, "O. no, sometimes I study." It has been reported that a prominent politician once forgot himself and said, "Kiss me goodnight" there, and upon being reproved for his forgetfulness replied, "Please kiss me goodnight" and was duly rewarded, S.O.S.

METAMORPHOSE

The Co ed shuffled the burning deck
And dealt the cards around, by beck,
They flimtlammed Oscar, creature mild;
And now you see that Oscar Wild!

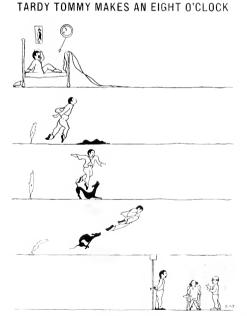
I DON'T WANNA



OF COURSE!

Jack and Jill went up the hill Jack had no thot of water For Jill—Jill walked before the sun And Jack? Jack followed after.

-Pop A. Cowe,



Quite a bit of corn was shocked this year; the bigger the bottle the bigger the shock.

The best looking girl in the movies is selling tickets.

Sometimes all the early bird gets is up.

8

Washington has a 100 day clock; they wind it every time they catch a senator awake.

The wise man chews neither dynamite caps nor restaurant hash.

--- ----

What makes a cut madder than seeing a dog catcher loafing.

- - S - ---If reformers keep on red blooded chaps will have to go to Hayana for face powder.

8 Six million rubles are worth a dollar. Pay no more.

Bread wasn't made with yeast till 1650, but some of it hasn't kept very well.

Turkish attrocities are being committed in Asia Minor, and smoked in America.

- - 8-

"So she's petty and futile?"
"Yes and no."



LAST LINE

The minister profited ten dollars by my worst mistake,

- - S

She. If you could sing as I can, what would you do?

He Keep still as much as possible.

---- 8-- ---

Intercollegiate Sprint Champion -1 saved a guy's life last night with my tremendous speed.

Left End on the Debating Team —How come, frinstance?

 S. C.—Aw, they was a rough house down at Mike's and a big guy wit' a knife took out after a smaller feller.

L. E. O. T. D. T.—And you ran and caught the big ruffian, enabling the other man to escape?

1. 8, C. – Not hardly. I was the guy in front of the knife.

Miss Pansy Arabella Johnsing—Whah at kin Ah go to git some face powdah?

Clerk- Black powder in the firearms department, ma'am. Take the elevator to the basement.

ON GREEN STREET

Bystanders-Where's the driver? Get him!

Victim—Wait boys, wait. I was trying to cross the street and the driver stopped and motioned me to go across. The shock was too much.

Amundsen has just returned from the North Pole; it will return the visit some time this winter,

Golluf is supposed to have originated in Scotland, but the other nations have taken it away from the land of the kilties. Just recently an Italian protook French leave of his own course, entered the American open tournament, used Canadian clubs, Greeced the slides of defeat for all his opponents, leaving them and their followers in Dutch, and by dint of putting a lot of English on his German-made balls, won the title and made his adversaries look like Swiss cheese.

 $-8. \ 0. \ 8.$

Bears and bulls aren't always animals, nor are cubs, curs, jackasses and skunks.

Houest men are not afraid of the daylight. But there are exceptions as the lovers claim.

THE UNIVERSAL TOPIC

Wonderful picture, must have cost a lot.

Ten thousand dollar car!

Has she any money?

He cleaned up a million!

Thirty-nine cents a yard!

Ma, kin I have a penny?

It's all Greek to me, said the student as he marched into the restaurant.

----S---

Some men have their fine points, but like some lead pencils they soon wear off.

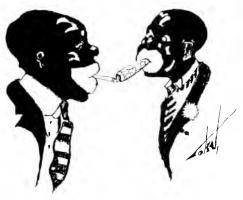
PESTS

There are pests and pests. There is the eigarette cadger, the coke grubber, the paper slacker, the homework shirker, but the pest of pests is that pestiferous individual who, after an examination, places himself in our midst and dolefully, dolorously and dubiously raises a yodel of self-pity to the mighty heavens that he has unceremoniously tunked an exam. He moans, he shrieks, he is overwhelmed in self-pity. He is the apotheosis of woe. You almost feel sad enough to let him take a couple of nickels—but not quite. Three days later he appears on the horizon triumphantly carrying an "A". When reproved for his demonstrations of the days back, he insists that he never said a thing. From such as these, may we be delivered.—S.O.S.

There is some error. In onion there is strength, but in Union graft.

A gentleman is a man with nothing else to do.

STUDY IN LIGHT AND DARK



MORAL: DON'T RIDE ON STREET CARS

Methuselah ate no apples, never brushed his teeth, had no iron every day, did not read the Saturday Evening Post, ate and slept when he pleased, chewed no Wrigley's after every meal, refrained from Lydia Pinkham's Remedy for the Home and he lived to the ripe old age of nine hundred years.

The man who counts in this world . . . , is the cashier.

Like many a rose born to blush unseen many a clown has never been to the circus.

_____8

The great trouble with free verse seems to lie in its cheapness.

Holland, according to all moving picture scenics, is well supplied with wind mills. All of which should remind us of our super-quota of barbers and campus lawyers.

Love is nothing more or less than perpetual $\ensuremath{\mathsf{emotion}}$.

Just because a man is said to be dumb, it is no sign that he can't talk.

IN OLD KENTUCKY

Jim What happened to Pete Bootleg?

Bill- Carelessness. He went to church without his gun.

THE WEEKLY

Dear Ma and Pa:

It may interest you to know that I am now taking a course in landscape gardening. It's not in the curriculum, but I was just pledged to the worst fraternity on the campus. I guess I wasn't good enough for any other. Anyways, I don't know who is out of luck, they or me. And I am doing wonders in botany. Already I can tell the difference between plants and animals. Also I am playing golf. The first time I made a 64, but I did a fittle better on the second hole.

I can't understand a sign on the links. It says, "Don't pick up lost balls until they stop rolling." Well, don't they know they aren't lost until they are at a continual stop? I think I'll quit though be cause I lost my ball. At the house last night, we had a nose pencil race, and I won because I had a longer reach. More next time.

Your loving son,

Alowishus.

Take Care

Not to Run Right Up to

Christmas Eve

With a long list of friends who must be remembered and with no idea what to get or where to get it.

Take Time by the Front Hair Go to the U. of I. Supply Store

Get your troubles settled with the least fuss and weariness ever, and sit serene on top of the world

You know we have no end of things—we've more even than you think. Come in and see, $\,$

U. of I. Supply Store

GREEN AND WRIGHT

THE COOP

Fashion for Colored Collars

From London, The Vauity Pair Correspondent writes that white starched collars are seldom seen except for formal day and evening wear. Colored collars are all the "rage." In most cases, the collars match the shirts but many smart young men go so far as to wear a solid colored collar with a striped white shirt. For example, a tan and blue striped shirt with a solid blue collar is often seen on the "knuts". Checked material for neckties are immensely popular. Both shirting materials and silks for neckties are in the brightest of possible colors. The latest collars are very low and rounded off at thec orners in the manner of the two illustrations shown above. Striped materials for shirtings are mostly in two color combinations. rather than a stripe of a color and white. Solid blue, mauve, tan and pink shirts are rich in color and noticeably popular. The smart Londoner is now wearing mauve shirts with dark blue suits and with this combination a red plum tie is generally worn.

If you are interested in any question of dress or etiquette, write "The Well Dressed Man" care of the Siren and your letter will receive prompt and careful attention.



London Starts Some New Fashions in Men's Shoes

The smartest shoe you can wear for the coming winter has no fancy stitching or perforations of any kind. The much perforated "brogue" type of shoe, which has been so popular, is now replaced by the severely plain shoe on the lines illustrated here. The newest golf shoe in England is a blucher with a plain toe-cap. The new street shoe is also made in this plain manner without perforations, The only fancy models of any kind are dress shoes for the street, of brown calf and patent leather which, however, are only partly perforated. Button dress boots are scarcely ever seen and may be said to have passed out of fashion compared with those which are laced. Spats are extensively worn in London and there is every indication that this fashion will again become popular in America.

If you are interested in any question of dress or etiquette, write "The Well Dressed Man" care the Siren and your letter will receive prompt and careful attention.



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Sustaining Healthful Delicious

Avoid Imitations

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Southern Tea Room

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Special Chicken Dinners Every Sunday Noon and

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Also a la Carte Service Tables Reserved



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Ice Cream - Sherbets Ices - Eskimo Pies

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STUDENTS-

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Advantage is to the Early Shopper, Our stocks are larger than ever before. Come Early and avoid the last minute rush.

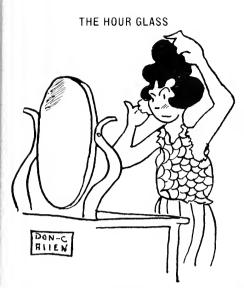
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Strauch's 625 So. Wright St.

THE ART & GIFT SHOP

The Home of Good Kodak Finishing





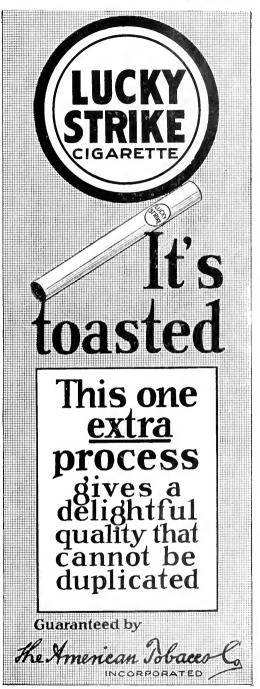
Give me liberty or give me , , , anything but death, is the modern interpretation, $% \left(\frac{1}{2}\right) =0$



He—How do you suppose the tradition of kissing was handed down?

She-Oh, probably from mouth to mouth.

-Princeton Tiger.___



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Guff!

Play by POP A COWE

author of

"Twins, "How Plants Grow," "The Tale of Winifred,"

SCENE: Lonely road, moon, preferable large and round of the harvest variety. Couple, young, the man with college stripes in his tie, the girl wearing a pin shaped like (oh, well why specify?) Packillae in which the couple is sitting.

- "Like me?"
- "Yessssss!"
- "Love me?"
- "Ummmm."
- (Silence)
- (Punctuations)
- "O O Oh! Stop!"
- "What?"
- "Oh, stop!"
- "What's the trouble, dear. Don't you love me?"

"Yes--but, please won't you stop dropping your cigarette ashes down my back?"

Curtain.

Specify on your party order

Berryman's

Purity Bakery Goods

and you'll be pleased, both as to quality and service.

Special attention to Fraternity and Sorority Trade.

Berryman's Bakery

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We make it RIGHT and deliver it ON TIME

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Correct stationery is absolutely essential for a good impression. Give your correspondence the proper dignity by using the proper writing material. We have a complete line of Eaton. Crane and Pike, and Whiting stationery, A distinctive paper for every purpose.

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We Lead in Every Line We Carry

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Most Satisfactory of all Box Candy

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120 N. Walnut Over Campbell's Restaurant Phone 1698



O = F = P = I = S = A

IPSE DIXIT

There was much learning but little real knowledge in Galileo's time (1564-1642). Aristotle was swallowed in bad Latin translations. Ipsedixit. No one checked him by what seemed vulgar, coarse experiment.

Galileo fought against the dead hand of tradition. He did not argue about Aristotle, but put him to the test. Aristotle led his readers to believe that of two bodies the heavier will fall the faster. Galileo simply climbed to the top of the Leaning Tower of Pisa and dropped two unequal weights. The "best people" were horrified; they even refused to believe the result—that the weights reached the ground in equal times.

"Look at the world, and experiment, experiment," cried Galileo.

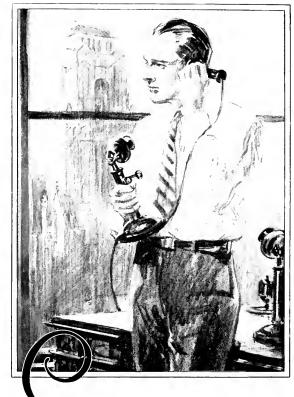
The biggest man in the 16th

century was not Galileo in popular estimation, but Suleiman the Magnificent, the Ottoman Emperor, who swept through Eastern Europe with fire and sword and almost captured Vienna. Where is his magnificence now?

Galileo gave us science—established the paramount right of experimental evidence. Suleiman did little to help the world.

Hardly an experiment is made in modern science, which does not apply Galileo's results. When, for instance, the physicists in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company study the motions of electrons inrarified atmospheres, or experiment to heighten the efficiency of generators and motors, they follow Galileo's example and substitute facts for beliefs.





\$200

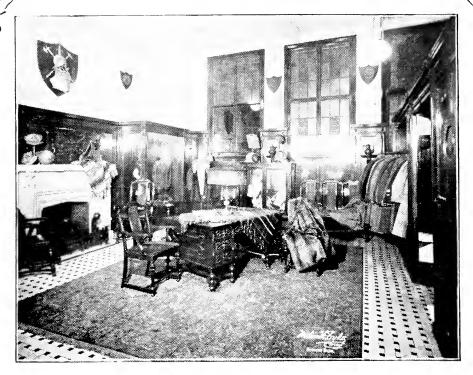
an ARROW SHIRT

I T is made of a better oxford, in a fine tailor-like way, with sound big buttons put on to stay. It is essentially a shirt built for service. The shirt has an attached collar made by the expert Arrow collar makers. It buttons in the back and at the tips. The cuffs are of the French model, or they have single cuffs which button with one button

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Lytton College Shop

Make this Shop your headquarters while you are in Chicago — especially during the coming Holidays. Burchfield will be here. If you wish to think of clothes, he will have some new things to show you.

Lytton College Shop



Second Floor

Henry C. Lytton & Sons

World's Largest Clothiers - STATE at JACKSON, N. E. Corner - Chicago



Eclipse of the sun

TIHS is the month when the sun is outshone, and we mortals draw greater warmth and sustenance from that homely provender—mince pie.

It is the warmth of the holiday spirit, which causes human hearts to glow when temperatures are lowest. Mother's cooking—the family united—Christmas trees and crackling logs—what would this world be without them?

In promoting the family good cheer the college man's part is such that modesty often blinds him to it.

It would hardly occur to the glee club man to sing over the songs of Alma Mater for the still Dearer One at home.

The football man would scarcely suspect that his younger brother is dying to have him drop-kick for the 'fellers''.

The Prom leader would not presume to think that among those sisters who have been waiting to share his agility at fox-trot may be his own sister.

And in general, college men would scorn to believe that any conversational prowess they might possess on books, professors or campus activities could possibly interest a certain Gentleman Who Foots the Bills,

But just try it, all of you. The welcome you get will warm the cockles of your heart.

This suggestion, amid sighs as they look back across the years, is the best way a bunch of old grads here know of wishing you "Merry Christmas".

Published in the interest of Electrical Development by an Institution that will be helped by whatever helps the Industry.

Western Electric Company

Since 1869 makers and distributors of electrical equipment

SUPERIOR FOOD Correctly Prepared

Excellent Service
Quick But Not Hurried.
Desirable Surroundings
and Satisfactory Prices
(We Never Close)

Twin City Cafes

309 N. Neil St.

621 E. Green St.

The frivolous flapper says her ec, prof. must be from Germany because his marks are so low.

In New Britain, Conn., a cat is raising three mice. She evidently expects a hard winter.

- - - 8 - - - -

The girls boxing course could be included in the domestic science department.

Statistics show that Ford made four dollars while you were reading this,

Horse shoe pitching is returning because it is so cheap. All you need is two shoes and a few chews.

Actors look forward to the winter, audiences appland to keep their hands warm.

 Λ Maine woman killed her husband and was freed, but she shouldn't make a habit of it.

The difference in kissing and being k^i ssed is that there is no satisfaction in the former.

Some girls dance like feathers and others like porous plasters.



The Store of A Thousand Gift Suggestions

There'll be little if any time when you get home just before Christmas to find the RIGHT sort of gift for the folks. Making that selection now and at W. Lewis & Co. will save time and money and insure satisfaction.

W.Lewis & Co.

Champaian

Specify on your party order

Berryman's

Purity Bakery Goods

and you'll be pleased, both as to quality and service.

Special attention to Fraternity and Sorority Trade.

Berryman's Bakery

213 South Neil.

We make it RIGHT and deliver it ON TIME



STUDY IN IVORY

Service!

For careful attention to every detail and the per-formance of that kind of work which stands for quality, see-

Apperson Bros.

Plumbing and Heating Phone 7-3760 __ 120 S. Race St. URBANA

Your Xmas

List



That list of yours! Is every name checked off? If not, stop in and we'll check them off with practical gifts that are always welcome.

Belts

Jackets, Leather

Buckles Gloves

Mufflers Shirts

Handkerchiefs

Ties

Hosiery





A FUSSY PACKAGE FOR FASTIDIOUS FOLKS: A luxury in chocolates. The box is in dark rich green, proclaiming the distinction of its contents. Chocolates with nut, and nut combination centers.

LIBRARY PACKAGE: "Exactly right" to give to those who enjoy their candy as they read. The package resembles a leather-bound book in hand-buffed green and gold.

SUPER EXTRA CHOCOLATES: (or Contections) as far back as 1842 were the standard of Whitman excellence. You'll want to write "Super Extra" opposite several names on your list.

Hand painted round boxes and fancy bags, boxes and cases in great variety. See them at the Whitman Agency which serves you.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A. Also makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Checolate, Cocoa and Marshmallou. Whip

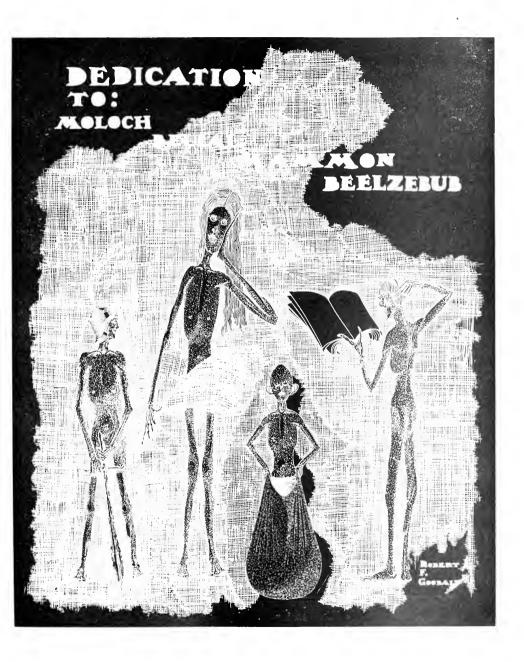
Whitman's famous candies are sold by

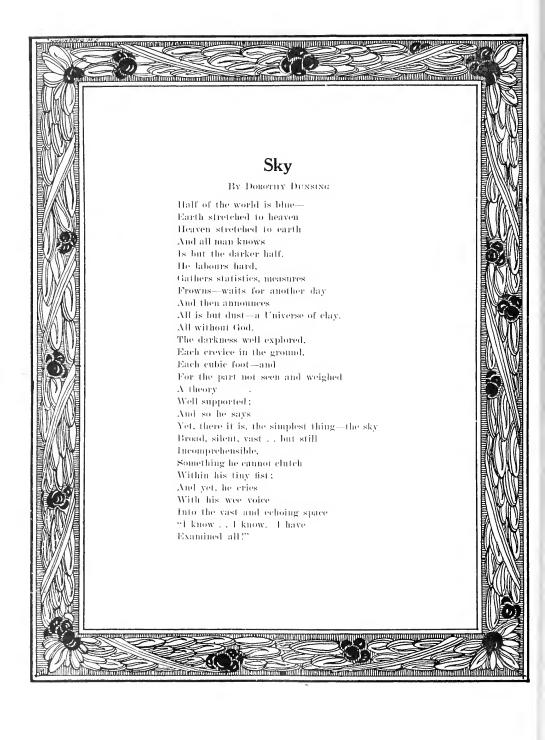
URBANA

University Pharmacy 705 S. Goodwin Ave. Urbana Drug Co., 111 West Main Street

CHAMPAIGN

John Schuler & Co. Arcade Confectionery (J. A. Thornhill)

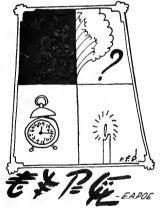






Warder, go in for Himmelstein: gire 'em H—L!!
So spoke Dean Kukkelbergerpf, stable sargent of
Unit 57. Cotter, rising to disobey the policeman's
suggestions, was knocked completely dead by a
stray idea which happened to pass that way. However, Nixon, who was trained in all branches of
following the ball, fell on it for a basket, giving
Austin a birdie 9. Driving Barnhurst back against
the mess shack of birth 62, car Nesselrode, Kipling
trumped his adversarie's seven but rolled 146, losing
the first set 90 to 38.

In the next semester, Hull, who was majoring in Lincoln Hall, received a letter telling him of the birth of his second step-aunt. Throwing a timely quarter-of-a-circuit drive between the piano and the wall. Nale scored the prettiest 1,000 centimeter free-verse ever witnessed at the Drake Hotel. Time: 4 years, 9.2-5 seconds. Hits 0, Runs 0.



As the fire was expected to start at any time, Bill stepped upon the power and away we did go! The engine knocked and knocked and the car swung from one side of the lake to the other. Protesting dismally at every eleventh swing, "I will win her at all costs," screamed Willis, absentmindedly poking eigarette butts into the baby's gaping esophagus as he philosophized. "Between the dawn and the daylight," sponted little Dorothy, going on to misquote: "How I wonder what you are?" Time out, Kenosha.

Honi swa qui mal y pense!

So chirped the loyal alumni of the Rush Medical school as they saw their team being defeated by the frightful score of 0 to 1 by the Rush Medical school bowling team in a well played Hot-hand contest. Seven before eight, chanted the men and women at the Western Electric Company. Ad. there, Chicago's ball.

! ?!

Drinking great quantities of Green River, the editor basked in Berserk admonitions of his genial landlady. President Nevo, famous as an exponent of the running drop-kick, spread his wings and redoubled two Clubs. "Finnish those paneakes!" squealed the Marquiss, slickest nickel counterfeiter in Story City, Iowa, as he clipped the coupons of his preferred B. R. T. Leland Stanford: 1,178; Brightmire: Nothing, of course!

Witherspoon wound up with gusto; his figure eight motion twinkled like a Mazda lamp; he unwound with tremendous alacrity, but as Martha side-stepped, the clock struck two. Leaping nimbly upon Savoir - faire, his tried and convicted mare Adolphus inhaled deeply and played the cue-ball for the middle of the street, or so it seemed to the fifty very odd spectators in the Brobdingnagian stadium. "Graft", thundered the politician, hammering out base hits at will, "Pate de fois gras?" sang the little children from the home for pensioned cheer leaders. Won by Morvich. Wrightstreetcar second, Nobody came in third. The Union, C. Buchanan, & Tukulti Ninih also ram.



Hastily donning his snowshoes and water wings Charles Chaplin ran the quarter mile in 8 days that.

Battling Kisi broke Harold Bell Wright's conception; Lydia Pinkham's ball. Harvard won the Interscholastic; score; University of Illinois -00; Doc Beard - 00. First eighth, 811!!!!

Here's to the Heathen

The poor benighted heathen, fives in a foreign land. He strams his banjo all the day and plays up the sand.

He never has an eight o'clock, nor other things as such,

Nor a forty thousand word thesis to scribble out for Dutch.

He doesn't eat in restaurants, and when he needs some bread

He hits another heathen across his heathen head.

He never has to change his socks, he has such simple needs

His ward robe is well fitted out with shredded wheat and beads.

He's never heard of Weirick, nor Wordsworth, nor Rousseau,

But he is Nature's Child ahright, by God he'll tell you so.

So if you get your Ph. D. why man your just a sap, Cause take it from a guy who knows the heathen's got the snap.

D. C. A.

Rotarian Rambles

By Tukulti-Ning

JEWELERS

dewelers are incorrigible Phillistines.

They do not look with an eye for beauty but with a sordid regard for karats, weight and timeness,

I recall seeing a jeweler sell a diamond lavaliere to a girl via her mother. The girl had a fragile, delicate type of beauty, although she seemed somewhat simple—the which is no great fault in a woman. But our tradesman would not have it so. He would not sell her a shy and virginal brilliant peeping like a fire-kissed raindrop from an exquisite sheathing of white gold. No, he must needs provide her with a robustions periwig-pated diamond, a very Falstaff of diamonds, such as swaggered and shone as though it were the oriflantmex of a fat commercial.

Yes, jewelers are incorrigible Phillistnies.

HOT DOG VENDERS

Hot dog venders are only by tolerance among the lesser Rotarians. They are not portentions in the least but are commonly obliging gentlemen.

Your hot dog man will prepare a tasty morsel with all the care of a Cellini doing the Pope's stomacher. He will shape and mold and fashion your hamburger with the craftsmanship of Stradiyarius, all the while telling intimate stories of his life.

When the hamburger is done and in your possession he bestows the mustard pot at your service with all the grace of a prince conferring a dukedom

Indeed I once heard a vendor remark of certain hamburger as he tucked it into the snowy whiteness of a newly cut bun, "My Boy, that one has a touch of the golden Autumn brown on it."

Is it any wonder that I buy an atrocious number of hamburgers?

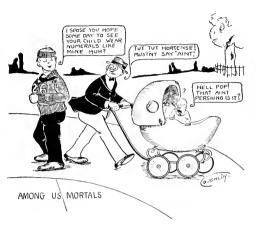
Obituary

A golden sperrit tapped on Jeddie's door, An called him out to measure him fer wings, "They aint no lovin peace on High no more," She says, "We needs a soul what sings,"

"We've heard you callin grunters from th pen,"
She says, "We've heard you yod'lin through th
night."

Th Angel raised th brass boun mand o death—En Jeddie turned his eyeballs out er sight.

-The Walrus,



Eggs—A Mystification

Egg. Man.

Destiny: Identical.

Consider:

Eggs in a pasteboard box.

Man in a pasteboard world.

Eggs in a bowl on the kitchen table waiting to be put into salad dressing.

Man in college anxious to be used in the paprika sauce of tomorrow's ideas.

Eggs in a crate on the way to a millionaire's home slip to the side-walk—breaks. Dog comes along and licks up egg.

Miss Lulu Bett.

Eggs from the dirtiest of barnyards grace a King's table.

Man smiles and says it's all in the throw of the dice.

Scrambled eggs.

Marriages.

Egg has its shell.

Man has his conventions.

Egg is in two parts—Yolk and White—each dependent.

Man is Mind and Matter, Dependent?

Eggs lose their individuality in an omelette, Man insists upon going to parades,

Egg.

Man.

Destiny:

Identical.

-PELICAN

Song of Champaign

A fown of dirty streets and squalid shacks;
A whiff of gas-house air from o'er the tracks;
The moon and stars half-hidden by the smoke;
A far-off hidden squall of student folk—
All this, amid the shocks of rustling corn.
And bumpkins looking on in stupid scorn.
A sickly learning of a learned morass;
Champaign! where fears and nightmares come to mass.

—The Gibbering Idiot.

The Uni. Film Co.

presents

THE THREE MUSKETEERS

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

D'Artagnan	Litman
Athos	
Porthos	Olmstead
Aramis	Zei(lin
The King	McKenzie
Richelieu	Bernbaum
His Flunky	Weirick
Buckingham	

Traditions

By J. F.

The Illini states in rather dogmatic terms that the Sachem Block I and the Sigma Delta Chi special edition of the wgcd are traditions. The qualifications for such classification seems to be persistence for two successive years. In view of this fact, may we not list a few more Illini traditions:

TPB's cover on the registration number of the Siren.

Tukulti's deliberation on what Ten Eyck said about Noah's ark in history 50.

The Law Club's threat to make the council of administration spend a night in the Urbana cooler.

The petition (rejected with much regrets) to make Thanksgiving a vacation.

Beard's, Watkins', Ward's, et al.'s quasi jokes.

The Illinois Mag's evaluation of itself as something "literary".

The large feminine registration in Sociology 10. The campaign to clean up the boneyard.



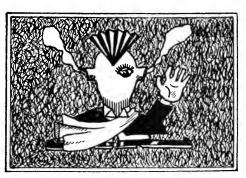


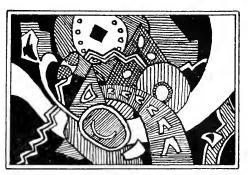
CUBINT

THE WORKS OF THE CUBISTS (AUSED RIGHTONS LAUGHTER WITHIN ME WHEN FIRST I SAW THEM. I WAS AMUSED BEYOND WORDS STHEN I READ "VANITY FAIR" AND "VOCABULIARE" SAW "MAVRE" AND "PETRUNKIA" AND BECAME CONVERTO TO THE BEAUTIES OF CUBIST ART. THEN —

DADAINT

WHEN DADAIM BECAME THE RAGE I LAUGHED. IWAS A CUBUT! I COMPARED IT IT WITH WORK OF A LOCAL GENIUS OF TWO SUMMERS......MY DEVOTION TO CUBISM GAVE WAY TO INTEREST IN DADAISM DISPITE ALL, AND NOW I AM DIVIDED - BETWEEN THE TWO. BUT-





GEVMETRICIOT



The Wet Towel

Being a Number of Reviews on Current Campus Literature

By Surlaw

Fatigue of Metals. By H. F. Moore. Diagnosis of lazy bridge spans, with a view to hook-worm treatment. Electrolysis as an energizer for anaemic girders. Coast rifle massage and ice berg baths for the rejuvenation of armor plates. Plaster casts to take dimples out of aluminum basins. Japanning as a re-enforcement for umbrella stands and nuxated iron for internal treatment of smoke stacks and boilers. An absorbing study and a priceless contribution to science.

The Merry Bachelors. This naive collaboration of Kendrick C. Babcock and Bruce Weirick presents the tangled thread of the lives of two college professors who tried to be sarcastic. The intimacy of the revelations in this new novel impresses us with the joy of wedded life. The climax, revolving about the question, "Who's got the button?", portrays a tragedy of lingering pathos. The introduction by Stuart Pratt Sherman is fairly good.

Adored. By H. N. Hillebrand. A tragedy in three acts, casting up the broken hearts strewn in the pathway of a cold but conquering lover. Dialogue crisp, with messes of passion and gallons of blubbering tears. No bed-room sets but reception and tea scenes of a high order. Yet the hero, we feel, is somewhat too compelling and the successive loves just a trifle lacile.

Overture 1812. This symphonic tone poem unpublished was adapted from the Russian by Albert Austin Harding. It seems to be a realization of the dream of the prophet E. W. Morphy who is said to have murmured, as in a trance: "You've got the G C B and the pipe organ in full blast, Aus. but if you expect to smelt the heart clean out the savage collegiate breast; you'll have to unlimber the R. O. T. C. cannon and at the climax, demolish the Auditorium."
"Supper time on the Ark" is Mr.

Harding's subtle description of the gallant 275 in the act of tuning up.

A Gondola on the Boneyard. By J. Howard Beard, M. D. A racy narrative of adventure and exploration on the Upper Boneyard from Neil street Landing to Salty Fork. Profusely illustrated, but pictures tainted with vulgarity, suggesting hippopotamus wallows and Front street garbage depositories. Romantic spirit blurred with biological studies, particularly of jungle beasts in native haunts. In demand for chamber of commerce reading rooms.

Smearing: Its use as an art. By R. C. Zuppke. The world is indebted to Mr. Zuppke for the well-known school of art: "Paintings from life in Orange and Blue." Armed with tubes of these two colors only he has startled the mid-west from its smug corn shucking. His studies in home-coming smears particularly, have made his rivals uneasy. In "Smearing" he tells us how he gets away with it. "What counts most is guts," says Mr. Zuppke, "Drill sergeants to the contrary." A virile work.

Domestic Relations. By Frederick Green. A confidential treatise on the obligations of parents to child as set forth in the law reviews contrasted with the demands of an infant to be walked after 2 A. M. and an attempted reconciliation through an application of the equitable doctrines of natural love and affection. This product from one of the best analytical minds in the profession sheds a new and radiant light upon the supreme problem of human existence. Privately printed.

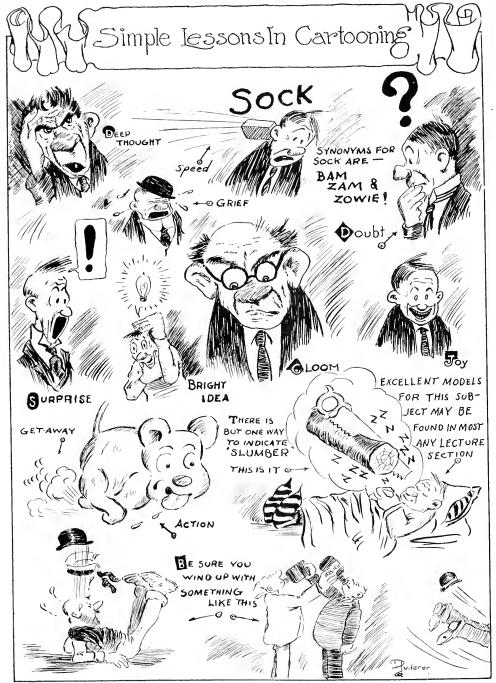
The Fatted Calf. For some years the familiar story of the Prodigal Son has received few annotations. Mr. Sleeter Bull, after years of research in connection with his classes in butchery and justifiable blood-shed

brings forward what he submits to be the true principles of slaughter and preparation employed in dressing the original marbled yeal. Diagrams showing chops, and chuck, and dewlap clarify the exposition, but contribute comparatively little to the moral of the original skit.

Hack-Shakespeare, A series of tables handed down from the Mount in which we are commanded that Cor-Niolanus said, "Tell me of corn," in Act III; that Sir John Falstaf was stout: that the Widow Beaufort married Lord Stanley; that "rivage" is English for "shore"; and many other inice things that will not only give our own personalities the lustre of literary accomplishment but will fit us to accommodate ourselves to apartment life or even coach us in writing the Great American Drama. Arden trappings at a bargain. Pickups and Stratford gossip. The latest edition on a strong market.

Our Feathered Poets. This beautifully-bound pamphlet by Harry G. Paul is not a scathing denunciation of mob violence, but is rather a tabulation of the harmony and counterpoint of bird songs, as heard on Burril avenue. A sympathetic scanning of trillmeters: the lambio pentameter of the rain-crow and trochaic movement of the quall. Observations sustained and illustrated by excerpts from original verse. (Hitherto unpublished.)

The Volstead Act. By A. H. Daniels, Defense of national prohibition as furnishing a wealth of materials for lecture and discussions in political and social philosophy. Mr. Daniels tells us that Mills was about played out, when the Eighteenth Amendment came to the rescue. The liquor is discussed on a non-partisan basis, the writer giving no clue as to his predelictions or as to whether he has a private stock. Adapted for fire-side perusal, "Idea," spelled with an "r". Kindly.



Be of the Newer Thought

Fill in the first word that comes to your mind. Of course fill it in on the dotted line. Your result will no doubt be a Dadaistic jewel.

The results obtained through use of my system are marvelons. No doubt you can see your own progress even now. For more information regarding the NEWER THOUGHT, inquire of

—LEFAX.

We Dadaists	Rain	Spoken words
2 2 4 4 4 1 5 1	Sizzling rain	Λ blush
	Sizzle sizzle	
Algebra Grrrr		Dance dance
Gerr Gerre	Sereseres	rance dance
Moonlight summer	Gentle winds	Home sweet
Violet scented zephyrs	Coolness	Home.
		♦ ★ ★
Jurgen	Snow	
Death, thy sting.	Slush	1 was going home
blackness		Smiles langhs
	$\operatorname{Ice}\ldots$	
No soap	Brrr , , brrr	Quiet
And so she died		
	Oh! For summer	More matches , ,
She	茶 茶 桥	A puff Two puffs
I mean	Moaning saxophone	A stop
Ayesha	Blaring cornet	
		The cards
Morpheus	Rythmic shuffling	\dots lost
\$ * *		
Searing heat	O! the lights	Choo-choo
Souls aflame	Deep shadows	
	•	Off.
Oh! For winter	Low voices	—Lefax.

Since oysters have come back 9,000,000 pieces of shell have been mistaken for pearls.

A florist held his wife while another woman slapped her . . . and then she said it with policemen.

A nickle is not as good as a dime but it goes to church oftener.

Our Pacific ocean is so dry now that the other day a ship burned in it.

Women smoking is a great boost to the match industry.

Isadora Duncan says that she dances with her soul, but that isn't what she shows in her pictures.



ILLUSTRATING "FUTILITY;" NEXT PAGE

Futility

Of all the feet that trod Our old porch steps at midnight Yours were the most wily Ambrose

Yours were the most crafty, and sly, and expert In the paths of love

For on the dance floor, Or in the love mood, They were never never

Hey were never never

Mistaken;

And they teased and cajoled Until any oirl

Until any girl

Would have done for you

As they wished. But Ambrose,

Why, Oh! why,

Did you stumble

After that silver moon-kissed night
When we had walked slow together
Through the dim-lit colonades of elm trees,
And your feet had trod on the broad walk
State or the larghest mode from your line.

Soft as the hushed words from your lips \dots . Why, Oh! why,

Did you kick over the milk bottle On our old porch steps at midnight?

-Tukulti Ninib.

All of Us

(By ETAOLN)

Asphodel may be all right—but she's a Woman.
I hate Women—all of 'em. Sinuously soft, coldly aloof, brazenly bold—all the same, the world over.
Asphodel is a very Womanish Woman.

Night before last I asked her for a date on the following night, which was last night.

"Oh, dearest, I'd love to—you are the onliest one I'd ever want to date with then—but I have so much to do that I really must get some rest."

And, being one of a species of Man known to the Vulgar as a Horse's Neck--1 believed her innocent line.

Last night after study I solaced myself at a restaurant about midnight. I was coddling my coffee—indulging in a very pleasant dream—picturing Asphodel sleeping trustfully on her downy conch—when Asphodel, smiling, chattering in her intimate way—walked in—debonairly escorted by my most hated Riyal—the Tea Hound!

Confusion! Destruction!

My faith in Woman is utterly destroyed!

Effusion

I am a prodigious Giant Sloughing off seas from their basins With a scoop of my hand; Crunching and pulling up forests Like tearing April grass From its tender sockets; Razing towns with a slight tap Of the foe-squashing ant hills On the brick sidewalk. . . .

I am a prodigious Giant Reaching up and whirling stars On their pin-wheel axes; I juggle other worlds Like air-filled balloons; I tear open the blue veil of Heaven And step over the adamantine gates, Shake hands with St. Peter and Slap God on the back and say: "Well, well, here you are!" Lrip open men's breasts And look inside at their hearts . . . God! What a mess they are! Courage and fear of pain, Morbid, cringing, yet laughing at Destiny-Love, a thousand kinds, Sex complexes: phallic, neurotic passions; Hate, pride, bitterness, ambition, avarice, Kindliness, malice, benevolence . . . God! What a mess! But I keep aloof! I am a prodigious Giant! 1 am an Undergraduate! Unfettered by convention, Have no convictions Watch me when I start telling the world.

The other fools wrote with A fragile reed on sea sands...

L—I will pluck the tallest pine
From Norway's frozen shores;
I'll dip the tip of this tallest pine
Into the crater of Vesuvius
And inscribe my tale in fire
On the burnished heaven...
And I'd like to see some
Classical wave from the academic ocean
Wash that out!
I am omnipotent and supreme!
I am a prodigious Giant!
I am an Undergraduate!



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Since this is the dadaist issue of the SIREN, and in consequence dedicated to futility, and since both editorials and verse are especially futile, we were in a quandary as to which would best futilize these pages.

After a due consideration of the literary taste of our campus we decided to run verse.

If we had run a blank page it might possibly have croked thought and comment. This must not be!

Exile

We've traced white pathways over moonlit sands, And builded castles far away in Spain; Where stately galleons, resplendent came, And Saracens in graceful sarabands Amused us with the lore of other lands. But when the brazen voice of toil demands Our life in payment, you'll complain, And say that Life has made our Love profane And filled the golden days with reprimands . . Oh, you will coldly laugh, and then in scorn Revile all things and Heaven up above: Where is fulfillment of our days when Love Feeds only love, with very Life foresworn!

Second Sonnet to Agnes

For love is such a passing thing, I think, I shall not pass the silver-sandled hours
With longing when so many others drink
At that cool fountain, rinmed with purple flowers.
I shall not dream of gardens where you walk,
Nor shall I think on just the way you look;
I shall not hear the laughter when you talk,
Nor shall I like the way you hold your book,
Oh, there are many, many things I shall not doShall strictly regulate my thoughts of you;
You'll never really know how I resolve
To stay unscathed, nor let my mind revolve
About you—"I don't care!" is it you say?
Well . . . tomorrow is another day!

—I.

If I Were God

If I were God I would the pages turn Where once I wrote; nor silent funeral urn Could hold the askes of a life so sentient.

I could then see the paper castles burn
Of waking youth, whose dawning sky was rent.
And had no wine to mute the discontent.

I could then taste the bitterness and tears And smile in poignant sympathy; and fears Could curse again, to consecrate the day.

I could then hear Old Phillistinia's jeers, And her advice to save his soul and pray. When he had damned their special god one day.

Backward, page on page, the records burn— But am I not God? Could I not spurn this testament And live another book without the tears? If I were God, I would not change a day!

Alone

I used to think a fleet of Chinese junks With lighted lanterns sailed the Milky Way; Their twinkling lights, the stars: The dew, the water dripping from their oars; And when the Dawn appeared, they sailed away.

Elfin children, fairies—all my loves
Who lightened all my hours in blithesome play;
They stole to me one night and bade good-bye.
Then climbed aboard a junk that sailed the sky
And when the Dawn appeared, they sailed away.

Last night, to weary, most, to feel the pain.
I lay awake and gazed along the misty way.
The Junks were gone, the lights, the oars,
And all my friends; and dully shone the stars.
I wished for Dawn, so I could sail Away.

Triad

Comes the day when Memory Is all I have, I want these things to be: To remember great men without envy, To remember women without desire, And to remember you

As on that splendid day in Spring; Without regret

Remonstrance

Death is a little thing they say
A breath perhaps of fog and pain.
Perchance some small regrets and vain,
A drowsiness . . . and the far pathless way,

They say this who are old and wise.

I may not doubt, I cannot know—
But, God! the sun is living on the snow,
And winds are keen and blue December skies.

Disappointment

When we have gone our several separate ways, And Time and Space their fatal residue Of cold forgetfulness between us two Has thrown, between us and the halvoon days,

I'll know how small a thing my friendliness. Has been to you; nor do I now forget. That strange distorted hour when last we met And parted, you with your cold selfishness.

I wanted friendship, light, and happiness; You sneered at some small thing I said of one Who shone more brightly in the realm than you You laughed with awful, wanton carelessness.

Of your revenge when she surpassed your sun—III will, age-old, was in your heart, 1-knew,—1.

Villanelle of an Ald Love

I thought when Love was dead that I'd die too; Not even Paradise could keep us, each alone— Yet I live on, and smile at thoughts of you.

I'll ne'er forget when we said we'd be true To one another, each the other's Own; I thought when Love was dead that I'd die too.

I often wondered what was left to do
If you should go and leave me all alone—
Yet I live on and smile at thoughts of you.

We quarrelled once, I know : Twas something new; How dear we were, how anxious to atone! I thought when Love was dead that I'd die too,

Only once could we live happily, us two; Our days but once with scented rose-leaves blown— Yet I live on and smile at thoughts of you.

How resolute, at first, how brave and true— Then, a too slight kiss, a quick word thrown— I thought when Love was dead that I'd die too; Yet I live ou and smile at thoughts of you.

---L.

The Shooting of Dan McBrew

(Apologies to Bob Service)

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up in a low brow rendezvous. In a pile of dirt sat the shameless skirt who is known as the Lady Lou; Her cheeks were as red as tomato soup, but her mouth was twisted with pain, And her sunken exes were like codifish pies that have laid nine days in the rain.

In the murky haze from a sooty still stood the boys, afilthy crew, But the filthiest man of this squalid clan was the dangerous Dan McBrew. He was singing the praise of pre-Volstead days, when he drank his red-eye raw. How he lived for a week in a blizzard bleak, on a plate of cabbage slaw.

When in recled a man more dead than alive, with a beard like a wire mat: He looked right well like a fiend from hell, just in from hell, just in from a ten day bat. He shrieked, as he staggered across the floor, with a face as black as sin, "You swiped, dawn you, you hound McBrew, mu bottle of Gordin Gin."

Boom! All that was left as a bullet strayed through a cask of fermenting beer. Was a strip of carmine petticoat which hung from the chandelier—So beware of yeast and women, lest the same should happen to you. For strong men quail at the terrible tale of Dangerous Dan McBrew.

-Black and White.

Lib Science '23

Complete Co-Ed Library

(Single editions in each room, Bound volumes in sorority parlors.)

 STUDENT DIRECTORY—An invaluable aid in locating your man. Gives his home address and middle name besides his address in Champaign. Credit hours tell whether eligible to the Junior Prom. An indispensible volume when used in conjunction with the "1" book.

Instructions—locate your man, get his address, (note credit hours) then consult "I" book for his frateruity.

- "I" BOOK—A useful handbook to locate fraternity addresses and phone numbers. Second half contains a diary which saves confusion when used as a date book.
- 3. HL1O (illustrated)—A facsimile edition of the man you are looking for. Completes your problem and pictures strengthen your memory associations. Is valuable when used with Student Directory and "1" book.

Instructions—Consult Student Directory for the man's name, (knowing first name, middle name, course, and home address aids in acquaintances). With name and Champaign address in mind consult "1" book for his fraternity. Then with the aid of the Illio index locate his picture and fraternity house (also notice if pin is desirable).

—F. B.

The Bible says that all men are liars. I suppose that the writer of the line knew that it was unnecessary to assert that women are.

---- S---

Right Cheering

Oh Homer in his classic epic tells
Of many a noble face among the Greeks;
They were a swarm of curly-headed Shieks
Save one they called Thersites 'mong the Hells'
He had a face that early soured cream,
And made a Greeian tabby throw a fit
His mug was one of those you'd like to hit
In homeliness Thersites reigned supreme.

Now praise of Nirens everywhere was heard: And women used to fight about that boy, "The loveliest man that ever come to Troy," (Book II, in line Six-hundred Seventy-third) Well both men kicked the tin and had to go On the same day in Charon's antique raft Across the Styx, (it was a leaky craft). And soto where King Pluto lived below.

King Pluto sat and listened to the din,
That mortals make when demons gnaw their ribs,
"Another load of mortals here, your Nibs,"
"All right," said Pluto, "Hermes show them in."
"Its Nireus and Thersites, Cesarevitch,"
Said Hermes as he lead them through the door,
Said Pluto, "Yes I've heard of them before,
But tell me, Hermes, tell me which is which,"

—D. C. A.

Now is the time when those who said: "I'm taking it because of my career"—are saying—"I don't care, just so I get the credit."

Misplaced Egoes

By Robert F. Goodall.

In our lumble opinion, which nobody cares anything about save us; and is far from humble any way, the world would be a much happier place

- if, instead of Ben Hecht, Dad Elliot had written FANTAZIUS MALARE.
- if, instead of Bernard Shaw, Henry Ford had written BACK TO METHUSELAH.
- if, instead of Eleanor II, Porter, Sinclair Lewis had written POLLYANNA.
- if, instead of Samuel Pepys, Mrs. Mead's Husband had written MY DIARY.
- if, instead of L. H. Journal, Doc Beard had written 1000 BEST STORIES.
- if, instead of F. Scott Fitzgerald, Stuart P. Sherman had written THE BEAUTIFUL AND DAMNED.
- if, instead of Samuel Smiles, Ponzi had written SELF-HELP.
- if, instead of Sir James Barrie, Tommy O'Connor lead written SENTIMENTAL TOMMY.
- if, instead of Frank Horosby*, Rodolf Valentino had written HOW I MADE A MILLION DOLLARS WITH A TOY.
- if, instead of Edgar Rice Burroughs, Warren G. Harding had written TARZAN OF THE APES,
- if, instead of Thornton W. Burgess, A. A. Stagg, Sr., had written BED-TIME STORIES.
- if, instead of Walter Camp, Jackie Coogan had written THE DAILY DOZEN.
- if, instead of H. L. Mencken, H. L. Mencken had written MY COMPLETE WORKS.
- *Mr. Hornsby invented MECCANO (adv.)

The Other Wise Men

No Clothes

An Artist

No Looks

A Line

No car

A Ford

No Vandeville

Movies

No Malted

Cokes

No Flowers

Kind Words

No Bradley

Crystal Lake No Money

240 2101

Sense!

Very Nice

A gentle dame was pretty Jane— A bit contrary:

Yet, all in all, quite satisfact'ry— We planned to marry.

Occasionally she'd bang me one

And knock me flat;
A little rash—but kind enough,

Aside from that. Well maybe once she did attempt

To take my life;

Still, on the vaerage, she's $\,$

A right nice wife,

Imperfection

By Dorothy Dunsing

He was an ardent lover, an intellectual man, a man of the finest moral fibre and he was madly in love with me. But he had an abominably large chin—a Hapsburgian affair wihch projected out far beyond his other features. Oh, never!

I went down to the beach and sat on the sand close to the water. As far as I could see in any direction, there was not a human being, or the signs of one; at my back the beach ended in tall hills of thick stubbly growth and on each side of me the sandy shore stretched away into narrow yellow points. I had the lake all to myself.

It was gorgeous! Aust where the sky began to grow faint and pale, the color of fragile blue china, it was banded by the lake's freshest strip of blue—a color as intense and brilliant as some cut and polished jewel. A wider ribbon of a lighter, tenderer tone broadened toward the shore and faded into a thousand sparkling, shifting tints of palest opal. Nearer still, lacy little wavelets pattered toward me and poured their miniature crests onto the sand.

The whole was vast, alive, vibrant, deep, tender, comprehending. Above all, its beauty was perfect!

But no! I came to a thin line of imperfection—dirt deposited on the sand by those seemingly guileless waves; dirt tossed up and rolled back and tossed up again on their frothy tips all along the shore like a soiled collar 'round a lovely lady's neck.

What use? I went home and that night accepted the man with the large chin for my husband.

Seminariad

By HALLY POMEROY

If I should write an epic poem, I should write of the seminars, green, gray, and brown and red seminars. Fronsalta* would be my muse, to her would I entrust my pen.

'Note: Fronsalta is the Roman diety from whom the modern word High Brow is derived.

BOOK I (Grav)

Book one should be of the classics seminar, if I should write an epic poem. In mighty line and bombastic verse I would sing of the shiny noses and narrow shoulders of these worshippers of Greek beauty. With mellow tone and deep dark shadows, I'd sing of the dust decked brows and probosei of Virgit and Horace and Homer and Demosthenes. In rythmic volume I'd sing of the commerce students assimilating their culture in capsule doses in English 54. Of the dust and squeaking shoes and the engagees seeking quiet and of the bellowing laughter and tirades of speech from the Greek professor in Elysian tields of the council room, I'd turn many a line to them.

BOOK 11 (green)

The next would be of the Seminar of Phiolsophy and Education for the middle of a literary sandwich, having neither the crust of a startling opening nor of a snappy ending is ever the poorest and weakest. Through devious ways and wrong doors, like the labyrinthian trail of Minotaur is the way to the Philosophy sem. There serious graduate students with blond hair and round faces crouch over thick books

with long paragraphs. It is a sem without a soul, and worse without an Atmosphere. Oh word sacred to all literateurs!

BOOK III (red)

Seminary of Modern Languages, room of red books, black hair and red dresses. Rotund, little genthemen with black moustaches, dandruff and black brief cases patter from the door to the graduate room. It is a place where people read racy French novels with a serious face.

BOOK IV (tan)

One floor up sleeps the History and Political Science sem in a blaze of light. Death to thought. Of this one cannot sing, one talks in Johnsonian prose. Pass on, ye muse, to fertile lands and leave the plains of histrionic histriology to their stiff collars and world tolerance.

BOOK V (brown)

And last, with sweep and vision and depth and passion will I sing of the English seminar, "The sem", guilded cave where Sibylline muses scatter to the winds of pages of free verse and Chancer translations. Where beautiful gentlemen, with eyes that raise and gaze, how they gaze, into the eyes of the ladies across the tables from them. Tall thin men with tan leather cases and chunky ladies in old sweaters pad-pad into the inside sanctum sanctorum where they converse in shrill tones and sing shady songs in the evening.

All this, and more, were 1 a Homer, would 1 have sung, if 1 had writ a Seminariad.

On the Elusiveness of Cash

A TALE

She heard a nickel chirping in the trees.
The old landlady did, and grim and dower Lugged forth her trusty arquebus to shower Hot lead upon it that the miduight breeze Might sigh bereft, for she would salt away That nickel, yea, and grind and squeeze Hs very lifeblood out, but ere the day Disturbed her doze the nickel flew away A student had approached; it might not stay.

—Tukulti Ninib.

A Story With a Vengeance

"It was in Kentneky. In the mountains. Moonshiners and revenooers were strewn about the landscape. On raged the battle. By some streak of late two warriors chose the same defense—a lone bush. They gazed ahead. One man was looking for a law breaker. The other searched for a law enforcer. They aimed their Winchesters. The revenoor stooped, discovered his neighbor, and whispered, 'Keep still'."

"Well?" said the co-ed as her Sunday afternoon visitor hesitated.

"Oh, he did and he didn't and now he isn't."

Heh! Heh!

By Al. Parsons

"This is where I make a hit," remarked the piledriver as it descended.

"Merrily we roll along, roll along,—" sang the tumble-bugs as they cheerfully performed their tasks.

Instructor in Geology: "Have any of you seen Niagara Falls?"

Sinde: "No, none of us have been married yet."

"Gee, but this is boring," remarked the bit to the brace.

"Silhonettes of blooded Arabians," remarked the embryo Phi Bate, wearily dragging homeward, "those Artwillery plugs are animated earthquakes, crossed with pile drivers, upon which have been surreptitiously grafted malevolent Missouri mules,"

It is with contemptuous condescensions that the Engineer regards the Liberal Arts student as an effeminate, idealistic pedant; and it is with the same contemptuous condescension that the Liberal Arts student regards the Engineer as a boorish, "calcimbibing personitication of toil" incapable of lofty aspirations. The commerce student patronizes them both.

In this land of prohibition "apparently" only a prison has its bars.

Who wouldn't be a poor butterfly if he had a proboscis for a nose?

We venture to believe that the gross conceit of a Freshman Star Rhet, section is exceeded only by that of a senior section in Law.

_ S—_ -

Apropos: would that some of our engineers, passi bete would determine the Coefficient of Expansion of the Cranium due to adulation, idolatry, and sycophancy of the hoi poloi. The slide rule might yet come into use in determining the size of the hat!

She: "I'm cold."

He: "I'm so sorry, James, home please!"

SHOULDSAYNOT!

I never take a street car home For when I'd meet my spouse She'd say "Good heavens! You are late. Take that out of the house."

-Pop A. Cowe.



The Professional Incubus

BY S. O. S. THE ASCETIC

Tall, anemic, with a six inch forehead, he sits somberly at his desk at the platform, and disclain fully regards the assembled scholars. His head is a perpetual advertisement for Herpicide. Recognizing their oiseau, the wiscacres gather in the last two rows, knowing that the golden-spectached creature will eke out what little knowledge there is present from the front row of intellectuals. To be facetious is suicidal to passing the course, to nod understandingly every thirty or forty seconds, is to know that an A will be our reward at the end of the semester.

THE RUNT

This weazened, five foot two individual may be diminutive physically but he will have you know that intellectually he is a whiz. Five and six syllabled words emerge from his lower and upper maxilliary as if he knew what they meant. He drowns you in a sea of words, and you are just going under for the third time when the bell rings. His eyes are caverns of fire, and woe be unto you if you cannot recite correctly. He glares at you as if you had committed first degree murder. Listen, young fellow, in the classroom, you may be the cock of the walk, but outside—well, we won't get fowl.

THE MODERN

The friend of the student is his self-labelled monicker. He dashes about with the juveniles on the campus, and is gullible enough to think that they crave his company for his personality. It's grades, my boy, grades. He attends Rudolph Valentino shows, the Orph, is seen with "Snappy Stories" and laughs uproariously at the chestnut, "Were you ever pinched for speeding" "No, but I've been slapped." He avoids his fellow pedagogues as if they were the plague, and all in all thinks himself a regular fellow. Too late; your youth has the land you cannot regain it no matter how hard you try. Back to your musty tomes.

THE ANCIENT

You will know him whether he has a flowing beard or a moustache, or if he is clean shaven. He

is the recluse, keeping to the unfrequentd paths of the campus, and when on a popular thoroughfare, bowing his head low as if to avoid recognition or to recognize. About the seminars he slinks furtively, dipping into moss-draped volumes and taking copious notes. We'll bet that on his person, you can find classics from prehistoric ages. Anything that smacks of the modern, he does not even give enough attention to sniff at contemptuously. With his head bowed low, but his mind in etherial realms, he is with us, but not of us.

THE WIT

He lacks the decency to give you a civil answer, but is forever snarling back sarcastic bits of advice. Make a faux pas in recitation and he will devastate you with a humorous remark that brings down the house, because the latter, knowing him for what he is, realizes it is the best road to a good grade. Beaten at his own game in a verbal battle of swords, he adopts the unsportsmanlike tactics of shutting you with a warning on the evils of being too sourcastic. He may be funny—(this is sarcasm).

THE SCIOLIST

Dates, meaningless bits of information, and general useless information is what he makes you learn. He admits from the start that you don't know a thing, and proceeds to make your condition still worse, by teaching you still less. At the end of the course you may remember in what corner of the field the battle of Waterloo was fought, why the gerund should be used more, or where the light goes when it goes out, but we doubt it. To what end, O. Meticulous of the Meticulous, to what end?

THEY ALL DO

To be masculine and cynical is permissible for then your readers know you don't mean what you say, but the unfair sex attempts to wield a sarcastic pen and mean it. Yesterday I overheard a bobbedheaded damsel bemoaning the degeneration of the males, and late last night as I strolled down Green street, an open car sped by. Two rather itminately sat on the back seat. He was a cake-cater, the first to use the latest trick trouser innovations. They regarded each other rawther amorously. And then I looked at her. It was my cynical friend of the morning.

A certain young man from the sticks Thought that he was the cat's meow So he hung around the Arcade And shot craps with the Phi Gams And now he's hoeing corn again. "Being a good sport" is the fool's excuse for his behavior.

-- 8 -- --

The saddest day of the year has changed to the day you can't meet your Stadium pledge.

Atonement

By V. P.

Dearest.

Damp winds are blowing

Fresh from the sea:

Last rays of the sun gleaming

Through raindrops that hang

From the tree by my window:

The Sunset is golden, scarlet and blue;

Streaked flames of cloud race low against the sky.

The day is swift passing.

And 1,-1 lean from my window

To see the flame clouds

Through the mist of tears,

And wonder if our hearts could meet

Far-off upon that sunset sea,

Like silken sails emerging

And fading into one.

The Result of an Afternoon Spent With Stephen Leacock

Genevieve:

You lovely angel with your admirable poise!

You electrify me at a football game with your "Atta hoys!"

Genevieve!

I knew last night at Bradley's, life was sweet—

1 swam in the lustrous pools that were your eyes. My feet

Trod as on air. No other pleasure can compete With the pleasure of squeezing your warm and throbbing self—replete

With charms. You, descending into the vernacular.

are my meat.

Genevieve!

Yesterday a kiss dropt from your lips!

Your lips

As warm

And Juscious

As the honey must be

That the bumblebee

Sips!

Yesterday an Orpheum bearer-pass from your purse

Disregarded slipped

And I nipped

It from a muddy grave or worse,

I'll use it all winter!

Yesterday you made the Junior Prom committee.

O Genevieve! Sweet Genevieve!

I wonder who'll be

The lucky man

You'll take to the Prom!

Thou rubric oval.

Imparter of a diaphanous glow;

Blessings!

Last night was I beautiful,

More beautiful than a haze at dawn.

Today I wear his pin!

Abide, rouge box.

-F. B.

A Dadaistic Conception of "Sharks"

By Sam O, Shapreo Outside the wind is blowing, Working up a slather of mirk—

I wonder what the fissure of Orlando ever caught.

I am freezing to death. Bocaccio, I am dying.

Dye, leopard,

Change your spots at will.

"God will forgive you:

That is his trade."

GEFFFF, BEFFFF, MMMMM, boy!



Further Model Letters

Robert F. Goodall

Because the English department requests us we have decided to replace the promised letters for deaf mutes and stammerers with a few more or less excellent suggestions to aid the undergraduate in his heroic endeavors to eliminate the more common of social errors: to wit:

Model Letter to a Butcher

(Place and Date)

(Butcher's Name)

Address)

(Dear Sir: - or, Madam:)

(Insert subject matter; remarks, expostulations, threats, promises, profanity,-precise degree of each to be determined by your excuse for writing.)

(Complimentary close)

(Signature)

This letter is to be recommended for its extraordinary broadness of scope. In fact, any letter to a butcher may be modelled upon it. But in case you may never have occasion to correspond with a butcher,--and yet you wish to write-here is a very good model letter from a girl who works behind a ribbon-counter to the Postmaster-General of Greenland:

(Model Letter from a Girl Who Works Behind a Ribbon Counter to the Postmaster-General

of Greenland.)

5 December, 1922 Champaign, Illinois My letter, 5-24-1852

Your letter, 2-2-1900

re: Pierce-Arrows &

Marriage licenses. file: Love: personal.

To his respectable highness, the Lord High Imperial Postmaster-General, C. Post Office,

Greenland,

Grald.

Hermann: may it please your egotism.

Your letter to hand. In reply

will state:

- 1-XO.
- 2 NO.
- 3 You are no gentleman or you wouldn't ask a lady such a question!
 - 1-What do you mean?? ??
 - 5 XO.
 - G-- NO.
 - 7 NO.

Yours-

Milicent 11

De Education

By Hally Pomeroy

Soft yawning chairs in a rose-shaded room, Purring fire.

Supple bound book,

Cigarettes and coffee? No, a sister with hair like a shriveled

crysanthemum

Is having a date in the parlor.

Culture!

Faint rustlings, soft voices in a sombre-shaded seminar.

Elm trees on sun-marbled lawns,

Vine covered hulks of hideons buildings

Displaying recent brick through rent garments.

But,-Chains horde us to naked-ringing cement walks.

Culture!

Kindly steps of broad browed men in the stacks, Throbbing vagrant organ tones through a part opened window,

But,—A polished youth in American tweeds Is studying accountancy and sniffling,

Culture!

Round faced, tortoise shelled professor,

In carefully careless blue suit,

Reads a type written story of LIFE,

With ironic futility,

"What do you think of that story?"

Peering, pointing with a pudgy finger,

Good story? Not good?

"But,-will it sell?"

Culture!

Dampish, silk and tweed mortals

Totter on stamping floors.

Talk? Terpsichore?

Jazz blares away my voice.

Square-boned pair crash by.

Talk?

Culture!

Wisdom, bronzed-glinted goddess

I came and found you,

A Minerva in Folly skirts.

12-5-22

M: R. F. B.

Champaign

This letter, as may be easily seen, is in answer to seven of the Postmaster's questions. Millicent, who has tried to disguise herself by misspelling her name, is evidently desirous of terminating correspondence with our hero. There is but one course open to the Postmaster if he expects us to consider him a gentleman; it is to throw away her address

A Psycho-Physical Phantasy

BY SALOON

(From Washburn's "The Animal M. ind.". Chapter 5, Paragraph 28.)

"Another problem of and life to which smell appears to furnish the key is that of the recognition of nest mates. It has long been known that an ant entering a strange nest, though of the same species, is likely to meet with rough treatment, and even be put to death. Now Foret found in 1886 that ants of the genus Myrmica whose untermae were removed would attack their own most mates. It seems probable that each nest of ants has a peculiar odor which is the basis of the distinction between friends and foes. Bethe tested the smell theory by dipping an ant first in weak alcohol, then in water, and then in the juices obtained by crushing the bodies of a number of ants of another species. He found that an ant thus treated would be attacked and killed by its own nest mates, but could be introduced, into the nest whose odor it now presumably bore, even though its appearance was quite different from that of the ants therein."

Now, on these facts let us progress, (And rhyme instead of prose sounds best) Instead of ants down in the dirt, Let us the germs homme insert.

And so, we'll start out with a bum, A "Knight of Travelers" called, by some, Arriving in Champaign one day, To Spaulding's went, without delay.

Said, "Gimme some Professorial Salts So I can invade some private vaults" The vaults be meant were faculty cliques Where words are cheap and knowledge reeks.

A bath he took with salts of men, Ground up, and never missed again. Then to the school of Arts he went A solemn literati bent.

The English gang, I might explain, Was, like the ants, with senses lame. They rove about in little bands, These first year rhetoric section hands, Up to the Head the hobo walked And then without a bit of talk The Chief said, "Come right in, my lad. You're native odor's not so bad.

And I can tell, you bet I can, That you'll make us a darn good man To teach the Freshmen how to write And make them act like they were bright."

The bum stepped in and, strange to say, His native odor took the day. And now his name you often hear And people who no more at him sneer.

And so we might just write and hash Bout burglars, crooks and similar trash, Who wash themselves in salts like these And enter into what they please:

Invading all the walks of life— One with book and one with knife. And thus we get our social taint By people acting what they ain't.

MORAL

And though we have no salts today We find such people in array Who, with two faces, Janus-like, At our poor social system strike.

The test of a good book comes when people say they could have written it themselves.

Call a girl a "Good sport" and she is highly complimented as she was two years ago when you called her a "perfect lady". Peary and his arctic exploration is read with more appreciation after spending seven nights a week in a fraternity dorm.

The modern coed can only be happy when her husband developes an ability she doesn't possess,

To the Cuckoo

By Helen E. Brehm

He thought I was looking at him all the while When I glanced from my book with a lingering smile, Ethel M. Dell I was revelling in He thought I was noting the cleft in his chin.

Cuckoo cuckoo.

"Been trying to call you for ages about, But the line's always busy or else you were out," He gurgled his words in a pitcous tone, And the joke of it is that we haven't a phone.

Cuckoo cuckoo.

His eyes were so nice and his smile was so gay And his hair crinkled up in the handsomest way. They took down his notes by the bushel and peck. And hc thought the poor girls were devoted to ec.

Cuckoo, cuckoo.

And Wild Honeys

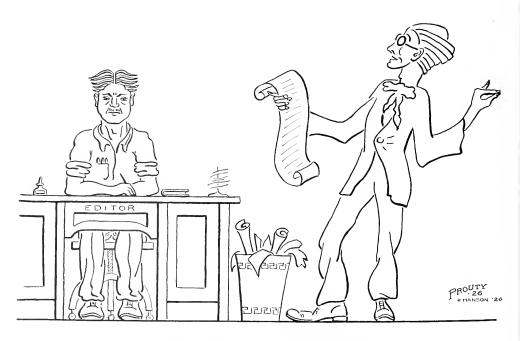
A certain co-ed from Purdue
Had eyes of a very deep blue
And a wonderful face
And a form full of grace
Oh egg plants, sweet spuds, grated parsnips,
—Pop A, Cowe.

OOF!

A pretty young girlie from Chi Had a figure that captured my eye And I saw at a glance That she knew how to dance And the lines that she boasted, Oh my.

—Pop A. Cowe.

Save your eⁱgarette ashes to put on the sidewalk this winter.



Author (enthusiastically)—The night was black. Two tignres, their movements dimmed by the shadows, stealthily approached the house . . . suddenly the town clock struck one and . . .

Editor—Be more explicit! Which one did it strike?

STUDENTS-

Try-

"THE MODEL WAY"

Socks Darned Free

Model Laundry Co.

Successors to Souder's Lanudry

Ice Cream - Sherbets
Ices - Eskimo
Pies



SANITARY

Champaign Ice Cream Co.

Photographs of Distinction for

Discriminating People

A. Sherman Hoyt

Portrait Photographer 208 N. Neil St. Champaign



Gifts for Everyone

Fountain Pens
Eversharp Pen and Pencil Sets
Everything in Athletic Goods
Crane's, Whiting's and Old
Hampshire Social Stationery
Leather Notebooks

We have some beautiful Christmas Greeting Cards. Let us engrave your name on them.





We all should remember, says the lazy one, that the early worm is eaguht by the bird

.

He who hesitates is lost . and often glad that he waited.

s —

It is easy enough to break a dollar even though it is an "iron mau."

- 8

The man who exclaimed, "Dam poetry," may be understood if we believe Wordsworth who said poetry was the overflow of powerful feeling. No Mabel, a bedroom suite isn't a pair of Billie Burkes.

The billiard player like the Chinaman and the artist must know his cue.

There is many aprince who isn't the son of a king, and many a son of a king who isn't a prince.

Holeproof Hose for Gifts

Every girl appreciates good Hosiery, which means both Style and Wear

Special prices by box of 3 pairs

81.65 hose, 3 pr. for__84.50 82.50 hose, 3 pr. for__87.00

Mullikin Cash Store

Opposite City Bldg.

Butler's football success is due partly to the marriage of five of her stars. Another example of good teamwork

The monkey flits from limb to limb, as does the eye.

Maybe the dumbelle is one without a ring.

In intend to marry a daughter of the prefits.

A certain young girl from Urbana Once slipped on a skin of banana She felt of her head Then her pockets, and said "Oh my gosh, I have squashed my Hayana"

It is my suspicion that Christmas spirit will come this year in smaller bottles than ever before.

The Great Christmas Problem

Time was when it seemed a great problem to select the right gift for the many and varied friends.

Them Days are Gone Forever

Since the Co-op came to Illinois with its wonderful selection of choice articles at reasonable prices, one need no longer worry.

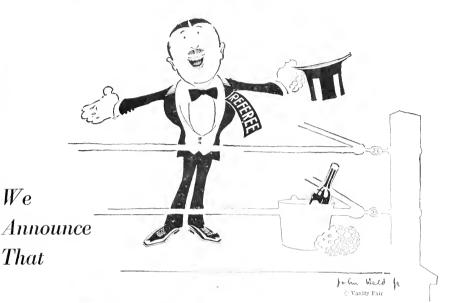
Just step in and pat yourself on the back at your wisdom in coming in early.

U. of I. Supply Store

(The Co-op)

On the Square

''GEN-TUL-MUN!



VANITY FAI

is the essential magazine for everyone who is intelligently interested in modern art, literature, drama, and celebrities-or

who ever owned, drove, rode in, or swore at an automobile-or

who has played in or rooted at a game of tennis, golf, baseball or football—or

who wants new view-points and fresh perspectives on the stimulating events of the metropolitan world.

Authors such as Joseph Hergesheimer, Stephen Leacock, Hugh

Walpole, Thomas Burke, George S. Chappell and Heywood Broun are regular contributors. Frequent cartoons, by the American and European masters of black and white, form a regular Baedeker to the tendencies of contemporary life. Lavish photographs of plays and their players adorn its pages.

Then there's the "Well Dressed Man" department for all who understand the value of correct and sensible dressing. And don't overlook the Shopping Service, which will buy you anything for yourself, or any gift you want sent to a friend.

Where's the Nearest News Stand?

35 cents

We

That

\$3 a year

\$4 two years

Say Merry Christmas with **Greeting Cards**

Fountain Pens

Eversharp Pencils Crane Fancy Stationery

The Real Co-Op

Engineers' Co Operative Society

J. R. Lindley, Mgr. Bonevard and Matthews The civil engineer isn't always so,

"Wheat do you think of my dancing pumps?"

"My dear, they're immense."

-SCALPER

He: Hey, there's no swimming allowed here.

She: Why didn't you tell me be-

fore I got undressed? He: Well, there's no law against

-MEDLEY

Teacher: Where wasthe Declaration of Independence signed?

Willie: (After a silence) At the hottom

-PANTHER

OH DEAH

"What made the canoe tip over?" "Cholly carelessly placed his pipe in the corner of his mouth."

Happy New Year

Try the White Line Laundry and

The Laundry Depot on Green Street

White Line Laundry

Main 406 Harry J. Millard M. G. Snyder

Champaign's Leading Florist

We have the largest supply of fresh flowers in the Twin Cities.

We have the largest green house establishment in Central Illinois.

When You Buy of Us You are Assured of the Best

Thomas Franks & Son

112 North Neil Street Phones Main 908 - 1075

Flowers for Every Occasion

Flowers by Wire Everywhere

The Best Man Wins

We were rivals.
She was our prize,
Lithe, graceful, divine.
She said, "May
The Best Man Win."
And he won and I
Was the best man.
Three years later I saw
Them.
She, ungainly, slovenly,
With three dirty brats
Trailing her.
And then I thought.

The best man

Had won.

8.0.8.

Conscientious

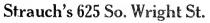
Oh I made a date on the train With a girl by the name of McBain Tho she cost lots of jack Full twelve bux at one smack She earned every nickel, that jane.

Pop A. Cowe.

GIFTS and GREETING CARDS

Over 1500 styles of Greeting Cards are shown by sample—Cafeteria Style—so that you get clean fresh stock. Special cards for everyone.

HLINOIS CARDS—Christmas cards featuring the Illinois Seal and "1" in colors will give your cards an unusual character. GIFTS, GIFTS, and then more GIFTS, in hand tooled leather, stationery, matched gold pen-pencil sets, poftery, glass, bronze, jewelry, etc.



THE ART & GIFT SHOP

The Home of Good Kodak Finishing



Students and Athletes Know That— The Original

Refreshes and invigorates after study or sport, or at any time when a nourishing fooddrink is indicated, and drink it at the fountain and in their rooms. Also in ready-tocat lunch tablet form.

> Sustaining Healthful Delicious

Avoid Imitations

Interesting literature on student uses sent prepaid

HORLICK'S, Racine, Wis.

Show us your railroad ticket and we will check your trunk from your room to your home town.

Chester & O'Byrne Transfer Co.

Yellow Cab

Christmas Special

2-Pound Box Best **CHOCOLATES** \$1.00

Next to Post Office Made Fresh Daily

Girlie: "Can you give me a couple of rooms?"

Hotel Clerk: "Yes, Suite one." Girlie: "Sir!"

So many people who travel the road to happiness in double file wish it was a single trail.

The new sport clothes may be women's reason for her new sport enthusiasm.

One can readily determine how much writing a chap has done by the nature of the paper he uses: if he uses excellent bond he is a mere beginuer; if he uses manila, or worse, he has written a great deal-success-

"English Band, Irish Dance, God Save the King, Ambu-lance."

No need for an ambulance after eating at

Gilliland's Cafeteria

"Just like home"

The Best People Buy Their Drinks at

Schuler Bros.

WHITMAN'S CANDIES

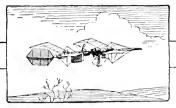
In 1, 2, 3 and 5 Pound Boxes

For the Holidays

Have you seen Our Excellent Assortment of Bulk Candies?

9 Main Street

Champaign



MODEL IN FLIGHT

"The way of an Eagle in the air"

men broke their necks trying to fly. They had not troubled to discover what Solomon called "the way of an eagle in the air."

In 1891 came Samuel Pierpont Langley, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. He wanted facts. His first step was to whirl flat surfaces in the air, to measure the air pressures required to sustain these surfaces in motion and to study the swirls and currents of the air itself. Finally, in 1896, he built a small steam-driven model which flew three-quarters of a mile.

With a Congressional appropriation of \$50,000 Langley built a large man-carrying machine. Because it was improperly launched, it dropped into the Potomac River. Years later, Glenn Curtiss flew it at Hammondsport, New York.

Congress regarded Langley's attempt not as a scientific experiment but as a sad fiasco and

refused to encourage him further. He died a disappointed man.

Langley's scientific study which ultimately gave us the airplane seemed unimportant in 1896. Whole newspaper pages were given up to the sixteen-to-one ratio of silver to gold.

"Sixteen-to-one" is dead politically. Thousands of airplanes cleave the air—airplanes built with the knowledge that Langley acquired.

In this work the Laboratories of the General Electric Company played their part. They aided in developing the "supercharger," whereby an engine may be supplied with the air that it needs for combustion at altitudes of four miles and more. Getting the facts first, the Langley method, made the achievement possible.

What is expedient or important today may be forgotten tomorrow. The spirit of scientific research and its achievements endure.





lip into a Bradley ~and Out-of-Doors!



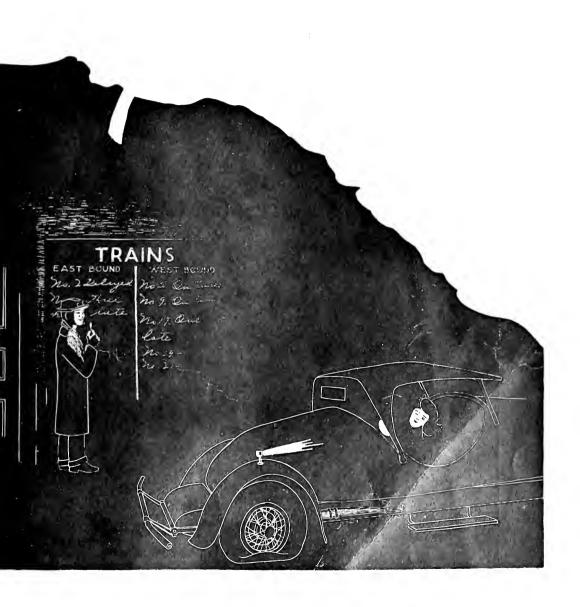
The New Book of Bradley Styles

Bradley makes Sweaters and Searfs, Toques and Tams, Gloves and Hose—well and stoodle knit, to most the college man's and has of good calm and smart style, op us a posteried and we'll be about to as a copy of the more Style Book!—

> ADLEY KNITTING CO., Delavan, Wisconsin

Leisure hours and home holidays are best enjoyed in Bradteys. This hand-somely styled Knitwear is first choice with college men and women—and it is so sturdily knit, of such fadeless colors, that it defies even the hard treatment which "kid" brothers, and small, tomboy sisters give their clothes!

You will be especially interested in the great Shaker Sweater Coats local Bradley merchant is showing—at attractive prices—for coll-





Seniors: Seeking jobs? Then read this—

Whether you graduate in February or next June, you might like to get in touch with the business world through us.

Our constant correspondence with some 400 manufacturers gives us first-hand knowledge of their rate of expansion. Furthermore, we are intimately acquainted with about 250 or 275 executives of large concerns. Thus, we are often able to judge where the best openings are to be found.

In the past we have suggested to seniors many good openings in such fields as stationery, office supplies, athletic goods, and other lines.

So this is your invitation to drop in, tell us the job you want, and let us help you if we can. Please understand; there's nothing selfish in this. It's just one of our ways of helping our friends.

Ask for "Chuck" or Shelby.



"CHUCK" BAILEY

606 E. Green Street

SHELBY HIMES

Owned and Operated by The Students

Buy Your Second Semester Books and Supplies at "The Real Co-op"

During the second semester you will find us vastly increasing our circle of enthusiastic friends and still more firmly establishing ourselves as a right place to buy textbooks and supplies.

We ask for your patronage because after the first purchase we know you'll see the saving and thereby be added to our list of student backers.

"The Real Co-Op" was organized in 1921 by the engineers because of the high prices charged by other stores and "the real Co-Op" having met with immediate success, today is offering textbooks and supplies to all colleges except law.

It is now an established store—tried and proven to save students money.

We Sell to Everybody—Text Books for All Colleges
(Except Law)

The REAL CO-OP

Engineer's Co-operative Society

J. R. LINDLEY, Student Mar.

Mathews & Bonevard

ARCADE Barber Shop

Cushing Bros., Props.

In Order

1. Roy

2. Jay

3. Jack

1. Cush

Real Service

'22: "I hear you and Geraldine had a fall out. What was the trouble?"

'23: "Oh, it was all her kid brother's fault. One night he set the alarm clock under the sofa, and when it went off, from force of habit, I shouted "Wake up you egg, it's time to move!"

Page Solomon

Citizen (thunderously); "What are you doing over there?"

Neighbor: "Beating up my wife." Citizen (excitedly): "May 1 come over and see how it's done?"

-Orange Peel

- Froth

s-----

And You?

"What have you been doing all summer?"

"I had a position in my father's office. And you?"

"I wasn't working either."

-Exchange

Loose Leaf Books

We have in stock regularly all sizes loose leaf books, with flexible bindings at remarkably low prices. Our rapid turnover enables us to make these prices and keep new stock constantly at your command. Our stationery department is complete with new styles at all times.

Knowlton and Bennett

URBANA

We Lead in Every Line We Carry

Twenty-First Annual

POST - EXAM JUBILEE

Auditorium

8:15 P. M.

Monday, February 5th

Tuesday, February 6th

Home Made Cake

Order it from us and you'll not be disappointed.

We make all kinds from the purest of Eggs, Butter and other materials. And our bakers are experts on icings and decoration as well as eake making. We can make anything you want.

Phone us your order and we'll all be pleased.

Berryman's Bakery

213 South Neil.

We make it RIGHT and deliver it ON TIME

READY TO OBLIGE

Husband (angrily): "What, no supper ready? This is the limit. I'm going to a restaurant."

Wife: "Wait just five minutes." Husband: "Will it be ready then?"

Wife: "No, but then I'll go with you."

"Johnny, I'm afraid I will not see you in heaven," said the father to his errant son.

"Why, what have you been doing now, Pop?"

-Tar Baby

-Houston Post

"Daughter, did I not see you sitting

"Yes, but it was very embarrassing, on that young man's lap when I passed the door last evening?"

I wish you had not told me to."

"Good heavens! I never told you to do anything of the kind!"

"You did. You told me that if he attempted to get sentimental I must sit on him."

—Pathfinder

At Your Service

A phone call to our shop will insure honest, intelligent and reasonable service on your plumbing requirements.

Repairs, plumbing installations, sanitary investigations—whatever your need we have the men, equipment and service that will mean both a saving and satisfaction for you.

Your neighbor may be one of our customers—ask him about us.

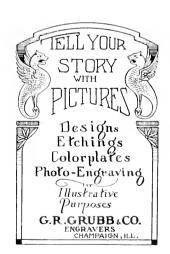
Apperson Bros.

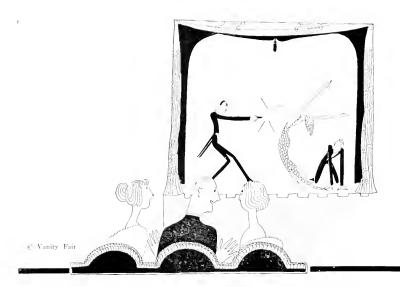
Plumbing and Heating

Phone 7-3760 __ 120 S. Race St. URBANA









The Happy Ending

The play's over—the whole shooting match. Everyone is either dead or married. Now you can go home, to the really happy ending of the day—to read your copy of

VANITY FAIR

In Each Issue:--

PAGES of photographs of the most carefully dressed actresses and the most carelessly dressed dancers.

REVIEWS of the latest plays, to solve the problem of what to see when in town.

SATIRICAL sketches by Fish and other artists, to keep you in touch with the follies of the world.

HUMOR with a line you'll find irresistible to female prom-addicts and hometown débutantes. S PORTS articles by men who have played on teams themselves, and motor pages by an expert.

A^N Auction Bridge corner which will make your game a social and business asset.

ART, life and letters served up in short courses which will not jade the most delicate appetite.

AND the only sensible, correct, well-bred department of men's clothes published in this country.

Where's the Nearest News Stand?

Verses From a Schollard's Breviary

?—"Why did they kick that Medical student out of the library?" !—"They caught him trying to remove the ap-	Let's talk over something deep? Sure, jump in the boatOctopus
pendix from the book he was reading." — Virginia Rect. ———————————————————————————————————	Telephone operators should work eight hours and sleep eight, but not the same eight hours.
"Did you know that Freddie talks in his sleep?" "No."	
"Well, it's true; he recited in class this morning." —Phoenix.	Parent: Was that my daughter I saw you kissing last night?
	Diogenes, Jr.: No. sir, your wife.
Nurse—"Well it's a girl." Father—"And I just sold the porch chair this	——————————————————————————————————————
morning."—Mugrumps.	Crowded Trolley Car: Young lady is vainly groping for her purse to pay her fare.
"Up to the eighth stein I am a Republican, but after that, I can't keep from saying what I think." —Munich Simplicissimus,	Voung Man: "Pardon me, miss, but may I not pay your fare?" Young Lady: "Sir!!"
"What's that bump on the front of your car?" "Oh, the radiator just had a boil."—Wampus.	(Several seconds of groping) Young Man: "I beg your pardon again, young lady, but won't you let me pay your fare?" Young Lady: "Why, I don't even know you, and
Tenor—"She has such liquid tones." Alto—"Yes, her voice needs irrigating."—Froth.	anyway, I'll have this purse opened in a minute." (Continued groping)
"Do you like sports?" "Yes, but father won't let them stay long." —Jade.	Young Man; "I really must insist on paying your fare. You've unbuttoned by suspenders three times;" —Voo Doo
	NATURAL MISTAKE
"How did you manage to get home so early last night?" "Oh, I had tough luck. I leaned against her	Algy—"What do you mean by telling Joan that I'm a fool?"
door bell."—Puppet.	Percy—"Heavens, I'm sorry! I dish't know it was a secret."
Mother—"Poor Jimmy is so unfortunate." Caller—"How's that?"	WORTHLESS
Mother—"During the track meet he broke one of	Cake-Eater (to druggist)—"Wiil you give me
the best records they had in college.—Tar Baby. ————————————————————————————————————	something for my head?" Druggist—"I wouldn't take it as a gift."
She—"Did you meet any stage robbers while you	Which was form to that includes the form to make
Were out West?" He "Yes! I took a gounts of about a side out to	Which professor was it that just before he went to class the other morning, threw his wife out the
He—"Yes; I took a couple of chorus girls out to dinner."	back door and kissed the garbage. Flamingo.

The Switch-Board Girl--"Honestly, some of the things that go over the wire aren't fit for me to hear,"

The Lineman "Aw, shucks, you can't expect to work around electricity and not get shocked,"

-Proth

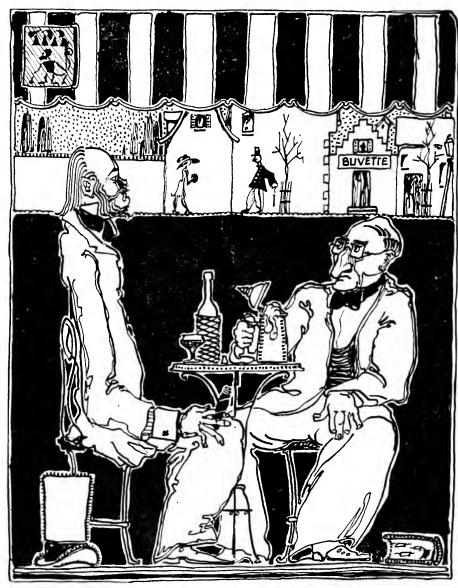
First Inebriate-"Mary'sh housh reminsh me of

Second Fortunate One—"Why'sh 'at?"

F. L-"Caush when s'open s'wet."

a numbrella."

Philosophy



"THERE IS NO TRUTH!"

"THAT'S THE TRUTH."

We Break Into Print

Being the Editor's Impression of "Town and Gown"

*Town and Gown. Lois and Lynn Montross. Doran

Homer wrote his Illiad for Greece. Virgil wrote his Aeneid for Rome, and Lois (19) and Monty have have written Town and Gown for you and me, for all college students, for Illinois. For in reading Town and Gown we must have somewhat the same feeling that the Greeks experienced in reading again the Hiad. In this book. soon to be on sale here, we have a prose epic (Pardon . . there is much poetry in the book) starting with the day we talked college over with the folks at home and ending with the sheepskin. All the things are there, registration, courses, professors, girl friends, boy friends, dances . . . all, all . . the (whole canvas : . . not a detail is missing. When you laugh at the people in Town and Gown you realize you are laughing at the things that happened to you . . . only your laugh is one of wisdom, of understanding, of sympathy. And when the truth of the happenings in the book strikes you . . . it will strike you, not as a mere-bit of realistic writing, but as fundamental, as essential. Lois and Monty have searched beneath the exterior of college life and found its meanings. You thought vaguely, perhaps, that they were there but the difficulty attendant upon analyzing them was too much for you . . . too elusive.

Town and Gown is a series of thirteen episodes, each dealing with a distinct character or group of characters at the State University, but bound together by the same background the same dramatis personae, mentioned in the other stories as well as in the particular story in which they stand out as the leading figure. The characterization of the stories is done with surpassing skill . . . you will recognize the characters . . . not because they resemble a particular acquaintance but because the authors of the stories have taken the life of the undergraduate, analyzed it carefully. and then have drawn a group of persons, each a synthetic composition of the myriad hopes, fears, successes, failures and every other feeling we ourselves have experienced.

Satire, wit, hamor and often, very often... pathos are facile tools in the hands of the authors. A delicious tang attends each episode. A re-printed paragraph from the university catalogue, rules for guidance of undergraduate students, announcement of courses or even from the history of the university appears at each chapter heading: For instance:

Seventh Episode: THE FIRST MAN

From the Catalogue of the University:
"The semester records of an undergraduate are sent by the registrar to the student's father of quardian,"

And in the episode of "The First Man" we have Ross Boyle and Bee Me)ton sitting on a gravestone in the graveyard at 3 A. M. cooing like a couple of doves . . . it is a wise University that knows, etc., etc., and I know seven people who would be willing to swear to the truth of "The First Man."

The book opens with the story of Peter Warshaw, takes him from his home town to school, through the vicissitudes of three years of finding out "what he wants to do," and starts him on his last year. The daring, the intimacy, the skillfully drawn characters, the accuracy of the environment of college life from the mussy rooming-house bedroom to the sleekness of a fraternity house parlor strike one as inimitably done. Peter himself is a compound of conflict, unappeasable desires, insatiable appetites for things which he does not understand; a master piece of characterization. And good old Jimmy Tradinick! (We just found out who Jimmy is, too.) Here's Jimmy, when he has met Peter at the Y. M. C. A. and at last settled in a room which they chose to occupy to-

"I can tell y'a lot of things about this university." he was saying. "that you'd only learn by devilish moil and toil, my boy." He called everyone "my boy"—it was rumored that he had even said it to the dean of men—and he was fond, too, of referring sadiy to all forms of lahor as "moil an" toil."

"You don't want to take it all so damned seriously. Youth is always fed a lot of burckum and stinkum about 'making the most of golden opportunities.' The moralists get all that up to keep other people from enjoying themselves. Take these deans and doctors and what-nots—they'll throw y' the gaff. Sure. They're paid for it. But you notice it's the dumb-bell flappers they award the golden 'A's.' Takes the old boys to fall for the cuties." He lit another cigarette.

"They're made of the same stuff, even as you and I, my boy. Give 'em a cuspidor and a package of fine cut and they'll react like your father and mine, as 'twere Take these prominent birds who put the stew in student activities —Andy Protheroe and Pewter Huges—asses and jelly beans! Ah—a jug of wine, a book of verse and thou—our old Friend Omar had it right, eh?"

That is Jimmy, "as he lay on the bed in one-half of his pajamas, his brown legs stretched out at length the had a habit of going about in startling unattire and of resting to-moke and talk in the middle of his searches for misplaced clothes."

Peter Warshaw is a serious story, on the whole . . . and in it is struck a tone of serious intent for the whole series, however facetious and revealing they may seem. The authors have grasped college life and made of it a living, tangible thing.

"Yellow" is Pewter Hughes' story. Pewter played football and hated it. Yet he had to play.

The statistics could be had in any cigar store in eleven states of the Cornbelt:

"Pewter Hughes? Trim 'em alone. Betcha, Weighs two hundred and ten and can step a hundred in ten one, at that. When he smashes into 'em—Gawd! oh, man! Sure, he's been picked on two all American elevens. He's a heller an no mistake."......
But Pewter....this from Pewter:

How he used to think football was a game where you had lots of fun. Game—hell! . . . Yeh, k.cked him around like he was a dirty dog. Like to killed him sometimes Pewter Hughes "The game—" The coach's last words stung him again and again—"The game"—

That was it: the game. He wanted to kill everybody in the game the coach, the crowd, his team, the other team. He wanted to kill the game itself.

And then Pewter goes in the game, Probably rips great holes in the enemy's line and is again honored. But Pewter cannot help thinking of bloody bull fights . . .

The stories spoken of are but a small part, perhaps not nearly the best part of Town and Gown. I have no corner on opinions. All of them are picturesque, well turned, and the description resolves itself into pure poetry, metallic tracery of exquisite design. The dominant effect of Town and Gown is to raise one from out himself, out of mere appreciation of the art in the story-telling, its veracity, into the realm of ideas from which this brilliantly colored tapestry into which are woven all of our own lives, was engendered. The book gives us a new perspective . . . gets us away from the campus long enough to give us a picture of how our life appears in the objective. That is an accomplishment for any book. Yet more, its appeal is universal because the characteristics are those of Youth, not simply of youths. "This Side of Paradise" was well done, yet the perspective in which it was written was not, on the whole, our perspective nor that of most college students. It was a story of an egoist. Townand Gown is a story of thou-

Town and Gown, it is said, was considered by another publisher who hesitated in publishing it because he thought parents would not send their children to school if they read it. I agree with H. L. Mencken who, when apprised of the opinion of the publisher, said: "Give me his address and I will be very much pleased to send him a large custard pic!"

Mr. and Mrs. Montross have issued a challenge to F. Scott Fitzgerald and to Benet; and George H. Doran Company may well go out and buy itself a bex of large, tragrant, twenty-five cent chars.

L.F.T.

Ballade of Syr Haffe A Tonne

By Tukulti Ninib

Whavne knightesryde yn charging presse
Ynd swinge ye goodlie swoarde,
The varlet lean asye stringge beane
Who shous ye festal boarde,
Doth often ryde vuscathed besyde
Whanne bester
wenne bee floored.

Yponne hys throne of gleaming golde Yn kingly state and valor bolde Hee heard the jester's story tolde

Butte said no worde att alle. Hys halle is bright wyth gaiety Hys harpers harp rygth merrilie Butte say, what horrid wizardrie Doth hold oure kinge inn thralle?

Meserms hys face is sadd and graie (Noo Heaven sende hym grace thys daie)

Hys een looke wyld and far awaie, Some wikked spell say 1. Ynd would, that through our Godde's

Ynd would, that through our Godde's might

Thys foule spell bee brokenn quite (Alys, how s(yll the kinge, ynd white) Ells schall bee surelie die.

Noo alle the councilmenne han sate For three longe daies yn wise debate Toe save oure Kinge froe hys fate

Ynd brak thys deadlie charm But the thyr beards bee longe and wise Ynd they han made much grave surmise

Yette thys foule spell unbrokenn lies To work oure Kinge harm. Three longe daies they satt ynd more
Ynd thanne they opened wyde the
doore

Ynd filèd out the court before Ynd loud thyr clerk has read "Wee must outwitte thys wikked mann Lett whosoever hath a plan Noo tell yt us as beste hee cann Lette moo the plan bee said."

Ynd thanne uprose a feeble guy Ynd said yn scrawnie voice ynd high "Loo, I am muche too weak toe try, Butte styll I have a plann, Noo lett oure strongest, bravest three Of knights bolde go forth ynd see Yf they cann ende thys villainie Ynd slay thys wikked mann."

Thanne loud and bolde the trumpet rang

Ynd armor mayd ye horrid clang As toe thyr feet the bravest sprang Yn alle thatt companic.

The bolde Syr Beef whom draggons shunne

Syr Caryve of mightie battle wonne Yn great ynd thikk Syr Haffe A Tonne

I' sooth a mightie three.

Ynd thanne thys wizard longe ynd greene

Alle suddenlie and straunge was seene

Wyth wikked smile ynd slie ynd meane

Biforn thatt knightly boarde.
"Noo lett thys merrie combat bee
Ynd 1 schall slay you cheerfulio
Butte erst of all these variets three

Yn combat with ye swoarde."

Syr Beef thanne mayd a roar yn rage Ynd doun y-flung bys knightly guage Ynd seized bys trustie axe toe wage Grim battle wyth bys foe

(Alays, how sore and sadd hys fate) Thys wizard swelled uppe twice as great

Ynd swunge a wallop onne hys pate Ynd knockked hym for a rowe. Thanne forth Syr Carve the Craftie

(Hee draggons slew yn forne lands) Ynd spitte uponne hys mightie hands For to beginne the strife.

etande

Alays no draggon flights hym noo Four tymes as large thys wizard grew Ynd clouted Carve a wallop too So he dydd leave thys life.

Thanne came the beste of all the pick No nimble Knight hee was nor quick Butte roundlie made ynd wonderous thikk

Thys bolde Syr Haffe A Tonne
"Noo hold, Syr Wizard," quoth thys
knight.

I owne ye seem no merrie wight Butte lett us stoppe and ere wee fight Go tappe a goodlie tun."

The wizard's laugh was lound ynd hard

"Oho," hee sayd, "thys tub of larde Doth know full well hys dethe ys starred

Ynd presentlie wyll bee."

Ynd thanne thys wizard thinner grew Ynd longe ynd greene ynd partlie

Wyth divers spots of wizard hue (A fearsomm sight was hee)

Syr Haffe A Tonne bold ynd wyse Yponne the ale dydd fix hys eyes Ynd wyth eache cuppe the wyzard dries

Hee grew moe thin and longe Oure knight dydd see ytt nott, I ween, How longe thys wizard grew ynd lean Longe ynd lean as a stringe bean

Ynd sang thys craftic songe,

Ye Wyzard's Songe

"Whanne knightes ryde yn clangynge press

Ynd swinge ye mightie swoarde Thys wyzard lean as ye stringe been Who shunns thyr loutish board Doth often ryde, unscatched besyde, Whanne fatter menn are floored."

Oure fayr knight raysed hys cuppe onne high

Ynd turned itt's bottom toe the skie Ynd sette itt donne wyth gentle sigh To see a wyzard longe!

(A fearsonim sight yt was Godde wot) Syr Haffe A Tonne dydd mind itt not Hee took another mightie shot

Of goodlie ale ynd strong.

Thys wizard grew moe longe ynd lean Ynd mannie flaggons drank, I ween, Ynd shooke hys hedde and closed hys een

Ynd spak ryght scornfulie
"A pox upponne thys losel halle
Ynd onne these varletts one and alle
Ynd most uppone thys tallow halle,
Noo lett hym fight wyth mee."

Roared Haffe A Tonne "I grant thy boon."

Ynd hee dydd raise hys greet flaggon Ynd wound itt uppe ynd brought itt donn

Yponne thys wyzard's hedde

Ynd thanne hee seized thatt wikked wight

Ynd crammed itt down bothe fast and tight

Ynd kicked hym sore wyth alle hys might

Butte where itt is notte sayd,

"By Goddes' might," thys Wyzard squealed

"I owne mie naughtie doom ys sealed. Noo spare thy toe ynd I doe yield Thou art the better mann."

Syr Haffe A Tonne hys shoon dydd

"Noo dost thou take thys charm awaie Ynd ende thy wikkednese thys daie Ynd loose thys horrid bann?"

"T Godde's truth," the wyzard sayd "Butte spare thy kicks ere I bee dead Ynd I doe sweare bie Jesu's hedde

Toe doo butte good ynd welle, I doe repent mie villainie By Hym who died uponne the tree,

Ynd shoulde I moe a wyzard bee Mie soule may weep ynne Helle!"

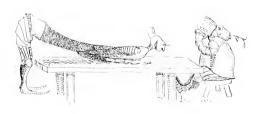
Noo whanne thys merrie daie was donne

The Kynge dyd ask Syr Haffe A Tonne
"Noo name thine owne reward, goode sonne.

For knightlie valor meet?"

"Alays Syr Kinge, mie wants are few, Butte lett us sette the table noo Ynd bringe ye goodlie oyster stew Ynd nut-browne ale ynd sweet."

Ynd nut-browne ale ynd sweet.





Dearest Yes? Will it be warmer this afternoon? I don't think so, Well, will it rain? I don't know. Why? Because if this ink gets wet I'll kiss you!

A Date

A Reply to Millicent Turner By Jay Buee

Oh no! it was not jealousy That led me to declare That Rudolph Valentino's style Is one that needs the air.

You know a lot of movie stars— How talented you are. (Oh! what a nut you've proved to be) No, I don't own a car.

You've dated all the campus kings— (Of course that was no slam?) And so your profs admire you too; (Well I don't give a damn).

No! Clemenceau is not a Deke; You never read Shakespeare— But just adore Hearst's magazine— (Good Lord! who sent you here.)

You don't know what attracts men so And wish to find out?—well, I'm sure it is your pretty clothes, (At least, that's why I fell.)

1 know it's just 9:30 but
1 have to dig and fight
To pass that psych exam, and so—?
(I'll not kiss you) Good Night.

Forsaken

Idols like Shakespeare
Above me were dirty, black
Begrimed.
But betake yourself to
The Sem.
Around sit men
Studying economics,
Drawing maps, solving
Geometry problems; women
Powdering probosei,
Writing letters.
Is it any wonder that the
Janitor lets the grime
Settle on the busts of
The Divine spirits of

Yesterday?

In the English Seminar, Once my heart bled:

Busts of my beloved

-8.0.8.

Veritas!

For years I strove to win girl's hearts And make them care for me. But never quite acquired the arts Which augured for my plea. But now I have evolved a scheme That wins each lovely miss. I'm able now to make it seem I like her.—not the kiss.

-Pop A. Cowe,

8 -

Lament To Popular Girl

Every day new troubles show me Lady Fortune doesn't know me Um lucky when for womankind 1 fall, Every girl for whom 1 tumble Makes the other fellows stumble And 1 have to watch you playing with them all.

Other fellows (I won't name (hem)
Think you're darling (I don't blame (hem)
But to love a girl like you means blues and worry,
I am jealous and you know it
And though I am too dense to show it
I adore you, I can't help it, and I'm sorry.

-BIG BEN.

So This is College

When Salley Brown Came back to town For Christmas and vacation, We neighbor guys Were thick as thes To meet her at the station.

But when that Jane Climbed off the train We stared in consternation. And Deacon Jones In mournful tones Groaned "That is Education."

-BIG BEN.

Some girls talk incessantly, others think; most girls do neither.

Some girls are receptive; most are deceptive; and some very few exceptive.

It is as hard to set the average woman laughing as it is to think oneself a wit. The consummation of either is based on the frequency of perfectly meaningless laughter.

CO-EDS DON'T OVERLOOK THE LADIES PAGE

Lizzie Klutz's Famous Recipes

Sardine Relish—
Take one young sardine, slap it in the tace with a dill pickle, talk to it for ten minutes, add an armful of kindling wood, roll gently in fly-poper and soak in chloroform,—
I sweeten with garlic and serve with a bicycle pump

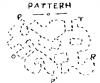
THE IDEAL HUSBAND

GIRLS, THERE'S ONLY ONE KIND OF A
MAN ANY SELF RESPECTING CO ED
SHOULD MARRY — CORNER A
WILLIE WHO WILL SMILE WHEN YOU TO
SOAK HIM WITH A SKILLET, WHO WILL
HAND OVER HIS PAN ROLL AT THE END OF THE
WEEK, WHO WILL WEAR THE TIES YOU BUY
FOR TIMM, WITH WILL FLAY FINGCHLE WITH
YOUR AFFINITY, AND WILL FALL IN FRONT
OF A STREET CAR AFTER TAKING OUT HEAVY

THEVERY LATEST IN HEADGEAR

WILL Y YOUR SWEET THE SEES YOU IN EITHER
ONE OF THESE, HE
WILL THINCE
ROCKS AT ALL THE
OTHER GIRLS

THE YING YANG BLOOMER



!AY THE PATTERN ON A
ORIENTAL RUG IND CUT OUT
ALONG THE DOTTED LINE —
SOAK IN MAYONAISE, AND THE
BLOOMERS ARE READY FOR
ORESSING



ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN
YARDA GABB

DEAR VAROA ANY FIANCE SAYS I HAVE A PLACHY COMPLEXION, - WHAT DOES HE MEAN? - HELLEN EARTH

DAMFING MELLEN - "F FROBABLY
INFERS THAT YOUHAYE A YELLOW
AND GRANGE SHADE WITH FUZZ
ON YOUR FACE

THE CUSPIDOR CAP

THE BUNDLE BUNNET

TRY THIS ON YOUR BASSOON COMPOSITION BY-GOODRICH DIRT



THE SKY IS UP ABOVE ME
THE AIR IS IN BETWEEN
THE EARTH IS UNDERNEATH US
THE OCEAN'S WET I WEEN
WE ARE HAVING LOTS OF WEATHER
THE LEAVES ARE ON THE TREES
I THINK I'M GOING DAFFY
I'M AN AWFUL PIECE OF CHEESE

HOME REMEDIES



ALWAIS KEEPA BOTTLE OF
CYANDE OF POTASSIOM
(QUARTS LEPAROUND THE
HOUSE IN CASE OF SICKNESS
A FFW DOSES WILL REMOVE
ALL SYMPTONS OF ANYTHING
It is advisable to live in
the neighborhood of an
UNDERTAKING ESTABLISH

MME.FRECKLE'S BEAUTY HINTS

Tiller



TO REMOVE MOLES

FILL A COAL SOLTTLE WITH A ONE

TO ONE MINUTURE OF MITTE WASH
AND HOME BREW COMPLETELY
SUBMERGE THE FACE - REMAIN
IN THIS PESTITEN FOR THREE DAYS
- BY THE TIME YOU RECOVER ALL
HAVE DISAPPEARED - AND YOUR
OWN MCTHER WILL NOT BE ABLE
TO RECOGNIZE YOU



OSWALD SMEAR - CONTRIBUTOR OF TO-DAYS BEST JOKE

MAY DA PITIFECTLY GOOD COW THAT WAS LEFT TO MOTHER BY A DEAK FRIEND WHO DED DE ACUTE OSSIFICATION OF THE CEREBELLOM, LIKE ONE OF THE LARGEST CITIES IN RUSSIA?

ECHO: - BECAUSE IT'S MA'S - COW

YES, YES-I KNOW ALL-BUT THINK OF THE CHILO

Puderer.

Discovery

By HALLY POMEROY

I have a common soul, a dingy mind,
I am a bourgeois person, void of thought.
Poor me, whom I had fancied "queer," the kind
Who dressed exoticly and glibly wrought
Strange epigrams from platitudes, now know
That I have clothed a ragged doll in gold
And silver tinsel.

Mock, poor soul, at my woe!

A blue sun danced and shadows stiff and bold
Lay rugged on the snow. I sang its tale
Of beauty fierce and strong. When black paths gored
The white, and Stygian waters bled it pale,
I sighed and thought of death, a friend said, "Lord!
"I sure like winter, too."

My peor drab soul!

I like gray sea birds fighting gray sea wind, Pale cloud-draped moons, red autumn leaves, the roll Of sea waves pounding salt-charred rocks, lights dimmed

At hearth-sides, lean trees penciled on an orange sky, I like strong men, and speeding cars and strife, "Th huh," you say; you like them too?

Last cry

The fool; she has a common soul, a life O dingy commonplaces void of thought. Drab, ragged doll, in tiusel cheaply bought.

The Brotherhood

My mind to me a kingdom was Before this revolution Of quizzes and exams destroyed My powers of execution.

I used to be alert and quick
With answers automatic
But now I murmur "I don't know"
I guess I'm Democratic.

-BIG BEN.

Revue of the Impatient Snake

The wedding guest he beat his breast
The bells began to toll
But still the stud refused to go
Into the buttonhole.

BIG BEN.

See The Point

Sometimes we're glad that we can live, I am.

And other times we never give
A damn.

We gnash our teeth and sometimes grin
It's true.

For after all its in the point

Of view.

-BIG BEN.

Bed-Time Stories

Pruncila, the cork-legged ostriche of Iberia, is one of the rarer birds who has sneered effectively at the encroachments of civilization. Nightly, upon the arid sands of its native plateau, it dons its sandal-wood ballet slippers and flails the locusts for its raspberry dumplings. Regular exercise and fattening provender give it a flesh of Vermont marbled yeal. Pressed Pruncila-bird in obelisk sandwiches, is said to be unsurpassed for tea.

A peritons life is that lived by the Dipslicker, but we who eat Herring must be grateful. The Dipslicker gathers baruacles from the gill spillways of the red herring. Without his timely and devoted service, the herring would have to dry dock for the greater part of the tishing season. This would not only throw us back on Cap cod tish, but would also deprive college youths of herring-bone suirings.

It's Always Done!

She said—(She was a motherly old soul
And weary with much travel on the (rain)
"It must be fine to get to school again
After vacation, rested up and while,
With all your studies done, to this new year."

And I—I looked far past the barren fields
Of stripped and garnerned cornlands and stretching wide—

What matter was it that I turned and lied
Old lies of college days, and learned yields.
And carefree lives, and well-loved studies here?
-Tukulti-Xineb.

Woman is like a dictionary. There man finds the definition of his love and there are always a multitude of synonyms of which he can take his pick to please her.



To Thally

Oh Thally! Oh Thally!
Your name thoudth tho thweet;
Your image jutht haunth me,
I can't even eat.
I thould thay thomthing theriouth
Ith bound to occur
If I don't thtop thinking
Of thingth ath wath were.
Your innocent thare
Wath what cauthed me to fall . . .
You are gone, Lord knowth where
And that ithn't all . .

—Ted Carpenter.

Yes, Yes

So live that when thy summons comes to join The innumerable caravau that moves To that mysterious realm where each shall hear His sentence from the pauciloquious Dean, Thou go, not like the puppy-dog at noon, Slinking from the campus; but, sustained and Soothed by an unfaultering gall, approach thy fate Like one who stacks the chips of blue and white About him and deals himself two pairs of Queens,—Lehigh Burr—Lehigh Burr

Are You a King?

One spwana time, thair wuzza king, aunie adda vassal anna vaseline. Praps itiic ad addan naughto, he wooda adsum gaso lean. Butee didnt andee addant.

Nowit so appened at the cze tue men were twins, and were ired athata sametime. All to both uvvem were then won an the same inree gard too there reese pective dim enshuns. But now won bruther wuzzo thin that wennie wuzoff duty ewuz uzed for a windough pain, beeing trantz parent azzit wurr.

Eye spoe maybe ynhwunder watmaydim that weigh, meening in reguards towiz shape anto iz helft. The sadtail izzaz follows: Won daie thukking got verrie kwite ees-seed dingly purifoked at twin munber won, an castim intwo the don genn furr twentee daze, annie addalivon bread an water. Wennee wuz releesed ceadd lost fortea pounds. That, deah brethern and eistern, is wye the king adda vassal and a vassalean.

-Awgwan

Alexander

There was a chap who kept a store,
And though there may be grander,
He sold his goods, nor asked for more,
And his name was Alexander.
He mixed his goods with cunning hand,
He was a skillful brander;
And since his sugar half was sand,
They called him Alex-Sander.

He had his dear one, to her came,
Then lovingly he scanned her;

He asked her would she change her name?

Then a ring did Alex-hand-her.

Oh, yes," she said, with smiling lip, "If I can be commander!"

And so they framed a partnership And called it Alex-and-her.

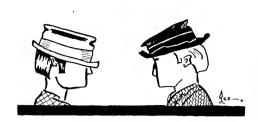
-Miss E. C. W. in Voo Doo

Marie—"Here's a joke that a Sunday School teacher told me when we were walking home from church yesterday."

-- S------

He—Did you learn about your husband's past from a fortune teller?

She—No. I merely invited a couple of his old college chams around to dinner.



CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

Frater—"How so?"

Frater—"How so?"

Frat—"I noticed the difference in the finger prints on my plate."

Line of a Departing Senior

I shiver at the thought of leaving This cloistered heath. Four years ago 1 entered Unsophisticated, bouyant with hope. I had an unsullied mind, shallow Yet clear. This morning I took Stock of my credits and debits. I have bell bottoms, One line, slightly frayed, Λ few epigrams, a superficial Knowledge of lit, two copies of F. Scott, Jazz appetites, and a preference For Camels. I haven't any Real tastes; no faith In myself, an abhorrence Of work. Is there any wonder That.

This cloistered heath?
—S. O. S.

Did you ever take her to a dance, and, after paying at the door, find that you had only seventeen cents left? Then, after a rotten evening of worry have the dear young thing suggest, "Let's eat." "And while you were wondering how to break the news have a friend come up and say: "Hello, old man! Here's that ten dollars 1 horrowed last month!"

Neither did 1.—Punch Bowl.

I shiver at the thought of leaving

An Open Letter To H. L. M.

By Robert F. Goodall.

Gentle readers and rough-necks, in closing this series of friendly little journeys into correspondenceland, it much pleases me to introduce to you a small but perfect bit of quite unnecessary and very idiotic advice. It is addressed to ourself, ourselves and the business staff:

(Imaginary letter from the editor of the SIREN to Mr. Mencken apropos the latter's imaginary adverse criticism of the late bizzarre number of this lexicon of all that is good, holy and humorous.)

Dear Harry: If the yet-to-be-sainted son of my parents is not wrong, it is very foolish, Mr. Mencken, to make too many scurrilous remarks about the pet brain storms of the rising generation. Let me try to prove this. After you have departed to your reward—or punishment—and since you seem doubtful of the outcome let us hope that it be punishment, the rising generation, mark you well my words. Harry, will be inhabitants of a world enriched by your departure. Now unless Sir A. C. Dovle is right, your sarcastic baptisms of mustard gas and buck shot conceived no doubt while lathering rustno-more shaving cream, will be stiller than the league of nations' vote in the Confederation of the Rhine. And whoever takes your place may be one of those whose mental meanderings you held up to scorn. Think well, Mr. Mencken, and for John's sake, don't risk our displeasure again. Let me close by calling you fat.

(Signed) THE SIREN

P. S. We enjoyed prejudices: Third Series, which you wrote, a great deal.

CRITICISM OF FOREGOING: One of the master strokes in this quite ordinary exhibition of vowels and consonants is that line in which Mr. Mencken's corpulence is referred to. Can we imagine anything quite so aggravating to a slender person than to be called fat? Think of Mr. Mencken's itching self-respect. Buf, be he fat, O My! Imagine our calling fat Mr. Mencken fat! . . . and our getting away with it! Gee! The post script, which is sure to show Mr. Mencken our liberality in bestowing credit where it is due is quite valuable as an insurance that Mr. Mencken will not risk our displeasure again. He is sure to be conciliated, and who knows, even he might live quite a while longer.



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Colored Glasses

Now that certain of our friends, and certain of our enemies have ceased wondering and have begun to make self-engendered comment upon why we look "through a glass darkly," or, to be more exact why we wear colored glasses it is meet that this matter be laid open to the public before controversy reaches serious stages. There is in the scientific world a certain shade of color which has been found instrumental in shutting out ultra-violet rays from the retina of the eye; especially valuable, dear readers, where the retina has reached the sensitivenss which makes the owner blind for two or three days at a time. Now we never saw an ultra-violet ray ourselves but placing fond and loving trust into a surgeon who owns a large automobile, and who, therefore, must be competent, we subjected to a week or two in a dark room with several tons of apparatus heaped about and on coming out of it found that our retinas were so sensitive to light that every time the sun came out they would go back someplace and hide, thus depriving the owner of seeing things; most distracting, be assured. So upon the prescription of the aforementioned specialist we were fitted with stove lids which also corrected several grevious errors in refraction and there you are. To the charge of affectation and eccentricity we make no denial except to ask if it were not more becoming to be affected this way rather than to have been cross-eyed, cock-eyed, or possessed of some other mal adjustment of like nature?

For Concentration

Much have we said and more have we thought concerning the things that are wrong with our educational system at Illinois. The prime difficulty is that we turn out two kinds of students here, one being so liberally educated that there is nothing specially it can do in the world and the other being so specialized that there is no culture nor humanity to be found any place in it. That is not right, we think, and so come forth with our annual suggestion as to betterment of the situation. Since the size of the institution will not permit an English system, let the general education take the student through two and perhaps three years; two seems to be better. Then in the last two years let the specialization take place through the medium of four and five hour courses so that there will be concentration upon the subject in which the student is most interested. Is it any more necessary that the modern languages should be concentrated upon than any other subject, except for the peculiar nature of language courses which demands not so much concentration as continuity? Think

of the opportunity for genuine scholarship and the drawing out of the natural aptitudes of the student if only three or four courses were taken in a semester. There would be none of this diversity which takes a student from Theoretical and Applied Mechanics through Spanish and to Economics in one evening. Instead we would have a concentration similar to graduate school work, conductive to stimulating real interest in the subject, certainly to knowing it much better, and a possibility of research in undergraduate courses hitherto un-thought-of except by the rare and model pedagognes under whom it is our pleasure to have courses.

Fame

Comes now Fame, tapping at our front door—not loudly perhaps, but surely tapping!

The Sweet Sister is vain, very vain indeed. To be reviewed in the Illini has always been a boon to her ladyship. Yet the last issue of the SIREN, the Champaign News Gazette went so far as to give us near a column. That was surpassingly gratifying to the Maiden and she thrilled and thrilled and thrilled and—thrilled again. But this heavy rain turned into a cloudburst. The Girl hit the clouds for sure this last issue.

The SIREN was reviewed by the Chicago Evening American, issue of Saturday, December 30, 1922,

We are writing to the Literary Review and to Judge tonight, thanking them in advance for the recognition they have seen fit to bestow upon our humble efforts.

Impossible

We are considerably disturbed by a drawing in Judge of January 6 by Werner who tries to get us to believe our eyes when we see a man kissing a woman; now that's not hard to conceive but this is: the couple sits in the front seat of a car, man driving (was driving), in spite of several inches of overcoat and heavy clothing he is able to reach his right arm around her back and grasp the eibow of his left arm which is also about her: Further! We are asked to believe that the girl's left arm extends around the man's back and grasps the left (outside) side of the steering wheel! That is too much! Just try it out in your flivver the next time and see if it isn't! We didn't but our roommate offered conclusive proof that it couldn't be done (roommates are handy sometimes, like ash receivers.)

Mistake

We are continually in error, it seems. We laughed heartily at the suggestion that going across the quadrangle (we like the sound of that word—so Harvardish) on the new stone flagging would be reproducing Eliza crossing on the ice. Yet when we first saw it we thought they were laying a temporary track for the passage of house moving apparatus which was to move the Ag building nearer to the seat of humanities, Lincoln Hall, purposing the bringing of the lyricists and classicists back to earth and on

the other hand to try to get some of the mud off the Ags' feet. But imagine our chagrin when were told the truth of the matter..., that the ceramics department merely used the quadrangle to lay out their cement blocks to dry in the sun!

The Illinois Magazine

Eighty-six years ago, or circa, James Hall established the intra-state ancestor of the Illinois Magazine at Vandalia, calling it the Illinois Literary Magazine, I think, Eighty-six years ago Illinois was scarcely settled, except in patches and these mostly near the southern and eastern boundaries, and it could hardly be called civilzed. Yet with surpassing energy which in his life earned for him vocational titles ranging from editor to banker and dozens in between, James Hall stepped into the wilderness, set up a press and turned out a magazine of excelling literary merit. It is said that he often wrote half of the magazine himself and the results attest his ability as a writer and profound thinker. The other half of the contributions was gathered from here and there among pioneers who came from the more cultivated east. It is peculiarly mete to observe our own magazine in the light of James Hall's experiences. Surely the millieu, the middle-western environment has not changed much since then. The Illinois Magazine is yet a pioneer, pressed surely for contributions of genuine merit at times, and what is more comparable to Hall's time, surrounded with all the darkness of Phillistia, shadowed by the preponderous turmoil of hastily and lightly acquired knowledge in preparation for the post-graduation onslaught upon the world's goods, the campaign for the dollar. Literary adventures in the middle west are lonesome things. Hall must have had a terrible time. Surely the Mag is scarred with experience. I seem to hear Sandburg bellowing: "Come and show me another country (city) with head lifted singing so proud to be alive and course and strong and cunning " And then I have a vision of ourselves still up in the trees, throwing cocoanuts about; or visions of hairy persons boiling uncles or cousins for dinner and having wild roots for dessert ______

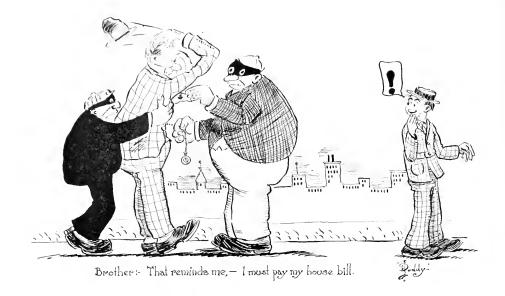
Commencement

With the new semester we are reminded of a multitude of new things, of new books, and new fees, and wierd unthinkable requirements, while far in the offing we perceive a relentless graduation.

Yet if we were to pause and moralize on our sins, and reflect on all the classes missed and all the wisdom forsworn for delightful excursions into strange, rare fields not even adjacent to prosy curricula we might point out gently... be we will not.

Study hard, young fellow. Study diligently. Then, when you have worked off the last requirement, and achieved a last perfect lab, report, you will possess, doubtless, a vast store of knowledge. You will be wise. You will be a graduate. And all of life will lie before you...untasted.

(The business office of the Siren is in the southwest corner of the Union building on the main floor. If you do not receive your Siren promptly report the error to the circulation manager there. We guarantee satisfactory delivery.)



Essay on Human Nature

TUKULTI-NINIB

My room-mate is a hard task master, and therein shows himself most human.

It is arranged in the understood law of our simple dwelling that one of us shall arise early in the morning and go about wretched and shivering in the gelid light to close our window and turn on the heat.

To this purpose our alarm clock jangles at a miserable hour and both of us grope from sleep to a pained intelligence of another day—a day with a beastly cold morning. It is then that I feel him stir and, if it be my morning to arise, each stir is a prick to my languid duty, a reproachful prod to my feigned slumber. And so he will lie half an hour together and poke me at guilty intervals in silent exhortation till I get up and have done with the frigid business.

But on alternate mornings! I holt from sleep to the same jaugle, and remember with delicious langor that it is not *my* morning. So, to aid him in *his* duty I exhort him with sly digs and covert kickings till be arise sullen shivering to his appointed task.

And so, I think, it is with the other half of the world and our alternating unpleasantries.

The Cynic

I am a professional cynic.

I look with scorn

On Women, Professors, Honesty,

Undergraduates, Virtue.

1 write:

"All women are fools in one respect:

They trust the men they love."

Yet I do so covertly.

I am at F.'s house

And she will laugh me out

Of court. She will

Tell me

"All cynics are fools in one respect:

They think they believe what they write."

Again, we are in love

And she trusts me

Infinitely.

My epigram might shake the

Foundations of her faith

In me.

Yet while she is away,

Let me revel in cynicisms for

Lam a professional cynic.

-8.0.8

The Tearful Tale of The Toothless Sleuth

Slowly he plodded his weary way, but not homeward. Homes were as scarce to him as barber-shops and bath-tubs ever were in Petrograd. Home to him was just a thought of years ago. He had travelled the world over, mostly under the box-cars, however; and now he had gone for tive whole days without a drop to eat or a bite to drink. He had no tilthy lucre, and begging had brought him nothing, but a few kitchen utensils, gently wafted on the breeze and recoiling from his headless hair.

As he slouched along he spied a white card, slightly stained, of course, as it had been lying in the gutter. He picked it up, not knowing why he did it, and recognized it as a meal ticket with two punches left on it. His hope rose like the foam on beer and he at once set out with the one thought in mind—to get on the outside of a good square meal. He knew just what he wanted but was a little afraid that he knew too little Greek to order pie.

It was nearly dusk when he found said restaurant, and without hesitation he opened the door, all set to put on the nose-bag. He entered with the ticket in his hand, but as he did so, when his hob-nailed shoes hit the tile floor, both feet went up in the air and he dropped the ticket. In trying to regain his balance, one foot landed heavily on the ticket lying on the floor. Upon picking up the ticket and examining it with tear-stained eyes, he discovered that when he had landed on the ticket the hob-nails had punched out the other two meals. Whereupon he turned a double somersault and dropped dead.

—Burr

The Lady Or The Tiger

Here was a moment to test—the decision of a statesman? A choice was to be made——which shall it be? The poor boy, for such he was, could not collect his mental faculties. No doubt, an older man could have decided without a second's thought, but here was a youth, an inexperienced youth, with his first real life's decision before him. Is it any wonder that the cold perspiration stood out on his forehead in tiny beads? But there was no drawing back. He must—choose. The white-faced youngster pointed with a shaky finger and said in a husky, cracked voice, "Gegive—me—one of those five-centers with the picture of the tiger on the band."

You'll Drown

Do 1 perspire as sitting here I turn out all this rhyme?

My no! The weather's very cold

The season's winter time.

The drops which stand upon my face

Are not of perspiration

They emanate from shame, my dears, At punk versitication.

-Pop A. Cowe.

Symposium Americana

We noticed in the *Trib*, of some time past that a certain Business Men's Banquet or other in Chicago, Edgar A. Guest, poet, moved the audience by a patriotic ode. Whereupon General Pershing, his warlike vigor stirred, arose and flayed the Reds.

Somewhere we have heard the phrase "feast of reason and flow of the soul." —T. N.

Horace, Book I, Od. XXXVIII

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus

____S

Oh, take away your pickled camels' toes!

Your breast of humming bird and parrot head; I wouldn't touch that broiled live ostrich nose.

But bring me just a plate of beans instead.

I hate the tongues of French-fried nightingales (1t makes no difference if they are on toast)

I loathe the sight of roasted sparrow tails;

A side of beans is what I want the most. Oh, bring me just a plate of homely beans!

The kind my Lesbia has always bought me; Go and pick some dandelion greens,

For that's the lesson that Mycenus taught me.

— Lampoon



He. "Wouldn't you like a little dog to take with you everywhere. A nice little dog with slick—hair and everything?"

She, "Oh! This is so sudden!"

Feminine Tintypes

By S. O. S.

MISS SIMPER

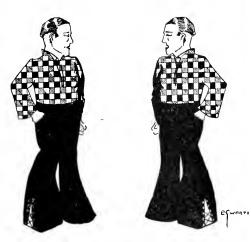
She walks with mineing step and generally comports herself (he way a properly-behaved lady (at least her conception of one) should behave. At the least mention of sex and affiliated subjects, her china-like physiognomy becomes as crimson as the cloak of a toreador. She always does her train riding by day to avoid even the mention of berths. In the classroom her lessons are prepared most carefully and she delivers her recitations without a falter. You may realize her uselessness in this world by the fact that her own sex has little use for her. Her only excuse for existence, for she surely needs one, is that she provides fun for those cruel ones who take delight in shocking her.

MISS CYNIC

Once scorned in love and unable to revenge themselves on the scorners, they turn cynical. I believe this to be the case with Millicent who stalks with feline grace daily through the columns of the Illini. They rant and rant against men as if they meant it; at times they forget they are feminine and act sensibly and then they turn out some real work. Usually, however, their ravings are laughed at because they are so palpable. Literarily they pull hair; vehemently they revile their fellows wounded by Cupid and man in general. The tragedy of it lies in its futility. Alack! alas! Millicent, make those meaows madrigals and be happy.

MISS INFERNALLY FEMININE

Blighted souls, they believe it their duty as women to be continually disagreeable and forment the men, who think themselves the hunters, but who are really the hunted. Do what they desire and they act ugly; disobey them and be vituperated. Ever displeased and ever obeying their whims, they are eventually discovered. Then instead of sitting up and taking their due calling down with grace, they snivel into the arms of their tender-hearted berators, and, thus disarming their lecturers, they escape proper chastisement. The problem of handling them only Solomon could solve, and, when he died, it is evident that he took the solution with him for it has never been discovered since.



A co-ed passes, shifting her eyes and her form, Senior: "If there's anything in a look, she must be a devil."

Frosh: "Why?"

Senior: "Because she has a hell of a look."

MISS MORBID

Here is the deceitful one who draws confidences out of men just for the pleasure of hearing them and not to act as a guide for some lost spirit. She assumes a sweet countenance (number 24 from the book) and beams sympathetically; the man, usually damfoolish enough to pour out his heart to any women who will give him an andience, is her ready prey. He whispers things to her that would have to be dragged out of him if he were in his proper senses, and the poscur draws him on, Later he regrets it, but then it is too late. She has his secrets and he might as well have printed them in the Saturday Evening Post. You must pay to advertise, but step up and get it gratis through her—that is, if you want it.

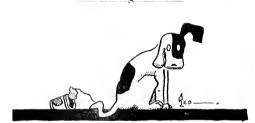
MISS SOPHISTICATION

She regards you disdainfully for you are only mortal and she is Lady Sophistication. Her creed seems to be, "I see all, I hear all, I know all," and if she doesn't she acts as if she does. All advances are snubbed, and your attempts as sincerity are avoided as the plague! The only hope for her is that some day Love will come and humble her, prostrating her down to the level on which the rest of humanity is. She is one of the main reasons why woman attendance at an institution of culture is frowned on.

Felicia, See What You've Done

- I hate the guys who criticize the works of bards renowned.
- Who knock the tombs of those whose bones are mouldering underground.
- But I absolve my bold resolve and seize my hammer dread
- To east a curse upon the verse of one who's long been dead.
- She wrote enough good solid stuff to give herself a rep
- But not content this lady went and took a fatal step.
- And now her name and former fame are one tectotal wreck.
- She left to us the boy who stood upon the burning deck.

-BIG BEN,



Too Late

1

A chieftain to the Highlands bound Cried "Boatman, do not tarry For I'll give thee a silver pound To row us o'er the ferry."

—Campbell.

 Π

The boatman glanced down at his wrist And turned the brazen lock

"I guess you'll have to swim it, Bud We close at tive o'clock."

BIG BEN.

What to do and what to say—

I am worried night and day,

Three to choose from. What a fret!

Cigar? Pipe? or cigarette?

-Pop A. Cowe.



Vacation Impressions

THE TRAIN

Click, Click, Click, Home at last, Visions of real meals once more. Soft memories of women that filt as music. Home, Ah! The Shiekess! Dances - Dreams—The old crowd. Familiar places. Beautiful thoughts, Drowsiness, "Poker? Sure, I'll take a hand," Cigarette smoke, "Raise you six," Clickety Click.

HOME

"Well, how do you like school?" Inane questions. Embarrassing queries. Real food once more. Tantalizing phones that demand nickels. Alluring voices. Tentative dates. Family conversation. Plebian chatter. Cigarettes. Deep inhales. Words while exhaling. Sophisticated airs. Blase poses, "School isn't so bad."

CHRISTMAS

Frenzied scrambles for presents. Eager chuckles. Dismal looks. Forgotten friends. Oh, well. Buy New Year's cards. Malnourished coffee. Inquests over presents. The eternal knit ties and boxes of hankies. Muttered curses, "Fool. I should have given her a nice card."

THE LOOP

Crashing elevateds overhead. Crowded streets. Blank faces. Painted faces learing from windows. Buildings. Stores. People. Chaos.

THE "L"

Trampled toes. Swaying bodies. Submerged laughter. Married couples gibbering. Young women smiling. Oldish ladies reading "Jurgen" with dry lips and gasping breath. Gray-haired men reading papers with feverish anxiety. "Anthenhesaid." Girls with crossed legs and gum-boots. Satin slippers with woolen hose. Blurred faces behind screaming headlines. "Change cars for Kenwood an' Stockyards."

NEW YEAR'S EVE

Fuzzy outlines and spotted faces. A din of jazz. Snickering girls. "Idiots. Lettem giggle. Got nice comfy couch here." Blaring borns. Whistles. "Le'me sleep." Confusion. Slipping, slipping, everything sliding around. A dull headache next morning.

COMING BACK

That one o'clock train. That last glorions night, "Well, I'm glad it's all over," Black porters. Letters promised written while on the train. Sickly ice-water, Vapid cigarettes, Stale smoke. Cold windows with black country rushing by outside, Magazines with blurred lines. "Ho hum," Only ten minutes more. Clothes brushed. Small change, Welcome lights. "Champaign,"

The Babbling Boob

TUKULTE

A blind man who had traded his sense of taste for a cold, went into a restaurant, and ordered soup. The waitress, realizing his condition, served him a bowl of hot water, which he did consume with gusto and rythym and melody. Tulkulti reminds me of that soup.

EIGHT O'CLOCKS

A friend of mine missed his breakfast three days a week, and then flunked the course. His instructor either was a great tragedian or had a real sense of humor.

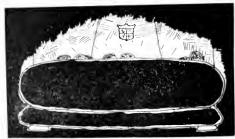
LECTURES

"We will now consider the methods of creating interest...Will you wake up your neighbor, please?
__You can't sleep in my class——Interest is secured by a dominant personality——Will you wake up your.___" After fifty minutes the bell rings.

----- S--

Last night Lwent To a dance. And I saw Some girls Who had on Very short dresses, And I saw Some girls Who had on Very long dresses, And I looked, First at the short, And then 1 looked at The long dresses, And I preferred The old style Short Dresses, For two good reasons.

-Kraut



A SORORITY MUSHROOM



A Hint on Wearing Dress Clothes



RIGHT



WRONG

One look at a man's dress clothes is sufficient to tell if he is accustomed to wearing them. In detail he may be properly dressed, and in the main points everything may be correct, but unless he knows something about how to put dress clothes on he is sure to have overlooked some tell-tale fact like the length of the waistcoat. That is probably because he does not know or has not thought of it. The two illustrations above of the right and wrong way are examples of the most common defect in the wearing of dress clothes. Fashion dictates that when a waistcoat is perfectly made it does not show below the waistline of a dress coat. That means that a man must try a new waistcoat on with his dress coat in order to avoid this glaring fault. If a waistcoat is hurriedly bought, on the way home to dress for an evening party, it is likely to be wrong. It usually presents the appearance of the illustration at the left. A good tailor will insist on fitting a waistcoat with a dress coat. A good haberdasher should do the same. Also the man who does not know should be told that the only correct shirt to wear with a dress coat is one with a plain stiff bosom. The correct collar is a moderately high wing collar with a wide opening. The correct tie is white and should be tied with a small knot and flaring ends. The correct socks are thin black silk, and the patent leather dancing shoes are generally worn, though pumps are correct if preferred.

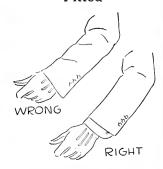
Good Taste in Dress Is Represented by Your Taste in Color

When dressing, many men assemble their wardrobe in a curious way. They choose the shirt, the tie and the hat they like, all of which in them-



selves may represent good taste, but which do not bear any relation one to the other as regards color. Now this is curious in so much as we are trained to look at a picture, or any work of art, as a whole. That is the way we should look upon dress. Your favorite striped tie looks well only when it is worn with a suit and shirt which set it off. It is a mistake to choose a tie because it is your favorite. It should be worn only when the suit, shirt, handkerchief, etc., justify the selection. Take for evample the color scheme of the dress of the man illustrated above. You may differ with the choice of accessories presented, but they are unquestionably harmonious. If harmony is achieved the result cannot be bad and that is the great test of a man's taste in matters of dress.

When the Length of the Sleeve Is Wrong the Suit Has Not Been Fitted



A shirt cuff is supposed to show at least one inch below the coat sleeve. In view of this fact, why is it that so many men are seen wearing their coat sleeves so long that they prevent the cuff from showing? It is because their clothes are not properly fitted in the first place. Such details are not strongly impressed on the customer by the average fitter who makes alterations. Bear this point in mind and insist on having your coat sleeve properly adjusted so that the suit will look as though it were made for you and not someone else. Even the best tailors are directed by their smartly dressed clients. If this were not true all the men who were turned out of a particular shop would be equally well dressed. And we know that this is not the case. Study your well dressed friends. What is it that produces the good result but the perfection of details? Copy some of their carefully considered points and try them out for yourself.

Curtain

Rastus: Liza, wil you go ridin' iu mah Ford?

Liza: 1 won't do nothin' else.

Rastus: Then you cain't ride in mah Ford.

—Agwan

The Aftermath

"When I looked out of the window, Johnny, I was glad to see you playing marbles with Billy Simpkins."

"We wuzzunt playing marbles, ma. We just had a fight, and I was helping him pick up his teeth."

-Judge

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By Lois Seyster Montross and Lynn Montross

gives a keen and satirical view of social life-of a sorthere, and "razzes" some faculty dignitaries in a heartening-or exasperating way

\$2.00 U. of I. Supply Store \$2.00

A Chain of Thought

I kissed her in the moonlight, My head was in a whirl:

My mouth and eyes were full of bair.
My arms were full of girl.

- Princeton Tiger

I kissed her in the garden

And my brain was rather gladdish;

My coat lapel was powder white---

My lips and cheeks were reddish.

- California Pelican

I kissed her in the parlor

I felt myself grow faint;

I breathed a lot of cheap perfume— I tasted too much paint.

-Colgate Banter

I kissed her in the vestibule

Lyearned for more and more;

I went to kiss her once again-

But kissed the closing door.

-Notre Dame Juggler

1 kissed her in my dreams that night —
The kiss was wondrons sweet.

But I awake, enraptured,

And found I'd kissed the sheet.

-Bowdoin Bearskin

I kissed her in the ballroom. Before I knew her game,

I thought that I had stolen it, But I lost my watch and chain.

-Bison

I kissed her first at nine o'clock, Life never seemed so sweet:

At twelve o'clock down came her dad, And helped me with his feet.

-Sour Owl

Values?

A burglar robbed our place last night But never took a thing. Although he got my father's watch And mother's diamond ring.

He took a lot of useless junk Valuables of a sort But nothing really worth his while— He didn't get my quart.

-Pop A. Cowe.

Naive: That man that just passed looked familiar,

Blase: He was!

February 14th — The Day of Hearts

Send flowers to the one that is closest to your heart But be sure and send them from the

Art Floral Company

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PHONES-Main 4100 and 4101

Our Flowers are Grown by Experts, and Arranged by Artists



Courtesy of I. C. S.

What chance have you got against him?

I was a cynic who said: "Some men go to college, Other men study."

A slander! But yet there probably are college men whose bills for midnight oil are not large.

And there are men who left school in the lower grades who, along with a hard day's work, put in long hours of study—spurred on by a dream and a longing.

Look out for them.

The achievements of non-college men in business suggest an important fact. Success seems to depend, not so much on the place where a man studies, as on the earnestness of the student.

But, granting equal earnestness and ability, it is still true that the college man has the advantage.

Regular hours for study and lecture, the use of library and laboratory, the guidance of professors, contact with men of the same age and aspirations—all these will count in his favor, if he makes the most of them.

A big "if." The new year is a good time to start making it a reality.

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"Aren't sailors the most eloquent men!"

"Yes, roughly speaking." - Cracker.

Daughter-"Has my mail come yet?"

Mother-Daughter, you must stop using that terrible slang."—Burr.

"Want a ride? — Whoa — Det in — Diddap — Dimme a tiss — No? — Whoa — Det out — Diddap. -Voo Doo

DO YOU KNOW THAT

If you save one dollar a week, you will save up a million dollars in 20,000 years?

The annual consumption of gasoline in the U.S. is stupendous?

If all the trolley tracks from Boston to New York were laid end to end, one end would be in Boston and the other end in New York?

New Year's Day always comes before Xmas-of the same year?

Not all college students wear their trousers over their shoes? Only the men do.

An Opportunity

is being offered to you

Subscribe to the Siren

For the last five issues of the year for 75c It is your magazine and needs your support. Suppose you read your own Siren from now on, and be a booster.

> Send it home to the folks By Mail 85c

Single Copies of The Siren are always on sale at the following places:

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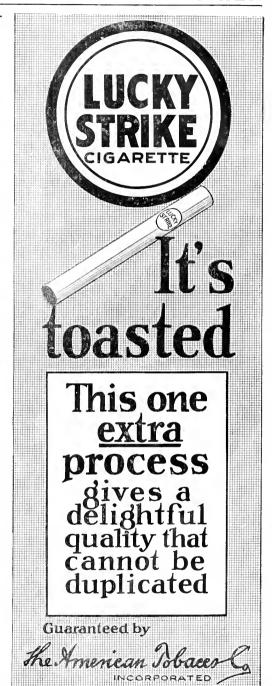
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Successors to Souder's Laundry

He—"Where do yo do most of your skating when learning?"

She—"I think you're horrid." -Octupus.

Stewed-Honey—"I'd like to see you apart for a moment.

Lady Clerk—"Say, kid, whadayah think 1 am, a puzzle for the little ones?"

THE RINGS OF BELLES

A ring beneath the ear shows you're up-to-date;
A ring beneath the eye shows you're up-too-late;
BUT

A ring upon your tinger shows you're up-to-Fate,

—The Jade.

EMBALMING FLUID FOR THIS.

Salesman—"And did the woolen pajamas 1 sold you last winter please you, sir?"

Cholly—"Indeed they did. 1 was simply tickled to death."—The Jade.

Alumnus—"Hey, Frosh, give me your cup of coffe, the waiter forgot mine."

Frosh—"Sir? You have no grounds to ask that!"

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120 N. Walnut Over Campbell's Restaurant Phone 1698 Vassar '25; "Oh, dear, I just can't adjust my curriculum!"

Yale '25; "That's all right, it does not show any."

8 .

Mother (aside); "Edna, your collar looks tight."

Edna: "Oh, but mother, he really isn't."

Orange Owl

Teacher: "What's 6 and 6?"

Willie: "12."

Teacher: "Very good."

Willie: "Good, hell! it's perfect."

—Purple Cow

S. D. J.: "What character do you have in the next act?"

Girl: "I'm not supposed to have any character; I'm in the chorus."

Sweet Kisses

He: "Please give me just one."

She: "I can't." He: "Why?"

She: "It's Lent."
He: "When will you get it back?"

-Wisconsin Octopus

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THE CO-OP

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615 E. Green (downstairs) Watch our display window

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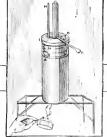
We have some very attractive special Valentines in red satin; hand painted boxes of candy. Two onness to five pounds.

See Our Window Display

The Apollo Confectionery

MOUYTOS BROS.

Urbana



STEAM CYLINDER

They Weighed Air—and Charles II Laughed



AMUEL PEPYS says in his diary that Charles II, for all his interest in the Royal Society, laughed

uproariously at its members "for spending their time only in weighing of air and doing nothing else since they sat."

This helps to explain why Charles has come down to us as the "merry monarch."

The Royal Society was engaged in important research. It was trying to substitute facts for the meaningless phrase "nature abhors a vacuum," which had long served to explain why water rushes into a syringe—the commonest form of pump—when the piston is pulled out.

Denis Papin had as much to do as anyone with these laughable activities of the Royal Society. Papin turned up in London one day with a cylinder in which a piston could slide. He boiled water in the cylinder. The steam generated pushed the piston out. When the flame was removed, the steam

condensed. A vacuum was formed and the weight of the outer air forced the unresisting piston in.

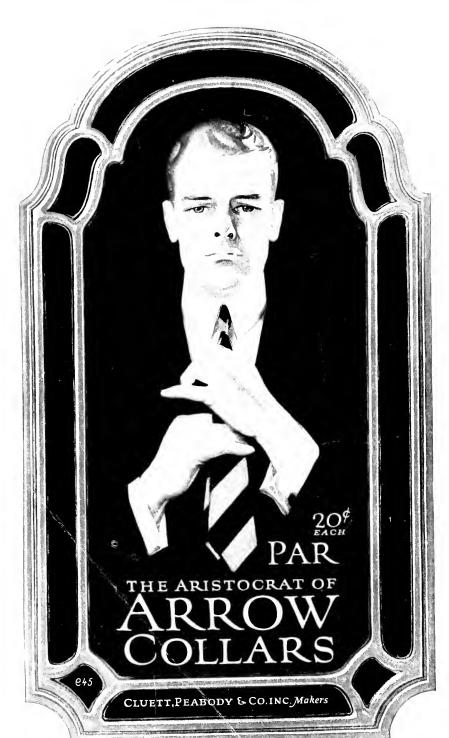
Out of these researches eventually came the steam engine.

London talked of the scandalous life that King Charles led, and paid scant attention to such physicists as Papin, whose work did so much to change the whole character of industry.

The study of air and air pumps has been continued in spite of Charles's laughter. In the General Electric Company's Research Laboratories, for instance, pumps have been developed which will exhaust all but the last ten-billionth of an atmosphere in a vessel.

This achievement marks the beginning of a new kind of chemistry—a cliemistry that concerns itself with the effect of forces on matter in the absence of air, a chemistry that has already enriched the world with invaluable improvements in illumination, radio communication, and roentgenology.





ASTRUSIES OF THE STREET



25° MARCEI 1





Blue Skies and Fair Weather

will soon be here—and with them comes the great "American Game." It won't be long until the streets are tilled with aspiring baseballers playing "catch." And it won't be long until you'll be organizing your team for the Intramural contests.

Then you'll want gloves that have the right "feel"; and bats that seem specially built for you; and the other things that put real pleasure into the game and ability into your performance.

You'll find 606 East Green Street a real treasure-house of "Spring Sport Stuff," Won't you come in and swing some of our bats and slip on a glove—just for the pure joy of anticipation?

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We recently purchased the entire stock of the University Gym Store, formerly located in the Men's Gym.

You'll find that we now have one of the most complete stocks of athletic goods of tainable.

Pants Specially Priced

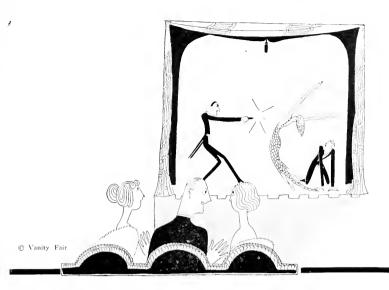
We have on hand several pairs of odd-sized baseball pants, for those who don't want to buy a whole suit. You'll find them very reasonably priced.



606 East Green Street

"Chuck" Bailey

"Shelby" Himes



The Happy Ending

The play's over—the whole shooting match. Everyone is either dead or married. Now you can go home, to the really happy ending of the day—to read your copy of

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PAGES of photographs of the most carefully dressed actresses and the most carelessly dressed dancers.

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Ulysses Bound

A daring young dancer from Spain Used to cause all the fussers great pain. But a boy "in the know" Wore smoked glasses and so She wriggled her torso in vain.

POP A. COWE.

The city's annual sales day had passed. Several merchants were standing about the committee room discussing the value of the great events to the various store owners.

"Say Jones, how'd you prosper?"

"I didn't."

"But I thought you said you had a record breaking crowd?" $\,$

"L did."

"Well—"

"I own a victrola shop."

-Twins.

For How Long?

The joker is the spice of life.
He comes and goes yet always stays,
And in his wanderings to and fro
The joker always pays.
Behold the way, two nights ago,
I caught him wandering to and fro.
The eighteen dollars in the pot
Now in my pocket stays.

POP A. COWE.

Sooner or Later

A lady who never used paint
Was known round as being a saint.
Then she took a big chance
Went to Bradley to dance....
I said she WAS good; now she ain't.

POP A. COWE.

"Have you heard the story about the whip?

"No. 1-

"It's snappy!"

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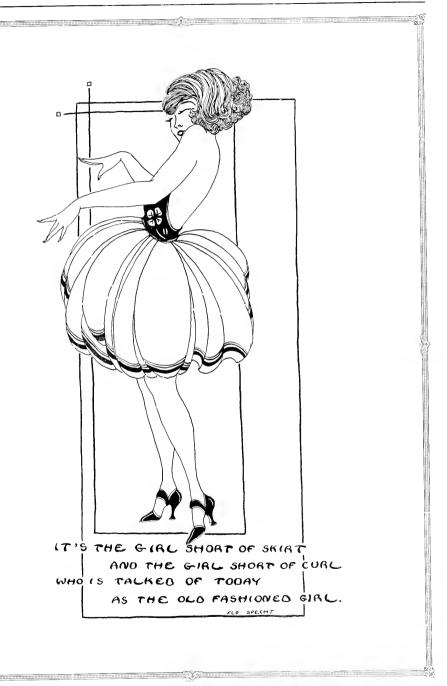
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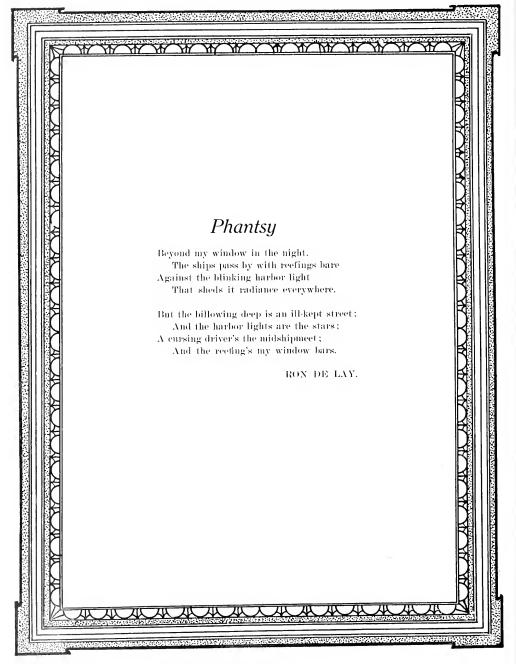
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KODAKS and FILMS





Round and Round

(A Sequel to "Torm and Gorn")

By Mr. and Mrs. Alfred M. Reeves, authors of

"The Man Who Wins."

Editor's Note: We have received the following interesting personal note from the authors of "Round and Round": Dear Sir: We are enclosing a little manuscript which we hope will be available for your magazine. We have had some stories printed in "The Christian Advocate" and we were told by many of our High School teachers years ago that we had unusual talent. Hoping to hear from you soon we are,

Very truly yours,
Mr. and Mrs. Alfred M. Reeves

FOREWORD: As loyal graduates of the University, my wife and I have endeavored in "Round and Round" to present the whole truth of campus life and, incidentally, to increase the enrollment and double the appropriations. We have taken representative types: sweet, loyable, wholesome and helpful.

FIRST EPISODE: Harold Babbitt Peabody.

"Gracious, how I have enjoyed the University!" sighed Harold, as he registered at the beginning of his senior year. His friend, James LaVerne, responded affectionately:

"My dear fellow, I am quite sure that I shall always be influenced by the motto on noble old University Hall—Labor and Learning"."

They strolled to their room where they shared a pitcher of delicions lemonade and chanted dreamily some of Edgar Guest's verse.

SECOND EPISODE: The Faculty and the Silent

It was at a charming dinner party given in honor of the chaperons by one of the splendid old fraternities. Dean Apricot overhead the girl in the pink organdy dress exclaim: "I have completed the most wonderful book, 'Just Jimmie." The rythm of the prose is exquisite."

Dean Apricot, always cordial, was delighted. He turned to her and said, "I hope this occasion will mark the beginning of an ennobling friendship and that we shall discuss many other literary works together."

He nodded kindly and attentively as he watched her waltzing gracefully with a clean-limbed young football star. THIRD EPISODE: True Blue.

"Seven . . . eleven!" . . . The new stadium, largest in the world, echoed with cheers from ninety thousand throats. Aluminum D'Arcy knew that he must make the touch down! He must! for the honor of the old school!

He opened his eyes! Where was he? . . He looked up into the face of the girl with the pink organdy dress!

"Don't talk now, Aluminum," she said.
"You won the game! And that's all that matters!"
. . . For the first time he realized that his neck was broken. But it didn't matter! He had won the game!

FOURTH EPISODE: The Worst Man.

The two had been engaged for four years, and it was, perhaps, the thought that their happy college days were drawing to a close, which made quite different the never-to-be-forgotten evening. They sat in the porch swing of the Y. W. C. A., carried away by the exotic breath of spring. Suddenly he grasped her hand. Her eyes filled with tears. . . .

"You—you've spoiled everything! Things will never be so nice again."

The door closed. . . . She was gone. . . . That night he was tarred and feathered by the local chapter of the Ku Klux Klan.

FIFTH EPISODE: Between Crystal Lake and the Bonemard.

"Oogy, woogy, woggle, woo!" gurgled Fan Tan Ling, a young Chinese student, as he enthusiastically plied his iron. (He was working his way through school.)) He had just received an invitation to Christmas dinner at a cultured American home.

Round and Round (Continued)

That night, as he enjoyed the sumptuous hospitality, he felt sad thinking of his less fortunate brothers back in China. He choked and cried in a voice fraught with emotion:

"Ach, Chineeman stay ee in zis heap big glorious land-ee. Allons, me becoma da hundred-per-cent Americano."

Weeping with thankfulness and patriotism, the host wrung Fan Tan's hand, "My boy," he said, "I shall take you to my lodge tomorrow."

SIXTH EPISODE: 1 Pleasurable Engagement, Grandma Larkins and the Kitty.

Mary Larkins was a lovely flower of the Old South. In short, she was a sweet old-fashioned girl. She lovingly looked about at the faces of her sisters in Friendship House. She thought how charming Lila looked, of Rowena's modesty, of the industry of her own dear roommate. . . . The telephone rang. Mary listened to the resonant, masculine voice and replied gently:

"No, Channey, I cannot! Much as I would like to enjoy the Junior Prom, I have promised to read the newspaper tonight to Grandma Larkins, who is ill."

Lila affectionately embraced Mary, "I think you are just too good and unselfish for words;" she cried. "The greatest service the University has done me is to bring me in contact with a girl like you."

SEVENTH EPISODE: It Isn't the Pin That Makes the Man.

LaFayette Andrews stood at the station, surrounded by a vast throng of admiring, cheering friends. He had graduated that afternoon and had been taken to the station in the costly limousine of a Greek letter man. He was going to Europe with one of the Deans as the Dean's guest for a summer's outing in the Alps.

And now you ask, dear reader, why LaFayette had met with such matchless good fortune? A fragment of his conversation will reveal his stering character.

"Boys," he said, slowly waving a large pennant, "I am not a fraternity man, as you know. But we cannot all wear the Greek pin."

"We meant to ask you, LaPayette," said the president of the largest national fraternity on the campus, "But—somehow—" His voice broke. He could not finish.

"The fraternity is a splendid institution," interjected LaFayette, humbly, "but perhaps I was not worthy."

As he stepped on the train the fraternity men gave him a ronsing cheer. . . . The beloved scene was vanishing. Four years of it!—deep, true friendships!—ceaseless endeavor!—this summer the Alps!—next fall, his \$18,000 position in New York—

"Goodbye, Alma Mater," he whispered regretfully. The train bore him out into the night.

(The End)

The Oblate Spheroid



The oblate spheroid; fat, flattened at the poles and bulged in the equatorial portions,—G.R.

Please Remit

A lady who owned a big still, Used to go with a fellow named Will. When the officers came She was gone, just the same A big sign read, "Please send me my Bill."

POP A. COWE.

The Wreck of the Resolution

Spirits of twenty-three
Why are you haunting me?
Why do you follow me all through the night
Why should you trail my feet?
Why make our pathways meet?
I am exhausted! I'll try you tonight!

Famous Gatherings



"And then the traveling salesman says to the farmer's daughter"

How Very Frank!

Lois and her husband, like Hamlet, seem to see things. But really, the cemetery is such a dead place! And if we are all like that thank God that dead men tell no tales. Having taken a course in psychology under Coleman R, it is beginning to dawn upon us just what "social monuments" are. We believe that this episode should have been captioned "the call of the wild."

--Gargoyles, Jr.

,, ____

Howeum poker is bad for your health? What makes you ask?

Well, you're always crabbing about something being wrong with your system.

R.S.

Willie-"I wish I had a million."

Tillie—"If you don't stop scratching I'll believe you have."—Octopus.

On Being Social

Among the minor annoyances of the learned and laborious life we might place the petty vice of sociability.

We might deplore the vast amount of time frit tered away over the coffee cups at our campus coffee houses.

To be sure one can pass this wasted time in the company of most charming and genial souls. He can hear wise and witty conversations. He can too often — drown his scholastic cares in a radiant mug of jaya. And most of all, he can loaf with that splendid case and radiant grace so inseparable from your true collegian.

Thus it is that we stray too seldom into the realms of boresome data. And by not straying therein we gain much wit and little learning -- all of which is deplorable.

We are tempted to murmur with Hiawatha "Esa! Esa shame on you," But in the mean time..., come let's have a cup of coffee.

T.N.

The Dirty Window

By Robert F. Goodall

EPISODE FIRST

"O, Spilled Ash trays!" cursed Varnish Jeaning back in his luxuriously equipped Morris chair, "World I were married."

Now Adrian was an electrical engineer (if anyone knows what they are for) of the class of '23 at Urbana. Therefore, he was above ANY lyrical outbreak. "Art—" to quote his views on the matter— "should mean something?"

Adrian came from a beautiful little hamlet, in the North-western corner of Hlinois, where robins sang to cat-birds from the rims of the lidless and rustless garbage cans at the rear of each pastoral backyard. A certain Chicago-lo-the-Coost railroad had had the ill-fortune to lay its tracks through Adrian's town. Its trains pulled into the village puffing,—and with resignedly lugularious expressions; they left with a joy that surpassed all understanding 'til one noticed that the depot was planted on the crest of a sharp incline. Confucius said, when he saw it—"Perhaps that explains it!!"

EPISODE SECOND

The poin lay on the soup coloured pillow; the lady lay on the *chaise-tongue*. The poin did nothing; neither did the lady; she was absorbed in Sandberg's Smoke and Steel. The poin was an awfully dumb brute; the lady had black hair.

If rained quite hard outside. The sidewalks were clammy with spring worms. The dog-catchers drove past, looking for dogs to catch. The very soul of cosmos seemed to turn over for another snooze.

The lady's father was Captain of the Pink Earmuff Trust; her mother was a lady who put salt on watermelon. They were a happy but honest family; they lived in the sub-basement of the tallest tower on the island. They had an oil stove, six walls, three tooth brushes, a ceiling a spare tire, an ink eraser, and a floor in the drawing room; they lived in an honest-to-goodness one room apartment.

The lady was very ugly and had no admirers, However, she was a sweet little blonde and chewed gum; so she knew that the dawa of a new soul-day was at hand.

EPISODE LAST

The cab rolled endlessly southward through the gathering dawn. The driver was one of those fearless troglodites who have succumbed to the disadvantages of marriage. He could steer with his left hand and do other things, such as play pinochle,—with his right.

Just at this time they all felt something hard to describe. Some nut had left the Michigan Boulevard bridge open and the cab was falling . . . falling

.... statistics prove, or at tenst assert, that there is a drop of thirty-four feet from upper parement to moisture. But, as it may not have been the rainy season, perhaps they fell somewhat farther

EPISODE IMPORTANT

Just as the cab was passing the seventh manhole north of the river, the lady in the case grabbed Adrian Varnish, who had become a barber by that time, in a hickory nut crushing grip

"Kiss me, Plugged Cent?" she bellowed in his ear.
"Wait a minute," Adrian replied. "I tore you."

"Wett, can't you do it anyway?" inquired the lady, with overwhelming naivete.

Splash, went the cab...

Rome	o's 1	ove	, W	as	of h	righ	an	iperage	but	low	po-
tential.	Don	ı J	11:11	r's	was	of 1	low	ampera	ige	but	high
potential	١.				and	l fi	equ	ency.			

Plato may not have invented Platonic love, but at least he lent it an air of distinction.

. . 8 - -

Let them say what they will, a petting party is too naive to be immoral. Not to have loved may or not be a loss. Not to have been loved connotes a lack of conformity to the social amenities. A bridge over San Francisco Bay will cost 86,500,000 being almost as expensive as auction bridge.

Duck hunters report a big crop of sparrows.

Chicago has a deaf and dumb college. Long may they shave!

-8----

_ S -----

All Rhetoric 6 students are in a class by themselves.

The Unearned Increment





Sheik: By the way, do you pet?

Sheba: How bold! Don't you receive a lot of

rebuke by being so abrupt?

Sheik: Yes, and I get a lot of petting, too.

Morality

She chided me for saying I could see nothing Beantiful in Rabelais, insisting That she followed a doctrine Of "Art for Art's sake," In Everything and That I had a prurient Mind.
Last night I saw her In Crystal Lake Park with Art.
And then I understood Her.

Mean!

"After you, my dear Bertraud!

"Precede me, my good Adolphus!

"Never! Go! I beseech you!

So the good Adolphus went first, but the sly fellow fooled Bertrand, he did, by buying only one ticket.

—G. R.

Third Down

The copper yelled to a man in a pool,

"Hey, you can't swim in there."

"I know it, Sir," the other cried,

"That's why I fight for air."

POP A. COWE.



Fingers and Sealing-Wax

A Monody on Dennison-Art

Delicate fingers have I seen Like chiseled marble in perfect line; Graceful their movement, sure, serene, On ivory keys or in art's design.

Marveled I have and gloried, for I love their swiftness or beauty lax; But Vera's fingers delight me more When she does dabble in sealing-wax;

Vera has fingers plump and round, That breathe of the pink in blossom time; Trained they are not by ruling sound, But her own teaching in its prime.

Here is a flower in shade pastelle She wrought from wax sticks and glowing flame, Twisted and heated, till it fell Into the shape living buds attain.

Bracelets and pendants she can contrive, With plans and fancies carefully wrought, Moulding and shaping into life The flowers and roses of sweet dream-thoughts.

Then have I wondered if she be Elaine of old, who wove knightly acts, Dreams of hopes into tapestry— Except Vera uses scaling-wax!

Delicate tingers oft 1 see, Faultlessly chiseled with beauty lax; Still never the charm do they hold for me As Vera's tingers and sealing-wax.

-Margaret Rabe '25.

We really ought to live two hundred years. We are stronger at the beginning of the second hundred than at the beginning of the tirst.

Of Kaginore

Kaginore had come into a peculiar mental situation. For him there were no more emotional sensations—no delights, no sorrows, no repugnances, no appreciations. His best friend had said he "made him tired." Kaginore had looked at him with mildly scrutinizing eyes and gone away. Kaginore's mother had worked a day in the laundry and sent him three dollars. Ordinarily this would have stirred him. Today it did not. He counted the money stolidly and put it in his pocket. He had intended to read a book that evening which he had been very eager about the day before. It was nine o'clock at night and he had not started it.

He realized the strangeness of his predicament its abnormality. His mind functioned rapidly and clearly enough, but he had lost mental color. He felt strangely like one looking through a knothole of an imaginary fence into a vacuum.

It was from too close analization of the world—that was the trouble. Also, it was unsafe to be this way. It endangered his mental equilibrium. Somehow, in some manner he must awaken some emotion that would startle him out of his apathy.

He tried music, art, poetry, the best humorous magazines. Unavailing. As a last resort he went to a friend who never failed to flatter him. She was unusually pleasant—she tried her best. He did not even smile.

On the way home he passed a bakery. Inside on the counter stood a pan of cream puffs topped with precise frescoes of smooth whipped cream. In a moment Kaginore was inside, buying one.

"I believe I'll take two," he said, beaming at the proprietor. "I was always so fond of cream puffs,"

While he ate, he mused. Suddenly he laughed, "I remember now. I forgot to eat any breakfast!"

For you see, Kaginore was a mere man.



GO WEST, YOUNG MAN, GO WEST !







There was once an old miller who had three sons, all boys. The old man had fit in the war but became so old waiting for the Bonus that he realized that his time to fade out of the picture was at hand. So he called his three sons to his bedside and divided his estate thusly:

"My sons, yer old man's pins are giving in. To the eldest I leave my house and farm. The second shall have the horses and cows along with their appetites. And you, my youngest son shall have the house cat. I'm sorry there is no more."

"So am 1," agreed the youngest whose name was dames most of the time.

James was too dumb to contest the will. Instead he took the cat and—you're right, he left.

While he was packing his bag preparing to leave he was astonished to hear the cat speak—astonished because he hadn't had a single drink since that memorable day in July.

"Listen Jim," said the cat familiarly calling his young master by his front handle although it was the first time he had spoken to him, "You stick close to me and I'll make your fortune. Dig up some dough, now, and get me a deck of dick and a pair of loaded cards. (Note: According to all previous translations Puss was supposed to ask for boots but this has been proved erronious.)

Accordingly James forged a certificate of title to half of his brother's cattle and sold it, the certificate not the cow. With the proceeds be bought the aforementioned articles.

The next day the cat went to the Royal Palace to call on the King. The King was in the counting house,—no, that's another story. The King was playing rubber of solitaire and and not getting anywhere with it.

"Do you know how to play Three-card Monte, King?" asked the cat.

"No," said his Majesty, "And I'll bet you three grand you cawn't teach me. No one has ever been able to teach me anything yet."

The cat selected three cards—a court card, and two number cards. He held them up before his

Majesty, Pause. Then he put them down, (also with paws.)

"Now, King, old sport, I'll betcha eight of my nine lives against your palace that when I lay the pastboards down, you can't stick your lunch hooks on the picture card." Naturally this bird thought the cat was a poor tish and took the bet.

Puss laid the cards down and the King picked up the trey of hearts.

"Gimme a chance to win my steak back," yelped the king, hungry for revenge.

"O. K. King. This time I'll bet you a half interest in the palace against your crown that you can't pick out the Jack."

"Done," cried the King.

"You are," commented Puss spreading out the cards.

The King picked up the seven of clubs.

"Let's try the grief cubes awhile," suggested the King, hoping to win back his nobby headgear, "What are you betting?"

"The crown against the Royal Treasury," shouted Puss and out slid the twins.

"Have you a little fairy in your home?" asked the King as five and two hopped up.

"I leave her lay, King,-got anything left?"

"Nothing but a bunch of titles. I'll lay you a membership in the Amalgamated and Benevolent order of the Garter for the support of Kings," responded his Majesty wearily.

"Six and one, five and two, four and three, attention!" yelped the cat. "Sir, the battalion is deformed."

"Haven't those dice anything but seven on them?" asked the King mistrustfully.

"I've never seen anything else flop up," answered Puss truthfully, "Sorry 1 didn't bring my top along. What's the stakes?"

"I have nothing left but remorse and a daughter,"

"That's two remorses, King, but I'll tell you what. On the next shake if you lose, your daughter marries my master Jimmy, Marquis of Carabas,

Jim's a good scout and he'll let you hang around the shack in your slipper's. If you win I'll give you back your stetson and you can soak it for enough to start life again."

"All right," said the King, joyfully, for he was glad of a chance to marry the girl off to someone. She was a pretty dame, but the prettier a daughter is the more they get under your hide sometimes.

The King was so eager that when Kitty tossed the cubes he yelled "Hop up seven!"

The cat won. So did the King, in a way. The next day Jim married the princess and everything was duck soup and toast crumbs.

And they say that curiosity killed the cat.

Tense Moment No 19283



Rudolph, sheik supreme and erstwhile student, has declared time out to call his Boolah (of the shoit factory) and cheer her yearning heart with a little snappy collegiate conversation.

History's Outline Sans Parody

Attraction Syncopation Osculation Probation

--Twins

Wot A Mess

HALLY B. POMEROY

Physiological and psychological inquiry of late years has led certain scientists to contend that the sensations excited through the olfactory nerves are longest retained in mind, and further that incidents connected with a definite reaction of the said nerves are the incidents or facts longest remembered.

Being of an inventive rather than scientific turn of mind an idea at once so sensuous and practical appealed to me. One might, for instance, connect in one's mind, merely for the purpose of remembering it, the rhyme scheme of a Petrarchan sonnet with fried cabbage, or the square root of two with peamits, or any of a number of obvious smells. To be sure . . . fascinating . . . until . . .

"Possible, possible," replied the cynic in answer to my mental hyperbolae and parabolae, "but what if the exam was in the chem building?..."

No matter how bad a poet is, his stuff is always yerse.

_8----

No girl is as pretty as she's painted!



How went the exams today? Fine. They forgot to read the foot-notes.

We have a Brunswick at the house, Izzat so? Why don't you ever drive it?



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About The Siren

The STREN is not now, never was, and I hope never will be a closed corporation. In view of the late unpleasantness it seems meet that these things should be made clear. The campus of the University of Illinois has ever been a shoal upon which journalistic ventures have come perilously near destruction. Since their editorial support depends entirely upon the students there is bound to be a time of plenty and a time of dearth. When there is a dearth there is a concommitant lack of enthusiasm on the part of students which reflects disastrously npon the financial position of the magazine. I do not think the Illinois Magazine suffered from dearth of material. It was rather that the students do not want anything smacking of extra-curriculum culture. But the position of the SIREN this year has been one in which dearth of good humorous material

has played a devastating part; and the consequent failing of financial support has added to the difficulties of the art department of the magazine. Criticism in a case like the present one is of no avail; if there must be criticism it should be of those who might help and who do not. It has been inferred that a closely amalgamated clique or coterie of sophists runs the SIREN to its own particular enjoyment. This is not true. The editorial columns of the SIREN have ever been open to those who can best fill them. Those who cry loudest about the predicament of the magazine are those who will do least for the alleviation of the difficulty. It has always been so; yet the editor has hopes that there is extant on the campus undiscovered ability in the writing of humorous material and herewith appeals to that immediately precious element for contributions.

About Millicent

Varions and diverse are the attitudes suggested for the effective annihilation of the anti-male and predative Millicent Turner '23. To come out in open diatribe against her, say some, is to leave room for the hearty laughs of onlookers who see an admission of weakness in the attack. Yet to remain silent, say many, is irksome. The most satisfying conduct in the matter is of course not to read the "Meows": if coffee makes you wakeful at night, the best thing to do is to refrain from drinking it. On the whole, Millicent is aggravating but harmless.

On Dormitories

Why is it necessary that in order to obtain an education at the University of Illinois, a great host of students must sacrifice utterly all the comfort and convenience of a comfortable and home-like environment by living in the average rooming house near this campus? It is an insult to one's sense of decent living conditions to be forced into living quarters characteristic of most of the campus rooming houses. Yet the University expends more money each year for the provision of better quarters for women students. That is commendable in the highest degree, yet is it possible that men have less of a sense of the aesthetic than women? In fact, the aesthetic hardly enters in; it is actually a question of sanitation and health. Do men care less for the fitness of their surroundings than women? Perhaps so, yet even the most careless man, if he let himself realize the condition of most rooming houses on the campus suffers nausea and revulsion at the dirty, inadequate, unhealthful and meagerly furnished quarters provided. Now is the time for university wormitories for men. And until better quarters are provided, students will continue to pay but little heed to the purposes for which the University of Illinois is provided. When a student's environment is clean and in order, his mental reaction will be likewise. The University has as heavy a charge in providing respectable living quarters for students as it has for providing a new library, and Heaven knows we need that badly enough.

On Operas

The University of Michigan spends more than \$20,000 a year on its student opera, and sends it on trips which include from twenty to twenty-five engagements. The University believes in the opera as an asset and not a liability—an educational and publicity force rather than an insidious institution which undermines the good name of the university with a galaxy of immoralities. It is interesting to compare the attitude of the officials of the University of Michigan with that of the officials of the University of Illinois. The opera at Illinois has always been a disturbance in the moral consciousness of the authorities. It seems that moral standards have geographic significance.

In Spring Etc—

A young man's fancy does not turn to love in 'the Spring. It is more usually turned for him. The male is a most bungling fellow in affairs of the heart, and were it not for the tender and retining influence of womankind he would probably go blundering off to waste his affection on pipes, mechanical contrivances, golf, checkers or some other diverting puzzles. Instead she turns his attention to that greatest of all puzzles, herself.

On Posture

"Better Postures" begin to assume the characteristics of "A Perpetual Smile and an Automatic Hello." Not satisfied with loading the student seeking an education with non-essential subjects which serve but to discourage him, not content with placing everything possible in the path of the student to remind him that he will go to hell if he doesn't be good, the authorities come now with instructions on how to carry one's body. As long as they confine their attention to the ideals, intellects and aspirations of our unintelligent majority we shall be the last to object. But when it comes to instructing co-eds how to appear charming through emulation of a ram-rod . . . well, we can only emit a discreet titter.





Zoo Prof. at Tite Wad's: Hm! Must be a Plymouth Rock.

Mirabile Dictu.

The Millenium was here
Yesterday.—at least 1 thought
So.
My friend Max
Had traded his beloved
Omar for (kanumajinit)
Huxley.
Today my soul rests
In contentment
Sans Puer.
Max had registered in
English 20.

8.0.8.

Should we say that a home-brewer "compounds a felony"?

Kind Gent - You say your father choked to death on lead?

Tramp - Yes, sir; he wuz shot at sumrise.

/ -- Punch Bowl

The Tale of A Nail

In the Neolithic Age, lived a singer and a sage; And often he wore foliage for clothes.

But the hero of my tale displayed claw, instead of nail

At the very farthest end of his toes,

But like other foolish poets, he loved and you must know it,

An auburn headed maiden with devotion.

When he asked her, "NO!" she said, "Not until upon this head,

Blooms a flower from the bottom of the acean:"

In his heart, love fanned the flame; to the ocean's edge he came;

And he dived and went full many leagues below.

And he stayed there several hours, picking red and yellow flowers;

Look!—a giant oyster has him by the toe,

Then he fought. The clan assembling, and the maiden all a-trembling

Watched the struggle with the bivalve, from above. Then one mighty effort clears him, and the clan above him, cheers him;

As he lays the flowers down with sighs of love.

Well, they lived a life of plenty, and their children numbered twenty;

Of whom we are descended, you must know.

"What is that," you say. I pause. Yes my hero he had claws;

But the oyster shell still grows upon our toe,

Ron de Lay.

The Seven Ages of Woman





Psychoanalysis

By HELEN E. BREHM

Conscious:

He sang Alma Mater and warbled at eve Of the cloisters and fair marble halls, The grassy quadrangle, the chimes in the tower, The old oaken seminar walls.

The dear folks at home were impressed when he said. That his school was the bigest on earth,

That Armory there, with its columns, yes, yes, And lord! What the buildings were worth!

He liked all his courses; the profs were good sports, The campus was lovely in May;

He worked to make honors and though he carried none,

He'd fought a good fight anyway.

Yes, Yes.

Subconscious:

The study of poultry, cerulean goose!

And of aesthetic dancing—at College,

And the research in tomes, and the tasting of fruit At the Library orchard of knowledge.

Philosophy deep-a la Omar Khayyam,

A study of kings, in the deck,

The science of bones (to be shaken when taken),

Music (be Maurie and Keck).

The strolls along Green street, browsing on life,

Fraternities, Orpheum, rah!!

Rouge, Osky wow wow, south campus blues!

Latin-Botany?- Bah!

Yes, Yes.

Not Recorded

Prof. Dryasdust had been reading his history lectures from the same manuscript for the last twenty-five years with never a deviation or an interruption from the class. On the particular occasion of this tale, Horace Swingerton Scrunch, who no doubt later made Phi Beta Kappa, that is if they let him live that long, broke out in the middle of the lecture with a question. Prof. Dryasdust, as soon as he recovered from the shock, scrutinized his notes closely. Then, raising his eyes to the questioned, he whispered in an awed and nonplussed voice: "It—it doesn't say!"

Hors De Combat!

My engineer room-mate dreamed he was an infantry drill-instructor last night. He awakened me with his explanation to the rookies of the command, "By the right flank, march". His exhortation ran something like this:

"The command is given as the right triangle strikes the solid, advance and plant the perpendicular bisector, turn on the planes of both spheres, and step off in the new quadrant with the right function. Keep both equations straight to infinity without changing the signs. The cosecant of the hyperbola should be between the first and second fingers, and the forearm a permutation of logarithms. The orthographic projection should be at an angle of 45 degrees, with the binomial theorem in the hollow of the shoulder."

—Sundown Slim.

THE SACRIFICE

She gave up mutton, pork and beef,
She gave up ades and teas;
She gave up milk without relief,
She gave up beans and peas.
She gave up fruits and spuds and jams,
She gave up bread and toast;
She gave up herring, shrimp and clams,
She 'most gave up the ghost.
She gave up powder, rouge and men,
She gave up baths and soap;

And when she weighed herself again-She wept and gave up hope.

The snake, like an army, travels on its stomach.



What's this? The army of the unemployed, No. The R. O. T. C. in review.

The Women's Reading Room

AN IMPRESSION

Institutional wooden tables and institutional leather chairs. Indestructible rugs and hard wood floors. Studions women at individual desks. Parasites surrounding a horn rimmed victim murmuring over the semester's work, at the larger tables. Radio booted and jet careringed individuals reading "Gargoyles," Weary "Town and Gown" types lying ou lonnges, eyes shaded, heads covered, idling over last night's date and resting for this evening's moonlight stroll, under pretense of watching work on the new gym. Three Illinae discuss the relative merits of vanishing cream and youthglow rouge. All eyes rise as long skirted study in brown crosses the room to leave.

—Twins, Powder: "You surely have a small arm," River: "Yes, but it gets around,"

"I'm cutting quite a figure," said the chorus girl as she sat on the broken glass.

— Gaboon

A bear was killed by an auto in the Adirondacks; the driver probably mistook him for a pedestrian.

Creed

By Helen E. Breitn

I ink no pen to censor men, I take them as they come, If, in surprise, my eye brows rise, You must be going some. I like the stuff that isn't rough, Yet has a little tang. I relish spice, that rich, but nice, The Whiz without the Bang. The Moonlight Dance or French romance, The wink without the leer, The jokes that dare—but are not rare, The jest without the jeer. And though I wade in everglade Of humor, dank and low, I am not fussed. They may disgust, They shall not shock me, No!!

What's Wrong Here



Ans: The artist forgot to put in the front corner of the house,

Night Magic

Theres' a tang in the air from the mist in the wind,
The smell of the swamp, and the hedges.
The fragrant balsam storm-swept and thinned,
And the racy taste of the sedges.

Above in the pines where the crickets are singing, With accented heats, and light;

Are the wings of the will o' wisp ganzily sailing Alone in the dark of the night.

A thousand lights, a thousand sounds,
A thousand perfumes in the air,
The smell of the woods, the bay of hounds
And the will o' wisp's tiny flare.

RON DE LAY.

Honor It Sophis

"Herewith, with great gusto and commendatory zeal, I affix my cryptic signature, certifying upon my honor that I have neither maliciously given nor surreptitiously purloined aid from any of my colleagues."

—G. R.

Why Not "Shooting"?

A judge, who oft tanked up quite full, Used to base his decisions on pull, Till the people grew wise— They his rulings despise, And they call the great judge "Sitting Bull," POP A. COWE.

Outrageous

The old maid stamped her foot, and turning her back, walked out of the book shop. "Why should 1." she hissed, "Why should 1 pay two dollars for a book of free verse?"

—Twin

No!

A certain young man from K. C. Used to balance the girls on his Knee, They say he is keen—
Now if you are not green,
You will know he is skinny. You see?

POP A. COWE.

Says Pierrot



Poor Pierrot views with wistful eyes, Standing alone, grief smote, apart, The gala lighted western skies Whose fire he knows must scorch his heart, His lute is dead its song no more Will summon forth Columbines smile . . . "Pierrot your tune's a beastly bore, And furthermore your voice is vile," So had she said and sent him out, And now he stands a-sorrowing, While she makes merry with the rout Of course there is another thing-Poor Pierrot's songs are out of date His ditties nowdays get the razz; His fullables can never rate . . . The new Columbine must have jazz. -D. C. Allen.

Can This Be!

"Sardonic cacchinations of chortling gargoyles, spontaneous chuckles of jolly and jocund tipplers, simpering smirks of tittering gigglers, uncouth guffaws of hee hawing clowns, laughter of Momus, Democritus the Abderite . . . are as nothing to the cigar store Indian.

-G. R.

We Approve of That Motion



Let's shake. I second the motion.

Or Prophylactic

Write you a poem dear? What shall it be? Shall it be free verse, Or rhyme rythmically? How will you have it? Just in what way? Better choose wisely.—Didactic, I'd say.

POP A. COWE.

For Emergency

Quoth the chevalier: "I offer the

A heart that is glad, a heart that is free
A heart that will e'er be a joy to thee!"

Quoth the damsel; yawning: "A-w-ll right
put a return address on it please."

—G. R.

In Humboldt County, Calif., a man killed a catamount with an arrow . . . much to the surprise of both.

 Λ fool and his money soon pay a dime for a nickle eigar.

- 8 - -

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The hard thing about skating is to keep doing it standing up.

The size of a box of candy to give a girl depends upon the number of brothers she has.

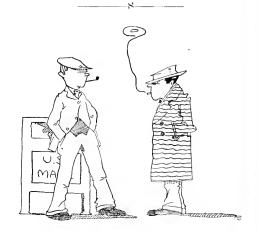
The age old struggle between Ireland and England has ended again.

A West Virginia man of 83 has just ridden his first street car, this seems to be a long time to wait for a car.

Skeleton of Baluchisterium has been found in Mongolia. Remember the name in case you evermeet one.

There should be a fortune in dyeing Christmas ties a different color.

New York will soon have 100 indoor golf courses.
Golf keeps one out in the open.



Are you married?

No. I got this tie at a rummage sale up at the house.



Whitman's famous candies are sold by-

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CHAMPAIGN
John Schuler & Co.
Arcade Confectionery (J. Thornhill)



Remarkable Vision

Do you sell invisible hairpins?
Yes, Lady. Would you like to see some.

SOME ADVANCE TIPS ON SUMMER CLOTHES



Judging from the man at Palm Beach who tries out all the advanced summer styles, the articles of clothes illustrated above will find their way into every man's summer wardrobe. Panama hats will be worn with a colored hat band to match colored ribbon belts with flannels and short knickers. Striped hat bands, belts and ties should represent the colors of a club, fraternity or college. Failing that, they should harmonize color

schemes. One of the most conspicuous novelties for next summer will he the buckskin shoe. This shoe has long been familiar to the English man and is popular with him for general country wear. It is entirely made of brown, taupe, or gray buckskin and has no leather trimmings. It is easy to keep clean, needing only soap and water. It is far more practical than a shoe of white buckskin because it does not show dust or stain. In either of the colors mentioned above this shoe will harmonize with almost any color scheme or any type of country clothes. It is easy on the foot and a thoroughly practical shoe, sure to become popular.

A MILD WEATHER MUFFLER

The fleecy Shetland muffler is a necessity for cold weather. But in mild weather a nuffler may be very comfortably worn if it is silk or cashmere, or some medium weight material which is not too warm. An overcoat looks best worn with a muffler and it is a spot of color which is always pleasing to the eye. A bandanna with a printed design in bright colors is



the ideal mild weather muffler. A muffler should always be worn softly folded about the neck and never, as we see many men wearing it, neatly folded in a V across the chest. A larged sized silk bandanna is a very useful article in any man's wardrobe. It can be worn about the neck for motoring in the spring; with a top coat in town, around the neck for golfling, or in the pocket of a rough homespun coat in the conntry. Many smart men today collect silk bandannas as school boys collect striped neckties.



Movie directors, please copy

IN fiction and the movies all college men naturally fall into two groups. Those who pass their days and nights "Rah! Rah!"-ing and snake-daneing; and those who never appear except with evening clothes—and cane.

The man who works his way through eollege simply doesn't figure.

Taking care of a furnace, running a laundry, waiting on table, tutoring, covering for a city paper, working in shop or office in vacation—all this may be lacking in romantic appeal, but it is an essential part of the college picture.

And a valuable part. The whole college is the gainer for the earnestness of men who want their education that hard.

Valuable to the college, but even more to the men who travel this rough going. They learn an important lesson in Applied Economics—the amount of sweat a ten dollar bill represents.

If you are one of them you may sometimes feel that you are missing a good deal of worthwhile college life. If you are not, you may be missing a good deal, too.

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Safety

Laden with a freasure trove, Unexpurgated editions of Rabelais, Boccaccio and a copy of "Fantazius Mallare" I came back from Chicago, and I feared To contaminate the minds Of fraternity brothers By letting them Read them. They strove manfully to Find them. But I outwitted them. I had put covers On my treasures entitled "Bible," "Textbook" and "How to Write a Letter,"

-8. O. S.

"Sing a song of college days
Tell me where to go ="
I sang the song. My lady's dad
Told me the place. All hot. You know!

-B. S.

THE GREEKS

When the noontime bell has sounded and you quickly wend your way to where the festive bean hangs out and the hamburger holds sway. Oh, tell me patient suff'rer, how does it make you feel? don't you cut down on the money that you've saved to buy your meal; when you see a greasy Greek behind a counter tilled with pies, on each and every one of which are swarms of great big flies. And when he calls, "a bowla zup," or "one piess coknut pie," please tell me, don't it make you feel as if you'd rather die than eat the stuff that he will serve upon a dirty plate; I'm sure a college student should have a better fate. I know the Greeks we read about would never act like these (though Socrates, they say, was very fond of fleas). If ancient Sparta's soldiers had eaten as we do, they'd surely throw their hands up and let the Persians through. Why Greeks should have it in for us, I'm sure I cannot say; they make us burn the midnight oil and worry through the day, they strike us both through brain and blood, they sure have made us work and if I ever get a chance, I'll go and help the Turk-

Who is this goat that does "nothing else but"?

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CHAMPAIGN, fll.

Momentum Surfeit!

It took four years for me to make My lady come to me; A thousand four hundred and sixty one Nights of cold lethargy—But now Eve won her over she Shows much alacrity.
Em trying now to slow her down She's grown too fast for me.

-Pop A Cowe.

January Obligato

(In march time)

By George Rosenberg



Single Copies of The Siren are always on sale at the following places:

University District:

U. of I. Supply Store (Co-op) Green Street Pharmacy Engineer's Co-op University Pharmacy—Goodwin Ave. Idol Inn

Champaign:

Inman Hotel & Drug Store Mollett and Woller Swannell's Drug Store

Urbana:

Joe's Place Leslie's Music Store

Good Enough!

Gaze at the ice on our dear Crystal Lake— Coated with snow; frozen onto a cake— Looks very chilly; take it from me, I know it's chilly; soon you'll agree.

I knew a lady nice to the eye—
She much upset me.—I thought I'd die!
I took her out there—summertime too;
Goodness 'twas chilly; my cheek's still blue.
—Pop A. Cowe.

Revenge

Two years ago 1
Marched in the ranks
On Parade
And hated every
Upperclassman who fined
The curb enjoying my
Discomfiture.
This afternoon 1
Made 3,000

Enemies.

asteo This one extra quality that cannot be duplicated Guaranteed by the American S

Gilliland Cafeteria

Waffles

Country Sausage, Butter, Syrup and Coffee 25c

MORNING

EVENING

Poetic Growth

When I was writing poetry quite early in my teens My verse was full of dire distress and most disheartening scenes.

I cheerfully chortled of the day when death would take us all,

And every couplet rang a knell, each stanza wore a pall.

But bills and worry, life and fret have made me furn about—

1 lift of health and happiness, say nothing can go wrong. 1 sing of youth and joy and love, the poems of the strong.

And when I reach the blissful age, the years of ninety-two,

I'll dance and frolic with the rest in manners really new

Some poet in some hidden place will watch me smirk and strut,

And murmur to his youthful self, "The old boy's olf his nut."

—D, C, Λ.

Spring Styles



at the

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ΠП

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Education

Last night we decided After long, serious discussion That a college education is Worthwhile. My fellow philosophers were On the verge of saving It wasn't When I jumped into the Breach with an original copy Of Marguerite de Navarre's "Heptameron," a translation of Which my fellow erudites had Been unable to Attain. With my senior French I Anglicised It glibly to my assembled Anditors. Boccaccio, Sterne, Hecht, Balzac, Rabelais, Cabell Et al were swept off the boards

By these contes with a

It was then decided that

A college education was

Moral tone.

Worthwhile,

--- S. O. S.

READY TO OBLIGE

Husband (angrily)—"What, no supper ready? This is the limit. I'm going to a restaurant."

Wife-"Wait just five minutes."

Husband-"Will it be ready then?"

Wife-"No, but then I'll go with you."

-Houston Post.

"Johnny, I'm afraid I will not see you in heaven," said the father to his errant son.

"Why, what have you been doing now, Pop?"

—Tar Baby.

"Daughter, did 1 not see you sitting on that young man's lap when 1 passed the parlor door last evening?"

"Yes, but it was very embarrassing. I wish you had not told me to."

"Good heavens! I never told you to do anything of the kind!"

"You did. You told me that if he attempted to get sentimental I must sit on him."—Pathfinder.

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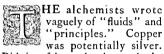
No publication is complete without pictures.

G.R. GRUBB & © ENGRAVERS CHAMPAIGN ILL





The "PRACTICAL" Alchemist and "THEORETICAL" Robert Boyle



Rid it of its red color and the "principle" of silver would assert itself, so that silver would remain. With a certain amount of philosopher's stone (itself a mysterious "principle") a base metal could be converted into a quantity of gold a million times as great.

This all sounded so "practical" that Kings listened credulously, but the only tangible result was that they were enriched with much bogus gold.

Scientific theorists like Robert Boyle (1627-1691) proved more "practical" by testing matter, discovering its composition and then drawing scientific conclusions that could thereafter be usefully and honestly applied. Alchemists conjectured and died; he experimented and lived.

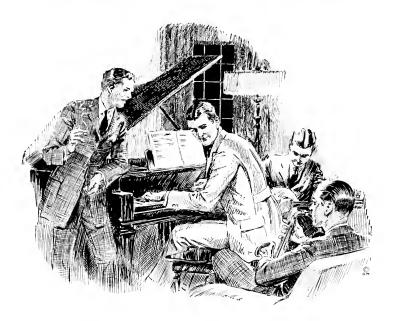
Using the air pump Boyle undertook a "theoretical" but scientific experimental study of the atmosphere and discovered that it had a "spring" in it, or in other words that it could expand. He also established the connection between the boiling point of water and atmospheric pressure, a very "theoretical" discovery in his day but one which every steam engineer now applies.

He was the first to use the term "analysis" in the modern chemical sense, the first to define an element as a body which cannot be subdivided and from which compounds can be reconstituted.

Boyle's work has not ended. Today in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company it is being continued. Much light has there been shed on the chemical reactions that occur in a vessel in which a nearly perfect vacuum has been produced. One practical result of this work is the vacuum tube which plays an essential part in radio work and roentgenology.



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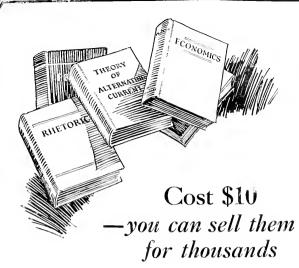
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The bulging dome on the library is worth emulating. It marks the way to bulging pockets.

Don't take our word for it. Ask some of the old grads, the men who have gone out before you to sell their books.

Some have sold them for more than others. Why? Just ask.

But, you may say, books are not the only thing. You're right.

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If Summer Comes

L' L

We will all hop off to our own little rendezvous of delight, to be refreshed and to mingle with our friends whom we are sure to meet there.

Schuler Bros.

Of course, is that choice spot. Make ours your meeting place—9 Main St.

GOING DOWN

Doctor: "I hope your patient's temperature is lower this morning." Nurse: "That is hard to tell, sir; he died last night."—Purple Parrot.

Registrar: "Name?" Stude: "Cohen." Registrar: "A. B.?"

Stude: "Nope, Isaac,"-Tiger.

Mad: "Ruth and Elsie are thick, aren't they?"

Wag: "Well, I only know Ruth,"—Columbia Jester,

THOSE SPECTACLES

Stude entering movie): "Good Lord! I've forgotten my glasses!"

Stewed: "'Sall right, old man, I c'n drink it right cut of the bottle."—Octopus.

Sister—Oh. Jimmy, you're cruel. How could you cut that poor defenseless worm in two?

Jimmy—Aw, sis; he seemed so lonesome.—Phoenix.



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Are you a blond, beloved of bards?

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ARITHMETIC ERROR

Frank: "What was the big excitement at the theater of the 'Seven Veils'?"

Rank: "The dancer missed count." -- Harvard Lampson,

Jim: Well, I think I'll go to my Ecclass tomorrow.

Jam: Guess I'd better go with you.
Jim: Why should you go with me?
You're not in the class.

Jam: You'll probably need someone to identify you.—Sun Dodger.

Author: "What do you think of the latest child of my brain?"

Friend: "I haven't read it, but if it's anything like its father, it ought to be suppressed."—Tiger.

Tom: "Harry ate something that poisoned him."

Dick: "Croquette?"

Tom: "Not yet; but he's very ill."
—Scalper.

Geology Prof.: "The class will now name some of the lower species of animals, starting with Mr. Smith."— Gaboon

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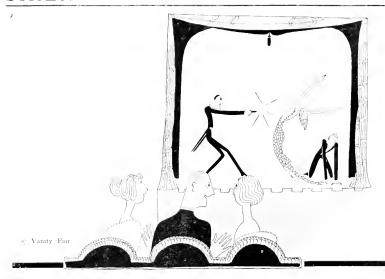
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The Happy Ending

The play's over—the whole shooting match. Everyone is either dead or married. Now you can go home, to the really happy ending of the day—to read your copy of

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ART, life and letters served up in short courses which will not jade the most delicate appetite.

AND the only sensible, correct, well-bred department of men's clothes published in this country.

Where's the Nearest News Stand?



Art for Art's Sake

The Changing Spring "The world may find the Spring by following her." In wooded lanes why poke about Asking, "Are pussy-willows out?" And why in bare woods, brown and wet, Hunt for the hiding violet? Or in the hedge-rows peer and blink To see if buds are growing pink? And whether the crocus yet holds up Under the hedge her golden cup. Hope you to find the bright-eyed Spring Along the wayside, gypsving? She is not there. She does not hide In cold nooks of the countryside. Nor trail her rosy fingers through Misty meadows bright with dew-Clad, till every snow-drop melts, In simple beauty and little else. Since Ovid and those fellows spied her, The nymph's horizons have grown wider. Her standard of living is somewhat higher-Till May-day comes, she likes a fire. She's just as blithe and debonair, But she has now more savoir-faire Than in the Arcadian age of gold, When goat-foot gods were over-bold. With Pan and all such rustic lubbers, She makes no dates. She wears her rubbers, As Virgil says, "The height of her heels The authentic goddess now reveals." Swinging a Competent umbrella Of purple silk, or maybe yellow, She whom you seek may best be seen Somewhere 'twixt Daniel, Wright, and Green. Sometime 'twixt morning, noon, and night, Bannered and beautiful and bright, Making the sun in envy stare At the red wonder of her hair, While the soft south wind and the west confer How to enhance the grace of her. —Jacob Behmen.

The Modern Marco Polo

By George Rosenberg

(Induced by reading "Smart Set")

I imbibed my ticket and boarded the train.

"Get up! You, get up! This is your stop!" I awakened, and got off the train, somewhat in a daze.

The station was of familiar disgusting dreariness—but I noticed the sign over the entrance:

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1 age from Hell

Tourist Union trains at every hour of the day; local stops at Neurosia, Fatua, Decadia, Dadia, Bomm Basst, Heddon Ism, Blah, Prejoo Decia. Through trains to Heaven and Hell. Special excursion rates to all points except Heaven.

min and the leavest and the same

Through the hurrying throng of the station a porter strode up towards me. He seemed familiar—looked like a caricature of H. L. Mencken.

"My good man," I remarked, "can you tell me where in the dence I am—what line is this, any how?"

He leered at me. "Even a professor could read that sign. Read it, and weep." Contemptuously he indicated the sign. I stuck my hand in my pocket. His manner changed. "Allow me to guide you—this town is strange unique. Its sights are unique. Allow me to guide you—I am a member of the Newsstands Group and am qualified."

"All right, Menk. Take my luggage, and let's be off to a hotel."

He grasped my luggage which consisted of an especially fortified grip of strong *Provincialism*, and a suit case of sturdy *Futuo-Scnite* fabric 1 had inherited from my ancestors. I followed him to his bus. It was a blatant vehicle, smartly set—of the Magazine variety.



A fortified grip and a suit case.

Scated in the bus, I questioned my guide—to the obvious displeasure of the occupants, who struck me as being *Utra-Sophisticatos*.

"Take me to the best hotel—at a medium price,"
"Of course, taken for granted, sir. The Hotel
Press—American Plan, European Barsed. It is on
Cosmos Thoroughfare, at Cosmos and Chaos
Crossing."



A porter strode up to me.

"And what are the sights to be seen?" I enquired.

"Tonight," went on my guide, "at the Nietzchean Roof, the Follies of Frendia are being presented; at the Platform of the American Letters Club there is going to be a finish fight between Kid Sherman and Battlin' Teddy Dreiser; and at the Gratis Tommyrot Arena there is going to be a battle royal between Amee Lowell, Sandy Burg, Gunboat Whitman, Eddy Guest; and at the General Press Coliseum there is going to be a Journalistic Pageant in Yellow. Take your choice."

"I'd like to see the tight, I feel atavistic. Will you call for me—but you're my guide, of course you will."

"All right. This is your hotel, sir."

Shown to my room in the Hotel Press, I was surprised at the variety of hot water one could get into, the wire service, the women's, sporting, domestic, society departments. Impatiently I awaited my guide. At last he arrived.

We rolled along smoothly in the bus. Finally we arrived at the American Letters Club—a large, unsubstantial building, incomplete, colorful in spots, but quite barren and shoddy in others. Inside, I noticed the Platform of American Letters was in harmony with the buildings shaky, unsubstantial, the bounds were vague and hazy, and the light of it bleary. Surrounding the Platform were tiers of seats, in which were seated shouting, grimacing Sophisticatos, bellowing in loud voices, the londest voiced were seated closest to the Platform. My guide led me to seats very close to the ring, and commenced retorting to the shouts—and proved to be the londest-voiced—I sat and admired his schlachtenilegel technique.



It was a sturdy vehicle.

Then the contestants appeared and he got up to introduce them.

"Kid Sherman, gentlemen, the holder of the Puritan title of the Prairies, fights tonight, Battlin' Teddy Dreiser, the Terrible Barbarian, holder of all endurance records! Gentlemen, this fight is to the tinish--Rules of Press Aatagonists as laid down by Oliver Hereford to be adhered to. I would like to announce that the profits on war-tax go to the Home for Indigent Post Readers, and all concessions are held by the Pedagogs Union. Gentlemen, the tight begins!" He struck a bell and resumed his seat.

But I couldn't see the contestants tight. I told my guide this. He was not surprised.

"You want some glasses—here Boy!" A vendor wearing the insignia of the Pedagogs Union approached with various kinds of spectacles,—I picked a pair of the Indifferento make, but my guide shoved it away with a nexpression of disgust, and handed me spectacles of the Rabid-Partisano variety. Then I could see the fight!

Kid Sherman and Battlin' Teddy Dreiser were in their respective corners, crouched, glaring warily at each other; each feeling out his adversary.

Suddenly the Kid lead with a snappy contemptuo-dismissal—which Battlin' Teddy parried with a sublimo-indifferance and countered for the head with a killing retorto-sarcasticate! But the Kid dodged by means of a brochure and struck Battlin' Teddy a glancing blow on the vanity with a review-personae! The hubub of the spectators was tremendous!

"Ignore it!" shouted my guide.

"Follow up," shouted others.

Clang! went the gong; the first round was over—a draw!

The Kid refreshed himself with great draughts of research and study, while the Battler contented himself with observation. The second round commenced.

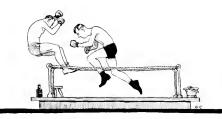
At the start, parrying with verbal incommunicadoes and minor bickerings, neither adversary gained an advantage, but suddenly the Kid crashed a huge *Tome d'Americanus* to the wind of the Battler, who was thrown to the ropes, but came back with a startling *opus* that dazed the Kid. The tunult of the spectators was astounding!

"Banish the Barbarian!"

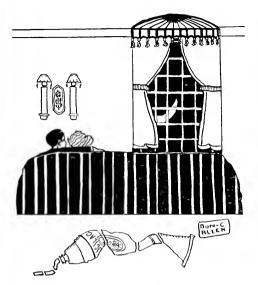
"Away with the Immaculate!"

The adversaries squared off anew—a fierce light in their eyes, stared for a few seconds, then each with a great shout of rage, lowered his head and dashed at the other! The impact was terrific!—there was a great rending, crashing and splintering, the Platform of American letters was torn to splinters! The columns, the roof, the pillars of the edifice of American letters were disrupted, the building crashed, down, down, wrecked in a great welter of dust and tumult! A block of O'Brien's Olympiads struck me a terrific blow . . . dazed . . . l heard above all the uproar the triumphant voice of my guide . . .

I awoke. My head was on my desk. 'Neath my head was a copy of "Smart Set."



The Kid crashed to the wind of the Battler.



Good Till the Last Squeeze

The bell rang. The front door opened and a poor meek-looking little fellow walked in. He started to speak, but was ent short by a rush of bigger men. He was manhandled, pulled, shoved, slapped, and roughed in general. When the excitement had subsided and the crowd somewhat withdrawn he stepped out, without his hat or coat it is true, but still smiling, game little fellow that he was. He was panting heavily after the struggle, but that was all as it was merely a fraternity greeting a prospective pledge.

—A. W. B.

The breezes brushed the little leaves aside,
They were but small leaves, very small,
But sometimes passers by are open eyed
To little leaves—and that's not all.
—T.N.

Woman: delusion. Love: glamour. Man: fish.

HOOKS AND RINGS

Town and Gown, by Lynn and Lois Scyster Montross, Doran, \$2.00,

- H. L. Mencken, S. P. Sherman and Dr. Bruce Weirick found this book to be interesting. Mencken found it sufficiently iconoclastic; Dr. Sherman thought it expressed high ideals, and Dr. Bruce Weirick put aside his Whiz Bang until he had finished this much discussed work.
- H. L. Mencken, S. P. Sherman and Dr. Bruce Weirick expressed themselves as approving of the general form of the book. The fact that it was bound and that the print was black and white made a special impression on H. L. Mencken, S. P. Sherman, and Dr. Bruce Weirick.
- H. L. Mencken, S. P. Sherman and Dr. Bruce Weirick having expressed themselves on this work, I think that if you wish to know more of Town and Gown, you should consult H. L. Mencken, S. P. Sherman and Dr. Bruce Weirick.

-Petey B.

THANKLESS JOBS, NO. 1

Many girls believe in Art for Art's sake. Is not kissing an Art?

Obviously



Faith



She trusts him Infinitely and he Trusts her to the same Degree. On their dates with Other people They act real democratic-Like if you know what I mean, but that's all right Because She trusts him Infinitely and he Trusts her to the same Degree.

Paddles slap and bathtubs wobble. See the seniors at their play. But like every dog in tiction. Every pledge will have his day.

--Pop A. Cowe.

=8, O, 8.

Small One (to his girl in restaurant): "Will you have a little shrimp?"

She One: "This is so sudden, John."-Medtey.

The Modern Math

By Tukulti Ninib

In the dark ages when the science of mathematics was in its infancy we are told that the wise men gathered over their parchments and patiently worked out the date of Easter. We sympathise with these grave old scholastics, for mathematics in any form is a horrible and confusing subject. How much more horrible it was than when your learned Monk multiplied MDCCIX by CCVIII is painful to think about.

Still, these old fellows had one advantage. No matter how abstruse their mathematical labors were, the good brother tailor provided them with a fine sackcloth robe, and such a robe as was guaranteed to be a long-wearing garment, always appropriate and stylish in the best Carthusian society.

In this much, at least, the good friars had an advantage over us. And while they left long and painfully calculated Easter dates we have no record of their ever solving the problem of how to purchase new tweeds, dance tickets, cokes, car slugs, neckware and sport shoes from non-existant bank accounts. Here we maintain, is the proper field for the college mathematician. Let such trifles as date of Easter and the parallax of fixed stars be worked out by mere Ph. D.'s.



Oh What a Relief!

Add True Confessions

By SURLAW

Let us speak plainly. Dancing is vulgar, in spite of the recommending condemnation of the ministers-of-the-gospel-and-dress-fashious. We don't know what the young woman's attitude is, not having been a young woman in the present stage of our metempsychosis, but we do know the young man's.

We were once a comparatively young man; (that is before we found a good commissary and became stout—but more of this anon.) And we have been to two or three dances, though they were not invitation affairs. We learned from instinct just what the attraction of dancing was—and we now seek to purge our soul.

We tell the chaperones that we enjoy most to dance with a lithe willowy, telegraph-pole sort of lady. But we know deep in our shirt sfeeves that what we want is a young woman with the body contour of a pouter pigeon. Men of short stature revel in cheek to cheek dancing with women of their own height. But, through a costly research, we have learned that a full appreciation of the sublime comes only through burying our face in delicately-scented tresses of a young spirituelle whose pate casts its upper projection along the lower wrinkle of our forehead. This heavenly partnership affords easy communion for whispered confidences, the young lady's right ear being in easy hailing distance. Further it cannot but be an advantage to the girl to hide, or even lose, her blushes on your coat collar. And Oh. the exhilirating joy of withdrawing gently from the clinch to find your partner smiling dreamily or tensely beneath closed eyelids. How we wait for the flickering shutters of awakening and recognition!

Is not this bestial? Truly it must dull our social fibre, put India ink on our escutcheons, and make us acknowledge before the world the sensual, laseivious hodge-podge that we are. And since we have grown too stout for *Physical Culture* or Wallace to help we join the ranks of those who twiddle their thumbs before the fireside and cry down the degeneracy of the nation's youth.

The Greatest of All Alibis

Love

Morality is the ward-robe of desire.





Men of Letters

Of A Young Lady

By

TUKULTI-NINIB

"I shall not love," she said, and I Sat fat and smugly smoking by

I did not even turn my head "A foolish little girl," I said

We heard the old, familiar din As couples slouched and swaggered in

1 blew an idle puff of smoke Remarked on being flatly broke

The thin blue vapor wreathed and rose She dabbled powder on her nose

And only then it came to me That words are subtle sophistry

Twas then I chanced to see her eyes "Dear Lord," I thought "this child is wise."

[&]quot;Is he a man of large caliber?"

[&]quot;No-big bore."-Judge.



Smith Memorial

The half's encased in velvet darkness
Pale silver spaces of barred moonlight
Stream on the smooth black floor.
I climb the lofty stair, and where it turns about
And winds, I stop and watch the cerie latticed rays
Mark a pattern on the landing wide.
The hush of emptiness and restful night
Has filled the hall; but as I stand
Half-fearful of the dark unlighted ways,
I hear a faint and pulsing melody,
With weird, enchanting tone,
That finds a throbbing note and holds it long,
Then softly dies in silence.

Timidly 1 hasten down the stair.

And flee to warmly lighted places;

What ghostly harmony was echoed there
In the chill, moon-silvered darkness?

—Vanitas '24.

Many men are agnostics simply through inertia.

The difference between ordinary love and la grande passion is a matter of press-agents.

A blind date is like the death of a rich, eccentric uncle.

Gen. Electric: "Have you a flat-iron in your home?"

Heaten Heave: "No!"

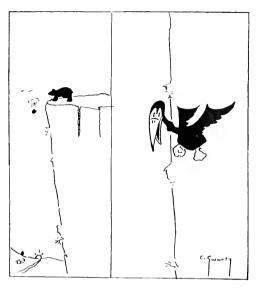
Gen. Electric: "What kind have you?"

An idea of Pandemonium: Monkey Glands in the Art Museum.

Weird Concepts

Diogenes and Jesse James playing pinochle. Cleopatra and Millicent gossiping over their hope chests.

Mark Tidd and Prof. Russel swapping horses. Dink Traut playing the Hairy(Apc).



"Here's where a little bit goes a long ways," said the bear as he pushed the rock over the precipice.

"Not so far as you think," said the bird as he swooped and caught it in mid air.

Love is like death. It means either heaven or—competition.

Pretty girls are rushed incessantly. Others have hope chests.

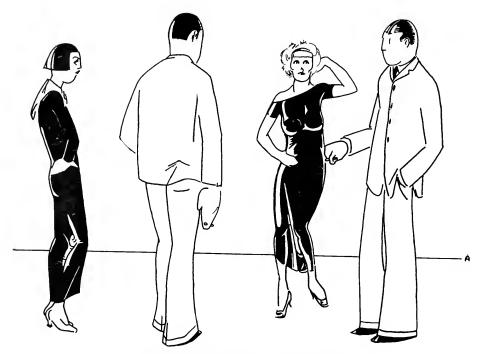
The hope chest: a relic of the days when a man married for a wife, when marriage was an institution, not a destitution.

"Like all masterpieces," remarked King Tut on his recent birthday, "I improve with age,"

____s__

If heaven is paved with gold; and wine, women, and song abide in hell, what couldn't an Irishman do with a pile of ecclesiastical paving bricks in hell.

Solomon wasn't so wise. Look how many wives he had.



How did youse guys know we wasn't co-eds?

Scoops

Being some tried and true news items, etc., that the wgcd can always use in the event that it runs short of copy.

KINLEY MAKES PLEA

"The dignity of our great University demands that it have your support," said President David Kinley yesterday noon at a joint meeting of the Rotary and Kiwanis club of Savoy. Prof. James M. White, supervising architect of the University, presided.

CLARK ADDRESSES WOMEN

"College boys are not as bad as they used to be," declared Dean Thomas Arkle Clark yesterday afternoon at the weekly meeting of the Tolono Woman's Club, "You need have no hesitancy in sending your daughter to a co-educational institution if she is the right sort of girl."

LAW CLUB ACTS

Charging that the Council of Administration robbed each of its members of 21 cents by requiring them to spend an average of 32 hours last semester in writing examinations, the Law club applied to Judge O. A. Harker for an arrest warrant on the grounds of petty larceny yesterday.

Judge Harker refused to issue the warrant, stating as his reason that vested interests were involved. The Law club stated that if he will not grant them their request they will have him indicted for conspiracy, since he was formerly a member of the Council.

Only bachelors and old maids retain their hopes for ideal mates.

In the Spring

By Surlaw

Answering the call of the Illinois Union for suggestions as to student government, and for the enlightenment of the coming generations of Illini, we submit the following as underlying principles of student government:

I

Class officers shall be young men of sterling worth who donate their superior services for the benefit of humanity and their helpless fellow students.

Н

Candidates shall be expected to appear spontaneously as the choice of the class—anyone who encourages a man to become a candidate, or aids in bringing him before voters, shall be excommunicated under the names "politician" and "mud".

 \mathbf{H}

"Politician" shall connote bribery, treachery, black-gnard, cutthroat crookedness, graft, deceit, dishonesty, and dishonorabilitudinitatibus*. "Mud" shall connote all other political chickanery.

IV

No one shall vote without stating acceptable reasons why he casts his ballot, and making oath that he has fasted three days considering his sacred privilege and the relative merits of the candidates, and that he has made his peace with Heaven.

V

Candidates shall go veiled to classes and become seminar recluses between nomination and election, for fear they may bias the voters in the exercise of their franchise, by becoming W. K.

VI

Balloting shall take place in the Armory—only one voter being permitted in the arena at a time. Each ballot shall be countersigned by the president of the University, the deans of men and women, and the parents or guardians of the voter. Each ballot will bear the voter's finger-print, Bertillion measurements, and one pair of unlaundered hose for bloodhound bait.

VII

Ballots will be counted first by aerial photograph. Then the count shall be checked by a certified public accountant, the Champaign-Urbana association of church janitors, and finally by the queen of Mesopotamia, an impartial judge.

IX

No ticket to a social function shall be issued to a student who fails to submit his birth certificate, the marriage license of his parents, affidavit of his baptism, record of the dates on which he cut his first baby tooth and on which he had his last wisdom tooth extracted, and a record in thesis form giving history of love affairs, measles, and Prince Albert consumption to date.

Χ

Supervised baths shall be given to all who draw tickets to the Junior Prom. Senior Ball, Sophomore Cotillion, and Frosh Frolic in order that identification shall be assured.

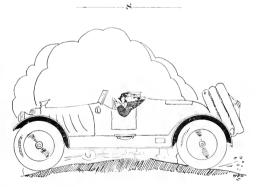
X1

The student council shall be composed of the presidents of the 1971 fraternities, societies, clubs and associations, in order that each activity shall be sure of getting one column a day in The Daily Illini.

XH

Engagements of the President—Vice-President and Treasurer-Secretary of each class shall be announced immediately after each election, in order that the number of complimentary tickets shall be reduced.

*A good word and a jewel in a string of pearls.



He: "How would you like to go to our house dance?"

She: "Oh, I'd love to.

He: "You'll have to.

Some men go into societies for pins; others won't admit it.



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Spring

The Siren is ever an iconoclast. She shakes a cold and slimy tin at the romantic—sometimes.

But now is the season of the romantic, and we are told

"-, then maids dance in a rang,

Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing, Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!"

and we exclaim, Yes, Yes, precisely—except for certain errors except for certain errors.

Maids no longer dance in a ring. They dance long sliuky dances or short jerky dances but never in a ring, though we have heard that they dance in corners. Of this, however, we do not know. It is certain that they do not dance on dewy lawns to sweet bird notes. No chaperone would countenance such a performance.

Cold does not sting in the balmy month of April.

What cold we experience is in the form of damp, gusty breaths of Spring and slanting silver showers. The Siren is decidedly not amphibious. She prefers sunshine, or at least freedom from the sniffles. She would rather not get wet.

Moreover pretty birds do not sing. The cuckoo is not of our corn belt anyway. Neither is the nightingale; it sings from the pastoral eglantine and by night. True, the robin sings, but at best he is only a dingy bird. His breast is red, not a very bright red to be sure, and for the rest he is no very colorful fowl. The bluejay, now, is a pretty bird. He is a gorgeous bird, but alas, he does not sing. And so with the cockatoo, the flamingo, the ibex, and the parakeet. None of them are really first rate.

Still there is Spring. And Spring is the season of romance.

Now father's car has a most seductive purr, and it may be seen loaded with unbelievably fair young ladies in new tweeds proceeding slowly along Green street. Bandolined young men are even more bandolined. The strumming banjo is revived from its winter crypt behind the room-mate's overcoat and is strummed on every passing breeze. Nature's devotees multiply on every hand in everything from knickers to lowly army pants and golf stockings. The fortunate drive out on the long, white highways in roadsters, while the robust and indigent clump about in hiking shoes. And verily the wise old incom is seen by all.

Of Fashions

The Siren is wary of specific remarks on fashions. It is always well to be wary on such topics. For one thing the old girl has a tinge of masculinity about her and is not entirely unremoved from admiration of her own sex. For another she is restricted to a very scant refurbishing of sea weed and cockleshell at the Easter tide. Withal she is an even tempered person and despite a rather limited wardrobe she does not disparage the dress of others.

She will agree readily that any Easter bonnet may look ridiculous. She will even concede that a great many bonnets do look ridiculous. Nevertheless she believes, and in this she is in hearty concord with her editors, that a dress designer has a very easy time in his occupation. Indeed, dress designing seems to be the one and only occupation in which the blundering male cannot make a serious mistake. He may achieve the bustle, the hoop skirt, the balloon sleeve, the hobble skirt, the flounce in any and all varieties, and yet his subjects are invariably charming. No matter what he does in the way of aesthetic bungling, woman can and does retrieve his errors. She does more; she makes his errors a charm to look upon. She transmutes them by some mysterious alchemy of her own into the most delightful raiment that ever graced a living creature. Which leads the Old Girl to one or several conclusions. She is really beginning to suspect that fashion has nothing at all to do with beauty, and that beauty has everything to do with fashion. She also concludes, having a strange unfeminine taste for cold logic, that if this be true then new raiment is vain expense and useless. Perhaps . . Perhaps the old cockleshell necklace will do just as well as a new one. Sea weed doesn't change so much, Still if she were to have the old coral retinted and one of those new anemones, the bronze one, for a turban . . . who can tell? It might be that old Father Neptune would pass by some Sunday afternoon-but no, Father Neptune is a doddering old fellow anyway. Besides men are so stupid. They couldn't be expected to notice even the most gorgeous sponge trimmings, except perhaps some of the young Tritons.

Symposium

The SIREN is arranging a huge love-feast which promises to stand out with dazzling brilliance in the annals of campus social events. The exact date has not been set for the gay party but suffice to say that all the Illini magazine reviewers are to be the guests of the SIREN. The reviewers will be served with generous portions of gooey custard pic.

Lux Benigna

When all the damning charges have been made and proved, when graft, and corruption, and explcitation have been cited time and time again against our city governments, the Siren will smile a little. . . . just a little. And as she smiles she will call down a minor blessing from the major gods on the good city fathers who cause all the street lights in Urbana to be turned off at 12:15.

Confucius said: "A man and his wife should be as guests to each other." Tut, tut, 'Fucius, how did you treat guests in your day?

-8---





Also Ran

How doth the politician With fervid supplication Become a rhetorician To save and serve the nation; And when the dread election Hath come more near apace Behold the grave complexion Upon his noble face; He labors for his station A few short weeks, and then Forgets our wild elation And grafts like other men.

-Tukulti-Ninib.

And Still I Stay . . .

I would not strive and toil, I thought For this or that elusive fame, And labor long with soul distraught But to enhance another's name. No, I would stand alone, serene, Aloof from simple toiling men— And then I got a job, I mean A sub-committee job again.

-Tukulti-Xinib.

Beauty: The sugar in the medicine, the palliative in race preservation.

OBVIOUSLY

"The Oregon car hit a man on John street yesterday."

"Oh! Was the man on the track?"

"No. The car had to chase him into the Λ , T, O, card room before it got him."

HOTEL QUIPS

Jack Bell: "Gosh, the Betas got a big house!" Ed Lesch: "Sure. Come up stairs and I'll give you a ride on the street car."

The Savage Breast

The couple were moved, plainly they were undergoing mental torture; their faces were drawn, they glanced at each other with dread, they were startled.

The ponderous harmonics of the mighty Rachmaninoff Prelude filled the spacious chamber with powerful, throbbing living, volume of harmony that beat, and pounded with Cyclopian intensity . . . invincibility . . . changed . . . the crotic fantasy of the Second Hungarian Rhapsody . . . its sardonic melancholia . . . its passionate intensity of abandon . . . ardony . . .

The couple could bear it no longer . . . they rose . . . "Come on, Gertie, if dis stuff is jazz, I'm Tammany Hall!"

_____s___

Literature may be viewed from two standpoints, that of the critic, and that of the workman. The critic seeks flaws and salient qualities—in this order. The workman views the product as a whole, and appreciates its conception and its execution from the point of view of the writer. The dillettante disagrees with the critic and patronizes the author.

Proposal: a declaration of war, with the festivities at the start.

Virtue is the result of the W. J. Bryan in our souls fighting with the evidence that we descended from the apes.

While men have a future they are hopeful; while women have a future they are in suspense.

College: an adolescent nursery for easing off the plunge into maturity.

Supposition

My love, and may I come tonight,
A lowly votary,
To worship dumbly in the sight
Of one so sweet and free,
To kneel before thine altar fair
To bless the sheen upon thy hair
And pay with mute, adoring stare
A still idolatry?

Ah come, I pray, the moon is bright;
She wears a silver dress,
But, Oh, I think when thou are dight
In slender lovliness
How much more fair art thou than she,
Come Love, and heed thy votary—
Then faint, and far she answers me,
"Oh, I suppose so, yes."

—Tukulti-Ninib.

WHAT'S HER ADDRESS?

I saw a vision at the Prom
Beneath a shady tree;
A woman fair, oh quite as fair
As any femme could be.
Of course the moon was tricky,
But as far as I could see
She was the sort of lady that
Would much appeal to me.
I asked her "Sweetie, won't you dance?"
And then let out a groan
For she—she stepped into the light
And was—the chaperone.

—Pop A. Cowe.

Fall In

He was stifling. His legs hurt beyond all description because of the cruel manner in which they were bound. His breath came in short, convulsive gasps due to the intense pressure across his chest. His head ached terribly from the tightness with which it was bound. As he stood there practically helpless in his imprisonment everyone pitied the poor freshman with his military uniform on for the first time.

A. W. B.

The engineer is a grinder, the ag a digger, the business man a figurer, the Liberal Arts man a—loiterer.



A RACY GAME

She: Why didn't you take me to the Orph Saturday?

He: Well, I was playing the races and couldn't get away.

She: Well, the next time, don't take your race horse into Mosi's,

FATAL ALWAYS

People who always lonnge around Some day will have to pay. Witness a chap whose tale I had Told me the other day. The boy was always leaning round On post, on chair, on bed; He leaned against the doorbell And he's kicked from school, 'tis said.

-Pop A. Cowe.

Man was made in the image of God; woman—but is it possible that God could be improved upon?



Delphian Society discusses Tut-ankh-amen and his Contemporaries. Law Club discusses Economic Interpretation of History. Fatuity, fatuity, thou are kin to futility!

Anthropoidal Ode

My Dear, I own your eyes are fair With golden depths of limpid brown, I know what charm is in your hair— I know and yet I turn you down

You may assume the perfect doll, You're not so far (the Saints protect us) From being true Neanderthal Or Pithecanthropus Erectus

And so, of course, your skull is low,
Your facial angle is acute—
I really think that I must go
No, No, My Dear, I'm not the brute,
—TukuIti-Ninib,

Do you believe in Love at first sight? No, at first opportunity.

Do you like tulips? Sometimes; depends on the toothpaste.

Now Is the Spring

By RAJAH

Fancy . . . a slow stroll home from a Library date, the pie-faced moon daring your impulsive heart to damn the Dean of Women's rule . . . an appreciative, and malted-filled co-ed, who laughs your line to enjoyable acquiescence . . . finding a vacant corner on the porch-if you're lucky . . . a bit of stalling . . . the chaperone's bell rings; house rules must be obeyed . . . a touch of warmth in the softness of the departing tribute . . . "see you after your nine o'clock" . . . wandering back through Urbana-onmoonlight-schedule, with visions, visions, VISIONS -"God, she's wonderful!" . . . the pungency surrounding the Chem building awakens your mind that your Ec is yet unstudied . . . a revivifying coffee at Jimmies . . . back to the house . . . a quiet smoke with the boys on the porch . . . faint melodies from the east, like fragrant incense, only to be in-⁹cited by a filthy saxaphone break—must be the Delts giving the A O Pi's a thrill . . . intense stillness, broken by a baby robin's somnambulistic chirp under the stimulus of a furtive moonbeam . . . an hilarious "Oskee-wow-wow"-the Sigs are drunk again . . . more quiet, profound quiet . . . drowsiness, and utter disregard for tomorrow's eight o'clock . . . a soft tone caresses the ear; a dainty violin melody, muted and soulful . . . it is Jake Stringer II playing "Lazy Dog Tease" . . . your eyes close ... you are dancing with her ... up among the filmy clouds . . . softly gliding . . . she presses closer . . . ecstacy upon ecstacy . . . she raises her head . . . her lips quiver in the soft moonlight . . . a heart tremor . . . you draw her close-"Wake up, old man, and get to bed. It's after three o'clock."

The Oat

Tuesday morning
She told me that if
She didn't win
That election she was going
To sow all her wild
Oats
In short order.
Tonite I'm calling up
For dates for the next three
Weeks. I always
Did like
Agriculture.

S. O. S.



The First Man

Lena, Lena

The music started—a lilting, Ariel-like melody that rippled and flowed and tinkled along like a mountain brook, an old classic of such blithe, airy beauty that its gleeful, sparkling harmony instantly caught up the spirit of the listener and carried it along on a dulcet wave of melody so that the spirit became gay with the musical glee—the Glow Worm. The introduction over, the singer advanced, cleared his throat . . . again the lilting, sprightly "Glow Worm" . . mellithous . . . the singer.

"Nix, on the glowworm, Lena, Lena,

Play something else on your concertina. . ."

The Solution

His colleagues
Think he's gone Einstein
One better. Friend
Wife is checking up on
His spare moments while his
Students believe he got a
Raise.

Poor fools! My math "D" Is now "A" for Having shown him how the Sarazen grip would add Sixty yards to his Driving.

The Charm

1 will not speak of little things, O lipstick and of ronge,
The little lilting song she sings,
The many subtle arts she brings
To bear as she may choose;
And yet she hath one amulet
In all her wealth of arts,
A never-failing net to set
And snare unwary hearts;
She doth not deign a bored caress
Nor fain a languid listlessness
She only sweetly answers "Ves,
Please come again" and parts.

Tukulti-Ninib.

Campus Frankensteins

Millicent and her flock of Dad Elliotts, etc., ad nauseam.

Probation.

Trig.

The 6:45.

The Scout—and its system of espionage.

t. a.

Will-O-The-Wisp

___S

My neighbor began: "Her hair is of an exquisite shimmering golden-yellow, and of such a rippling softness of texture that it seems to flow like ethereal fire; her face is oval, her complexion of a creamy whiteness, dashed with the rose-pink of early summer dawn; her brow is broad, of medium height, and of a creane whiteness that is rendered intrigning by an occasional pucker; her eyelashes, bewitching; and her eyes, of a twilight silver-blue! . . . And her nose—a Shakespearian lyric made human by a golden freckle. Her mouth—the sweetness of the smile of the Sistine Madonna, made merry and rapturous by a delightful sense of humour, sensitive, of a delicate voluptuousness; her chin, rounded

"Your wife?" I ventured.

"No!" he started up, despair in his eyes and voice. "I am a misogynist!"

-G. R.

The writing of literature is a far more difficult subject than chemistry, business, and mathematics. Those who "can't get math," "are not cut out for business men," "not at all scientific,"—take up literature. Love is the powder in the bullet of life. Marriage is the explosion of that powder.

"Le's see; I believe I'll build my country home in Colonial style, or Queen Anne."

"Make it Moorish—it's a Castle in Spain."

Mathematics club discusses relativity. Two Illini reporters discuss Hedonism in Modern Literature. Two blind men discuss the color shading of Parrish.

There is a sublime self-abnegation in pro-found pain and sorrow that mitigates the misery—a certain bitter-sweet assuaging joy, the pleasures of martyrdom. If this were not so, imagine the utter wretchedness of the chap whose girl had invited him to her formal, and then asked him to let her off, "she wanted to take the other chap—almost engaged, you know."

Like, jesting Pilate, the cynic—without waiting for an answer—asks: What is the difference between Contemporary and Temporary Poetry?

-8---

The Theory of Relativity is comparatively recent.

The Theory of Seductivity is old—as Eve.

____S_

Woman is like a kaleidoscope: ever shifting, and changing colors.

COURSE OF TRUE LOVE; SEASONAL GROWTH

Summer: growing senile eroticism.

Autumn: growing resignation.

Winter: growing amazement.

Spring: growing interests.

Man is woman's complement; woman is man's compliment.

8 ----

Dormitory Bell: Brr-r-r-r-r!

Student, sitting up suddenly in bed; hand to ear and mouth: "Main 3502!"



Ain't Nature Versatile



Sampler

Whitman's famous candies are sold by

URBANA CHAMPAIGN
I niversity Pharmacy, 705 8, Goodwin
Urbana Drug Co., 111 West Main St. Arcade Confectionery (J. Thornhill)

"Oh, well," said the professor as he gathered up his lecture notes, "life is but a sleep and a forgetting!"

"Were you hurt badly?"

"I should say so! I was standing on the corner - watching a young girl and her mother—"

"Yes."

"—And I was struck by the comparison."—
Multeaser,

Colored Rector: "And now, brethern, let us pray for dem heathen dat lives in de uninhabited parts of de world."—Lampoon.

Raleigh's Valet: "Sir Walter must 'ave bin drinkin' 'eavy yesterday. Bin rollin' in the nend, 'e 'as.—Punch.

First Eskimo: "Call me in about three months, will you?"

Second Ditto: "What for?"

First Ditto: "I have a date at sundown." - Lemon Punch.

THE LETTER OF THE LAW

The Nassau Hall hell proclaimed the hour of midnight. As the last stroke died away a befuddled Freshman, still wearing his cap, stumbled aimlessly into the Baltimore and ordered an egg sandwich.

"Don't you know better than to be out of your room after 9 P. M.?" demanded the Sophomore who straightway accosted him.

"'S all right!" wheezed the member of '26, "'S not tonight! 'S to-morrow morning!"—Prince-ton Tiger.

Oscar—I didn't get to bed till 4 o'clock.

Oswald-What for?

Oscar-Four A. M., you darn fool.—Tiger.

Grace—What did Bill do to get kicked out of college?

Dave—Nothing.—Tiger.

Stands she there and gaily chatters
Of refreshments built for two.
Wonders he, with two lead nickels,
How to bluff the evening through.

-Purple Parrot.

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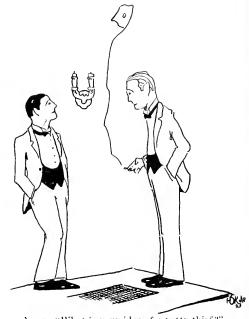
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----The Most Food for the Least Money-FULL MEAL 39c PLATE LUNCH 25c Can't be beat on the Campus

> Farwell's for Favorite Food



Yoo: "What is your idea of a petty thief?"

Hoo: "A girl who steals."

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This guy used to hang on me all night. Now he brings his car along.





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High Class Shoe Repairing—Guaranteed First Class Work and Materials

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Phone Main 1202

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Iniquity is tolerated if tinged with iniquity.

Religion without Heaven. The army without the uniform. The dance without the contact. Insipid, savorless things.

Man justities himself into marriage. Woman is the justitication.

George Washington was the father of his country, Lincoln the preserver, and Bacchus the entertainer. Now Volstead has driven Bacchus into hiding. All we've got left is the country. And the hiding places.

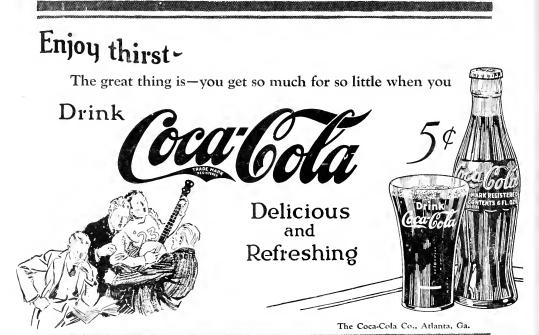
There is a new shoe for women being put on the market, called the motoring shoe. It has very thick soles, A State University: a factory of education for the turning out of flivvers.

Woman is man's inspiration,—consternation, desperation, perturbation ,trepidation, etc.

The college man should seek in the woman be marries, intellectual comradeship, sympathy, and understanding. Very good. But why qualify?

A rake is a man who believes in a Philosophy of Desire. A hypocrite is a man who believes in a Philosophy of Convenience. A paragon of rectitude is not a philosopher.

The difference between our actions and our inclinations is the difference between respectability and unrespectability, the civilized and the atavistic.



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Among the Elite

The thermometer of civilization—the social status of woman.

When man lived in trees, or huddled up in caverus, civilization was low, and woman's place was that of slave. And when civilization took to plowing, Agricola's wife often pulled the plow he guided. But as civilization flourished and advanced, woman's place advanced, Percy E. Lizabethan's wife became his servant. And now, at the present height of civilization, John Smith's wife is his equal. And civilization continues its advance—"Backward, turn backward, oh Time in thy flight!"

Most epigrams are attempts at witty generalization. Your epigram should be true—at least in part, should be apt—cleverly put—and every epigram should be quoted only at appropriate times, and then but once. Appropriate times? Any time there is any likelihood of its "getting by". Tritely, all epigrams are pointless, including this one.

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When all the world is hard and drem
And all my dreams are scattered dust
And all my loves no longer dear
And Fortune's calm, impartial thrust
Oblivious to hope and fear
Hath worked its will, and grief is hushed.
I still can have a balm divine
And mock at every sting and scar
For once a Phi Bate liked my line
And let me ride her motor car.

Tukulti-Ninib.

It took a Papal Bull to get Henry VIII a divorce; it doesn't take that kind nowadays.

Credo co-ed: To swear is vulgar; to smoke is disgraceful; to pet is—necessary.

When a man falls in love a girl is successful.

We judge a woman by her face. Is it a wonder we are deluded?

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RATHER STRIKING

Regi: "How come the black eye, old dear?"

Stirr: "I was down to the dance the other night and was struck by the beauty of the place."—Harvard Lampoon.

OUTSIDE, BUM!

Oscar breezed into a large office one day and inquired of the boss:

"Have you an opening for a bright young man?"

"Yes," growled the boss, "and don't slam it as you go out."- Harvard Lampoon.

Fond Parent: "What is worrying you, my son?"

Willie: "I was just wondering how many legs you gotta pull off a centipede to make him limp."—Sun Dodger.

Launcelot: "Take this ring as a token of my love for you. It has no end."

Elaine: "Keep it as a token of my love for you. It has no beginning."—Washington Congae.

Your Shop

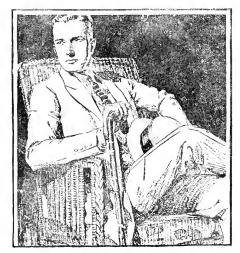
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BATTERY TO NAPOLEON .

How Electrical Engineering began



T IS not enough to experiment and to observe in scientific research.
There must also be in-

terpretation. Take the cases of Galvani and Volta.

One day in 1786 Galvani touched with his metal instruments the nerves of a frog's amputated hind legs. The legs twitched in a very life-like way. Even when the frog's legs were hung from an iron railing by copper hooks, the phenomenon persisted. Galvani knew that he was dealing with electricity but concluded that the frog's legs had in some way generated the current.

Then came Volta, a contemporary, who said in effect: "Your interpretation is wrong. Two different metals in contact with a moist nerve set up currents of electricity. I will prove it without the aid of frog's legs."

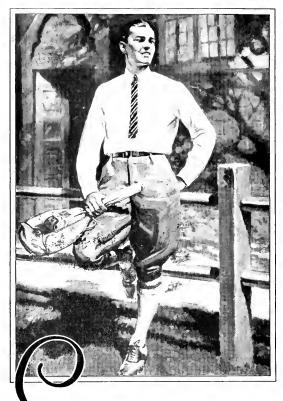
Volta piled disks of different metals one on top of another and separated the disks with moist pieces of cloth. Thus he generated a steady current. This was the "Voltaic pile"—the first battery, the first generator of electricity.

Both Galvani and Volta were careful experimenters, but Volta's correct interpretation of effects gave us electrical engineering.

Napoleon was the outstanding figure in the days of Galvani and Volta. He too possessed an active interest in science but only as an aid to Napoleon. He little imagined on examining Volta's crude battery that its effect on later civilization would be fully as profound as that of his own dynamic personality.

The effects of the work of Galvani and Volta may be traced through a hundred years of electrical development even to the latest discoveries made in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company.





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As if that were not enough, he evolved some variations on the cake walk which made them stare.

He even found time to develop a remarkable proficiency on the tandem bicycle, and on Saturday nights he was good enough to bring pleasure into Another's life by wheeling away to the "Ten-Twent-Thirt."

To crowd all this into four short years would seem enough for any mortal. Yet in spite of his attainments there are times, in after life, when our hero wonders.

The glory of his waistcoats has long since faded, while his books are still fresh and clean. Did he perchance put too much thought into the selection of his hats and too little in what went under them?

Published in the interest of Electrical Development by an Institution that will be helped by whatever helps the Industry.

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Alyce: "I adore Keats!"

lkey: "Oy, it's a relief to meet a lady vot still likes children!" Froth.

Sky Pilot: "You know you are to be hanged on Monday. Have you anything to say for yourself?"

Passenger: "Well, Gov'nor, all 1 can say is, it's a mighty poor way to start the week" Goblin.

DONT'CHA

"Why is a cigar-stump nearly?"
"Because it's all but."—Lampoon.

WET WASH

As Usual: "Shay, is thish a hand laundry?"

Manager: "Yes."

A. U.: "Wash my hands, will ya?"
—Ski,u-mah,

RUBBING IT IN

Citizen: "Judge, I'm too sick to do jury duty; I've got a bad case of the itch."

Judge: "Excuse accepted; clerk, just scratch that man out."—Widow.

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(Co-Op)

BIDWELL'S E T T E R CANDIES

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Made Fresh Daily

BALLY WELL HINGLISH

An Englishman, talking against many things in America, happened to say to a friend in New York: "Why even your newsboys can't take a joke."

The American friend replied: "Just try the next one that comes along with some nonsense and see if he can't answer you."

The Englishman agreed and stepped up to a newsie, saying: "Hello, newsie, look at your nose and teli me what time it is."

The boy quickly replied: "Aw, look at your own; mine ain't running."—Yellow Jacket.

OF COURSE

The other day a man dashed into the Grand Central Station with just one minute to catch the Twentieth Century. He made the ticket window in two jerks.

"Quick! Give me a round trip ticket!" he gasped.

"Where to?"

"B-b-ack here, you fool!"—Awgwan.

"I saw a fellow jump off a twenty-five-story building to-day."

"Committing suicide?"

"Oh, no; just practicing."—Harvard Lampeon.

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LITERATURE



"Valley of the Giants" and

"Kindred of the Dust," by Peter B. Kyne

"Penrod and Sam" and

"The Flirt," by Booth Tarkington
"Main Street" "The Shick"

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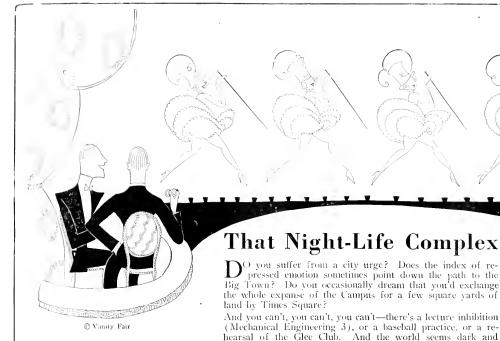


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drear . . .

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AN auction bridge corner which will make your game a social and business asset.

ART, life and letters, served up in short courses which will not jade the most delicate appetite.

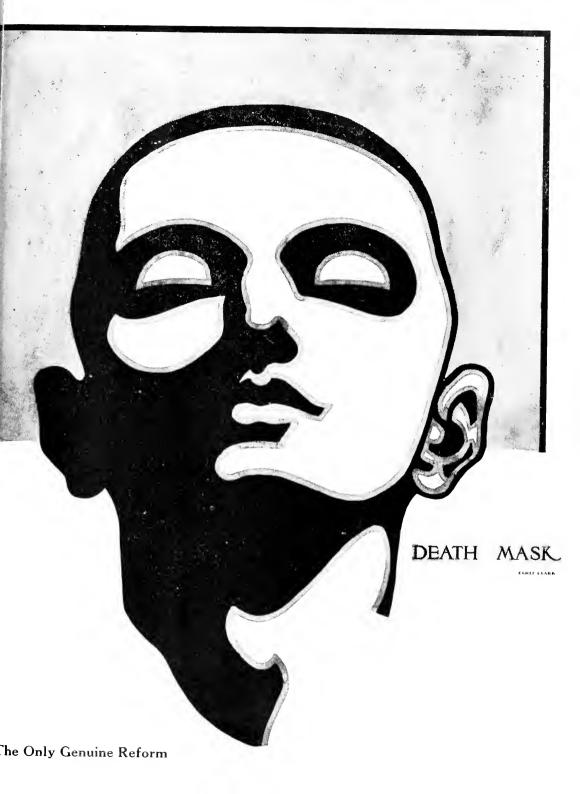
AND the only sensible, well-bred department of men's clothes published anywhere.

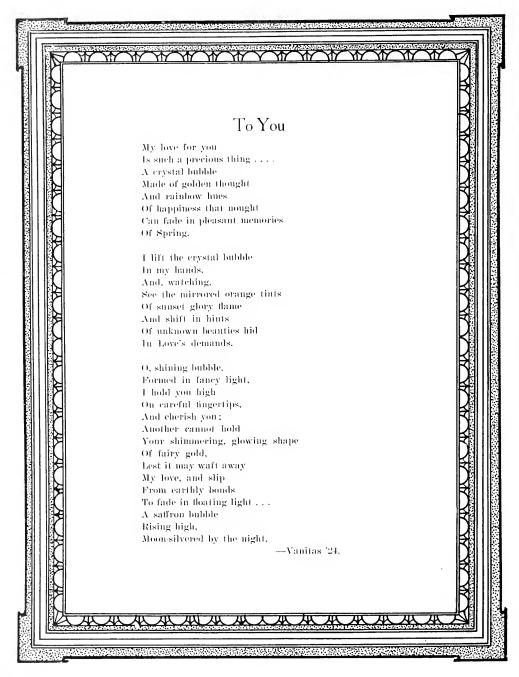
Where's the Nearest News Stand?

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Roast Goose

("The Goose-Step," by Upton Sinclair; published by Upton Sinclair, Pasadena, California; \$2)

BY LYNN MONTROSS

Co-author of "Town and Gown"

There are many clever things, no doubt, which could be said about "The Goose-Step". But, somehow, the sterile cleverness of the book review page doesn't apply either to Upton Sinclair or to his latest book. He is too earnest, too terribly in earnest. His book is not clever; it is not finished literature; it is not even the best of journalism. It is a propaganda document.

Some 478 pages rather loosely packed with evidence purporting to show how the American university has sold its soul to what William James, when at Harvard, called "the bitch-goddess, Success"; there you have "The Goose-Step".

In this array of evidence Mr. Sinclair introduces a score or more of universities which he visited in person. He presents the opinions of several hundred instructors with whom he talked or corresponded. He is vigorous and relentless in naming outright the persons, the organizations and the aspirations which have had a part in what he avers has been the sale of education to privilege.

Of Illinois he says: "Here is another of those terrible mushroom places, with a thousand instructors and ten thousand students exposed to all the ravages of commercialism." Of Northwestern: "... not a rag of an idea to cover its bones." Of Michigan: "... another of these huge, educational department stores, a by-product of the sudden prosperity of the automobile business."

The chapter on this university, captioned "The University of the Grand Duchess", presents five or six incidents for the purpose of showing the commercialism, intolerance and religious stupidity of the school. As far as Illinois alone is concerned, the case which Mr. Sinclair prosecutes in the five-page chapter isn't strong enough to warrant conviction; it is only when the Illinois evidence is considered together with that collected from other institutions that one begins wondering to what sort of a national education system Illinois belongs.

In such a consideration it is well to remember that the prevailing hostility to facts has caused the author of "The Goose-Step", "The Brass Check" and "The Jungle" to be singled out as an obnoxious citizen; his latest book will often be discounted with a sniff as the result of the author's reputation. He is probably the most horrible example in the country today of that indefinite bogey man gravely referred to at Rotarian luncheons as a "red" or "radical".

All this means merely that he has ideas and uses them, that he is penniless, tactless, fearless; invulnerable. He has made several small fortunes with his pen and invested every cent in Utopia. A poetical Cromwell, a puritan with the obstinate faith of his own fiery illusions, he is one of the few men of the land who never has struck a bargain with an ideal. He is easily worth half a dozen of the overgrown shopkeepers whom the morons worship.

The very sincerity and intensity of the man, however, become a fault in "The Goose-Step". He occasionally inflates trivialities and suspicions out of all due proportion to the facts he offers. His last four or tive chapters of "cure" and "philosophy" are often a bit labored and even bombastic in their measured idealism — the goal of life is evidently as real and definite to Mr. Sinclair as is is to Judge Gary, even if in quite another direction.

But with the faults of the propagandist forgiven, "The Goose-Step", as a whole, is eminently valuable. It proves convincingly what many instructors and some students all over the country are realizing: that the American university, once scholarly aloof, is today goose-stepping to the national authem of commercialism. It is no longer supple in inclining to ideas — only to some ideas. It is successful.

True it is that Upton Sinclair will not be loudly thanked for his service to the university in writing his book, "The Goose-Step" will be received on the average campus with heavy silence. Its author knows, however, that the "reds" of 1823 are being studied in colleges of today — when ideas are at least a century old they are considered safe if they aren't applied to the present — and it is probably his revenge upon this age of girth that in a hundred years to come he may be considered, even if somewhat whimsically, in universities to which Judge Gary, Mr. Vanderlip and Mr. Schwab are unknown.



"Don't cry, little girl, I'll buy yer flowers!"

For a Memory Book Reformation

By SAINT ORPHREM

Since Spring I have been visiting sororities galore and while waiting minutes or hours (time depending on the status of the sorority) for my date to appear, I pass the moments perusing the memory books of the various sisters. These books are without exception trite—dance programs, more dance programs, and more d. ps.

But why not make a Memory book reflect a personality instead of merely recording a list of functions?

I will never forget the Memory Book of Jesse James (notorious criminal). I visited him one day and, I ran across his memory book. It was dedicated to the governor of Texas who accidentally was nurdered by Jesse; five pages were pasted full of mems, theatre tickets, and rain checks which he had accumulated from almost every prison in the U.S.; now followed files which his wife, in gooseberry pies, had smuggled into Jesse's prison; and, on the last page, glued with a neatness not usually associated with criminals, were a pair of ears which parted from her because she refused regularly to oil his revolver (gat or pea-shooter in the vermacular of South Chicago.)

No co-ed should fail to liven her book up with the following or similar objects: 1. Photo of the college man who first told her, "Oh, you have such a queer effect on me"; 2. The photo of the prof. who gave her an A because she sat in the first row; 3, A vial containing part of the first coke she had at Mosi's; f. The boy who first took her to a Shan Kive; 5. Thumb- and lip-print of the man (a) who first kissed her, (b) whom she first kissed; 6. The borrowed riding breeches for the Equitation course, but which she used only once since she preferred dancing to sitting on soft cushions; 7. The inner tube of the Ford in which she had her first "run out of gasoline" date; 8, A wax record recording her first "bad word" she used when the man she asked to her formal did not reciprocate, but instead, imported; 9. A phony diploma which she might have been granted if she had gone to college two more years,

Dedications by their eleverness and phrasing, reflect to a great degree the personality of the owner. Especially effective are these; "Dedicated to the big stiff I accidentally will marry," or "To my dear friend who beat me out of the presidency of the Woman's League," or, "Lovingly to the wretch who black-balled me from her sorority," or "To the chump (stronger adjective permissable) who spilled punch down my back at the Junior Prom."

YE GODS, KEEP MUM-ALWAYS!

It is said that the be truthful ls to acquire a halo— And Lam truthful but Now I knew that when I returned From the sojourn to the city Of former flames My erstwhile Illini playmate Would ask questions that might be Embarrassing! You know what I mean? I had gone to the Drake. All soup and fish with Henry But how could I be sure That no one would mention that fact To "The Man Who Staved at Home" When there was an Illini Dance in the same hall Separated only by a row of chairs? So I was truthful and in return He turned not the other cheek But a cold shoulder !!!! Is the Kingdom of Heaven Worth the price?

--Tank



"That feels fine. Let me have a size smaller."

Academically Speaking



Entrance Examination

Jeannette

Your eyes! Jeannette, mon dieu! your eyes! So beeg, so sad, so full, beem are All tam been have ze look surprise', All tam been look so still, so far! Mon dien, your eyes! Une telle petite fille, Jeannette, Such lettle, dainty girl, so smail Une telle bebe pour Pierre Marquette, Heem fear she's are no girl a-tall, Si frele, Jeannette! What mak you cry? I see ze fear-Heem cannot hide from Pierre Marquette: So? You grow beeg, an' please your Pierre? You are foolish girl, Jeannette -Such foolish tear! Give Pierre a kees, you bad Jeannette, What mak you seem so sad, lak thees? Give Pierre a kees, so! Hees forget Si frele bebe, for one small kees From hees Jeannette. Ah! Pierre, hees very strong an' wise; He chop ze tree, an' mak heem fall-He does not have beeg, hungry eyes, He does not weep ze tear a tall; He very wise!

He does not weep ze tear a tall;
He very wise!
But Pierre's Jeannette, mon dieu, such eyes,
So beeg, so sad, so full, heem are—
All tam hees have ze look surprise',
All tam hees look so still, so far—
Mon dieu, such eyes!

J. R. McNeill.

A Theatre Curtain

A painted lady in a painted boat,
Feeding from painted hand three painted swans,
Gracefully swimming on a painted lake,
While painted undermeath in letters black,
Is "Meditation," heavily displayed,
Upon a gaudy canvas, rich in seams
And agonizing colors—handiwork
Of some sign—painter by his firm discharged,
Tortures the eyes of tired business men,
Students, and faculty, whene'er they go
Out to Urbana's playhouse to the show.
—Lord Deliverus.



Reform Hints on Dating

(By Saint-Orpheum)

Foreworn: Even if you do not own a nor-folk, gentle reader, or even if your Papa's bank account does not really permit you to smoke Pall-Malls, do not worry about the duling question. By observing these kints you may date promisenously.

3

It is wise once in a while to date with the "species intellectua" or one of these "Modern Day Helens," you know. She will be in the library. Sit next to her and recite several passages from Wells' Outline on History in an exciting monotone. If she does not throw the dictionary at you, this means that she wants to know you better. Thrust before here eyes the following tickets: Symphony Course, Star Course, Piano Recital (free), Tuesday Nights' Reading (also free), and Orpheum demanding, "When and Where?" If she says nothing, Sandburg's Ode to An Ashean should be passionately recited. As an added inducement show two car slugs, and whisper, "Cokes, too maybe."

П

Do not flatter women, Say, "Gee, your sorority sisters remind me of dray-horses—slow," At this, if she is any kind of girl at all, she will INSIST that you date her in order to disprove your supposition. Do not let her know that you were once engaged to her room-mate.

111

Consider it beneath your dignity to date a rib unless; (1) her account at the Marinello proves that she buys a doz, hr, nets per wk.; (2) she has 5 formal bids; (3) she has an average below 2; (4) she SAYS, "Petting parties are so silly"; (5) she has both good look and personality (this will limit the field of applicants).

IV

Even I. s. g.'s (local sorority girls) must be studied. The accepted manner of attack consists of brusquely asking, "What sorority do you profess?" "Kappa Delta Kappa," will be the reply. You know they were founded March 10, 1923, but will say, "Let's see you were founded in 19 hundred and—, no 18 hundred—," Before you finish she will pinch your arm and promise to break a date just to accom-

pany you to the Y. M. C. A. bean supper of which you are pres.

V

It is good policy to play up to a woman's pity. Of course, anybody can finance a Feed-Date, therefore, you will date her on a rainy Sunday night. Wear leaky shoes, no socks, celluloid collar, "comeback-to-me" tie (if any), a cheese cloth suit, and a cardboard fraternity pin. Be sure when you and she are wading arm in arm to make the oozing of moist water around your toes audible. Point to the sign All You Can Eat For 39c and caution her to annex a second helping should the opportunity present itself.

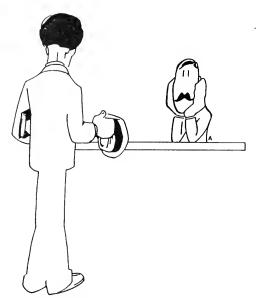
VI

The girl who owns a motor presents a distinct problem. Approach her thus: As she parks her machine and enters a piano store steal a revolver from a sleeping policeman and therewith shoot holes in the tires thereby making them tlat. After she has heard all the records and rolls she will trip outside and be nonplused by the flattened innertubes. Admonish her not to weep. Fix the tires by taking the bullets out, jump into the drivers seat, wait for the clerk to deposit in the tonnean a Baby Grand, and demonstrate your driving ability by climbing all the big hills on high. If your small talk evaporates, accelerate, lean out of the car and pick hankies from the ground.

V11

The law of contrasts governs the athletic girls. By swallowing in its entirety a tin foil coated Life Saver (adv.) you will cough like a resident of Denver. She will tritely remark, "Denver, (Hamburg if she is German) for you ch?" You will splutter, "Oh (violent gasping) could I only have someone to teach me golf or tennis so I could fool this touch of T. B." In a weeks time you will be able to heat her at all sports, indoor included.

(Warning: If she does not satisfactorily react after being subjected to the seven lests you may rest assured that she is either your long lost sister or clse is going to school to learn rather than to assimilate a husband.)



Author- Eve come here to find inspiration. Clerk—Wal. I'm a law-abiding citizen myself, but 4 think the hotel has some at eight dollars a

quart.

The Question

His verses, stories and Essays in the Campus mags displayed Rabelaisian humor, Yet he had Never dated a campus Woman. So when he arranged to see The leading campus co-ed One Saturday night Her return was Awaited with eagerness. Was he a flaneur Or just an adolescent using His imagination? When the L. c. c. came in She answered all Questions with a smile. Was it one of disparagement Or was she Merely keeping a good thing To herself?

Feminine Logic

Feminine logic is Admirable, In the columns of Her University Daily She chastizes the Local males Who import and even Women imported from the home Town or other institutions. Next week, she is Going up to Wisconsin, And later to Michigan and Northwestern, Don't you think Feminine logic is Admirable?

-S. O. S.



SHE HAD A CRUSH ON HIM

The Hard Boiled Ballade

When Hog Montevelli was sent to Sing Sing To serve out a twenty year sentence, They fed him on music to take out his sting And hoped that it might bring repentance.

But Noble and Guilmant, Kinder and Bach Were played with no seeming effect; Ferrata's Scherzino went right off the track And left the musicians all wrecks.

Then Massenet, Chopin, "Amarilli mia bella," Caccini, Corelli, "Mio dolce ardor," And would you believe it this terrible fella Grew harder and harder than ever before.

They blew on the brasses, they whistled through wood.

Bore down on the cymbals and clinked tambourines, But none of the stuff did the things that it should Hog sclupped up his soup, and glared down at his beans.

Well Hog is now free of the Law's brutal shahs And the fears of the pen that had tilled him. As a final resort they tried him on jazz. He reformed? Why hell man it killed him!

-Don Allen.

The American Home. (Reformed.)

It is Sunday in the ancestral manor of the Guilffs, one of the show places near Shiloh-on-the-Sea, but in spite of the beauty of the day, the spright-liness of the weather and the dainty fluttering of the Guilff butterflies; there is something hanging in the air that gives promise to spoil the grandeur of the thing.

Let us pass through the carved walnut doors (the doors that Great-great grandfather Guilff brought over in the Mayflower) into the spacious marble foyer of the Guilff palace. Glance for a moment at the massive pillars of Pierian marble, and the vast colouaded ceilings. Is that a Constable, and there is one of the few Corot's in America.

Here comes Lidya Guilff in tears, and there is Mrs. Guilff sobbing into a fragile bit of Dubliu lace, one would almost think that Owen Guilff would strangle with those manly sobs tearing his boson. Why this grief? What is the matter? Who is dead?

And now it comes in a gasping flood of tears it is merely this. . All the Guilffs wish to read the Bible and Mr. Guilff swears that none shall read until he is through with the Holy Writ.

D. C. A.

Chanson d' Amour

My Love, I never give a whoop for Frendian complexes

1 love Sir Freud as Negroes love the Ku Klux Klan in Texas.

Nor do I care for all this molecule and atom chatter That argues that your own sweet self is ordinary matter.

If all of this is true I have a feeling that whoever Made you, made only you then lost his formula forever.

-David Virgil Felts,



Blessed be the tie that binds.



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Reform!

Just one step ahead of the times has been the motto and policy of the Siren, and with wise fore-sight she takes up the endgels for reform in this issue. She "views with alarm" various disturbing tendencies around the campus—such as the high grades among the sororities last semester for it shows the faculty resistance to feminine charm is weakening; it is the intention of this issue to advocate healthy measures to put an end to many of the pernicious practices about us.

The end of the semester draws near, and the campus backbone needs strengthening. Various suggestions will be offered by wise councillors throughout these columns; if acted upon, the results should be far reaching.

It is possible, though not probable, that some of the evils may be overlooked. In that case the Daily Illini, the other campus liberal publication, will be auxious to throw light on them, following the leadership of the Siren. Heaven knows the Illini hasn't reformed anything yet, except perhaps the honor system, which, in spite of itself, it chloroformed with most pleasant success.

He who would rise with the sun must not stay up late with the daughter.

The demand for near sighted chaperones is only exceeded by the demand for still-necked taxi drivers,

No matter what you do someone always knew you would.

Needed Reforms

Of course, certain reforms that should first of all be instituted are obvious, namely (1) the disbanding of the Council of Administration, (2) discharging the Deans of both men and women, (3) and, the discontinuance of the College of Agriculture. In order, however, for this University to emerge trimphant from the present stump certain really drastic measures must be evolved.

- I would suggest that doing away with the "hello" custom. It sounds democratic to say "hello" to anyone but just ask one of the most cheerful helloers for a paltry loan of tive dollars and see what happens.
- 2. I would suggest razing all the buildings on campus. Classes could be held in our Stadium. The other day I read about persons going to Alaska to study and romp about in the Great Outdoors. But why go to Alaska when we could use the breeze-swept Stadium just as well? If the weather becomes too inclement school can be postponed. With the money obtained from selling the debris a race track could be built. A College for Race Drivers certainly would be a forward step in the curriculum of the American University. And Just think that in 1922 De Palma made \$59,000,00.
- 3. I have a solution to the fraternity problem. Now some men belong to a fraternity and others unfortunately do not. I advocate a sort of alternate system, that is, one year let one-half of the student body belong to fraternities, and the other half be non-fraters; and then the next year have everybody change places. This arrangement would insure everyone spending two out of four years in an organized house and would undoubtedly satisfy all concerned. Incidentally it would be advisable to sell all existing houses and to build one big house for all. This would do away with the bother of remembering so many names.
- I have purposely ignored mentioning coeds as I have assumed that every person favors making Illinois non-coeducational.

No Smokes for Women

There is no doubt that eigarette smoking among the ladies is becoming more prevalent during these Hechtic days, and the Siren is opposed to this most vicious practice unalterably. Her reasons are on a strict aesthetic basis, and need no further expounding because various organizations throughout the country such as the Dill Pickle club et al have pointed them out so ably. However, we would like to add a few more points to be used in the war against my Lady Nicotine.

In the first place, some males among our acquaintance smoke only one brand, "Other People's Tobacco," and their ravages on our supply of fags continue daily despite our imprecations, insults and other unprintable epithets. Imagine then the state of our feelings when we have safely got out of the house with an enjoyable co-ed for companion only to discover that she likes to use the same brand, O. P. T., and she proceeds to smoke you out of house and home. Such a practice is nothing short of vicious.

There, aesthetically speaking, they hold the fags most awkwardly between their dainty fingers, taking a puff cautiously with mounth painfully screwed up; this is followed by the choking and reddening process that renders them temporarily inaudible, the only redeeming feature of the whole business.

Again, nicotine stains are not at all prettifying. The Siren favors all efforts to abolish smoking for women, and esponses every movement against it most heartily. Someday if they learn to smoke well, they may have her support but not before.

Lew Dockstader, minstrel, slipped and fell in New Jersey recently and rattled his bones considerably.

Just a few more weeks and gardeners will be making two weeds grow where one grew before,



If gasoline goes to a dollar and a half a gallon,

The young prof's room mate had just breezed in.

"Then keep on looking. I've tried to find it,

Anticipating his query the prof said, "What're you

"Nothing, er - er," began the other.

looking for?"

myself."

shoemakers will laugh themselves to death,

HAR! HAR!

A Page of Heh-Heh's by Don Allen

There are about 110,000,000 people in this coun-

BOASTING!

—Pop A. Cowe.

Kissing affects the mind, dear Pop

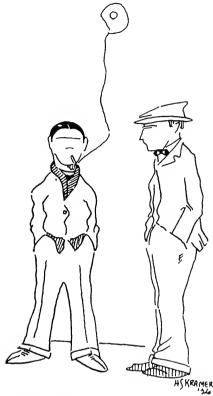
Said I "My dear, if that's the case

She cooed in accents lazy.

Then both of us are crazy."

try who wish they were someone else.

Civilization is spreading. In Japan a baseball umpire recently got licked.	Perhaps the grocer in Newark, Coun., who sells eggs by the yard sells spaghetti by the dozen. ———————————————————————————————————
Germany is sending us canary birds much to the delight of American cats.	The Kentneky man who stole an auto to go riding, will go nowhere now for six months.
An Ohio man grafted skin of a chicken on his dogs back and now the dog can go chase himself.	John Hannitin of Milwaukee has been a detective for 38 years. Imagine being baffled for that length of time.
King George new grandson is called Prince except when he cries in the middle of the night.	Some men are lucky. A Florida alligator bit off a man's wooden leg.
The first sign of spring in Michigan was when a man, 76, said he thought he would marry again. ———————————————————————————————————	A Tennessee mountaineer is 120 years old. What an awful lot of tobacco to chew.
Who says higher education doesn't pay? Yale students recently voted that they had rather marry women with jobs.	Its strange how such good looking complexions can come out of such sloppy looking vanity boxes.
A Texas man who inherited a million dollars, quit work and bought an automobile , so he may soon be back at work.	One nice thing about having a wife is that she always thinks some one else wants you.
Valentino is supposed to get \$30,000 a week for dancing, which is enough to make anyone dance.	Boys leave farms because you don't have to get up at day break to get milk out of a bottle in the city.
London Cop is singing in grand opera. The British give their police more authority than we give	A giant cobra in New York Zoo shed its skin. They will skin anybody in that town.
ours. Recent discoveries indicate that the Indians	Five sailors drowned off Sandy Hook because the nearest land was a mile away and underneath them.
built a great civilization before deciding that it wasn't any use.	In Michigan 30 pajama clad girls put out a fire and now no house in town is safe.



Compliment for you. What?

Susie says you got acute indigestion.

To Dorothy—A Sonnet

I might have told you, you are very fair
(I could have said as much and known it true)
I might have been much nicer, Dot, to you
(I wish I had; perhaps I didn't dare)
I might have told you, you have pretty eyes
(I always liked them, brown with dancing light)
I wish that we had danced for just one night
(I am conceited; yet, that's no surprise)
But still we played and laughed and talked each day
And ground out copy for the "dirty sheet"
And oftentines you brought peanuts to cat
And brightened up an ordinary day.
But now you've gone and left me where we played
It's Spring and nice and Gee, I wish you'd stayed.
— David V, Felts,

Reincarnation

(Entrow's Nove: We had just been kidding her about some feminine foibles, and we must have been harsh; appended is her comeback.)

Reincarnation is a myth Yet somehow I forsee The time when this my life shall cease To join eternity.

And then another life I'll start Let's think; what shall I be? Perhaps a worm, a flower, a bird, Perhaps a cedar tree.

Tis queer 1 cannot tell my fate No matter how 1 try But you—misogynist, dear boy, Your picture haunts my eye.

You will not be a worm or flower Or even cedar tree, Nor yet a dinosaur or man, Can I tell you what I see?

You'll be a little chigger, kid, With biting tongue of red, The sting remains and yet at this You'll always lose your head As Now.

-Tank.

Reformed



Good Afternoon

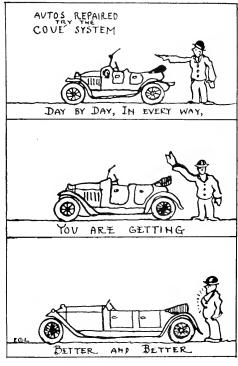
(By Rajah)

"Geewhiz, will this class never end . . . I'll bet she's late, at that . . , wonder if she'll wear her blue . . . WELL, IT MIGHT BE FINANCED IN SEV-ERAL WAYS AH-H, AH H . . . geewhiz, why don't be give a fellow a chance? . . . half past; twenty minutes more; and then another five; or maybe ten . . . FD ISSUE MORTGAGE BONDS . . . well, what's wrong with that? . . . he doesn't know his stuff . . . like to see him out in business . . . thank the Lord, there goes the bell . . . wonder if my hair is combed . . . HELLO BOYS; NO, GOTTA CLASS . . . Oh, hello there . . , gee, vou're getting prettier every day . . . let's hurry so we can get a booth . . . malt'n a milkshake, and say, bring some matches, will va please . . . well, watcha do today . . . yeah? . . . here, I'll light it for you . . . yeah . . . here comes someone . . . noisy bunch, ain't they; that's Hally and her gang of literati....why not; whadyou care if it's crowded? . . . let's wander . . . is my hair combed . . . where's the bill . . . To Larry, hi Hoofty . . hello Eddie . . hello Ruth Ann . . . howareya Jake . . . gee, I haven't been this far south since our last date . . . yeah . . . oh, f don't know . . . why didn't you tell him you had a date . . . did she? . . . can't you break it? . . . gee, I gotta crack a book or I'll flunk out yeah . . . lookut the R. O. T. C. drilling; poor guys, I did that once ... are girls ever reviewed at that pavilion? another Our prof. pulled a wize crack in Philosophy today; said "HUME made me what I am today" . . . veah? . . . gee, is it that late? well, goodbye, I'll give

you a buzz soon; don't forget Saturday night huh? whatya mean two bits tine for being late for dinner . . . had a make up quizz . . . aw, bunk,

The young co-ed sat next to her caller on the sorority davenport. It was spring, for the young man's fancy had turned as is custom. They whispered in the darkness, and the girl answered; "Say it with flowers."

The next day lillies were delivered,



Concerning Frieda

In prose and print I rant against the Lovelorn, those who moon For amatory epistles from the Girl Back home Or who roam the country-Side of an Evening with their soul Mates. Cynic, I Berate them and they Curse me for my Revilings. By Gar, if Frieda Were at school I wouldn't Be sitting here Now writing hymns of Hate against those Whose loved ones are within Walking distance.

8. 0. 8.



Train Schedules

I wrote her To sow all her wild oats Before June When L graduate. She answered indignantly: "I am going to Sow all my wild oats With you." I wonder if the 6:25 will be on time

Tonight.

 $-8. \ 0. \ 8.$

Book worms are so boring.

Little girl: But mama, he said he was a fish.

Mother: He said what?

Little girl: The new hired man said he was a Finn.

Historia-Eventus

(By Saint Orohenm)

(Note:-Professor Gundelfinger, head of the History Department, after delving into the annuls of Illinois' towns, submitted the following bulleting,

Arcola—Named after the oldest brother of the Cola family, Ar, who gave the money to import the first pool table. His brother, Tus, settled Tuscola,

Assumption- Really incorporated in 1856 under the name of Consumption. A prairie schooner full of T. B. victims broke an axle here. Everybody stayed, got cured, and then renamed the hamlet Assumption.

Champaign-More blind dates in this town than in any other town in the U.S., irrespective of size,

Chicago-Population 5,000,000. Good road shows hit this place occasionally. Mary Garden, who is named after Mary Garden perfume, lives here, and is said to have originated, "If I had a daughter I would not let her go to Illinois."

Herrin-Next to Chicago in the slaughtering industry.

Jolict-Wonderful state prison here which keeps the entire town employed, chasing escaped convicts. Some of the rooms are better than those offered by certain fraternity houses at the University of Illinois.

Mattoon—Lincoln had dinner here December 15, 1856. Here it was that Abe first fold of his walking ten miles to return to a customer a nickel, whom he had short changed at the grocery. Records show that the customer bought two doz, herrings and a qt, of sauerkraut. The fork and saucer which the Emanipator used are in a state of perfect preservation.

Saint Charles-On the Fox River. First fox hunt in state had here in fall of '79. One hound run but no foxes run down.

Urbana—Vachel Lindsay once visited here and gave a talk on "Me and My Poems." Everybody, though, was under the impression that he was Carl Sandburg since the master of ceremonies, doing his best to be ultra-modern and eccentric, had his mouth crammed full of pea-mit brittle when he introduced "the pride of Springfield."

The last thing in the world we would expect a reform movement to be--is a dance step.

Sometimes a vice president is just that! -----

It is rumored that one of the members of the fencing team is leading a dual life.

Ballade of Suicide

I bought a hempen rope short time gone by; Its nice and new and fit to bear my fall; The price of food is way up in the sky; I fail to find a play that does not pall; And magazines... Doc Crane writes for them all! Lo every place I go the jazz bands play. The asses bray and wild leopards call..... And so I think Ull hang myself today.

This is a joyless land so dull...so dry!
No longer may I quaff the tumblers tall
Of lordly liquor; and no more may I,
For tifty cents behold a game of ball.
Some psychic speaker holds each lecture hall;
I have a habadasher's bill to pay;
My landlady won't stand another stall....
And so I think I'll hang myself today.

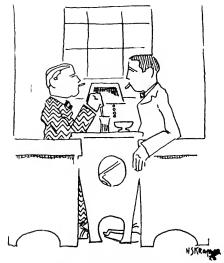
The only style the clothiers supply
Are cut in at the waist, absurdly small
And ill become a gangling, graceless guy.
Next month there'll be a Music Festival...
Two weeks or more of that infernal squall....
And so I think I'll hang myself today.

Princess this is no place for folly's thrall This world to drab reformers all a prey; There's a convenient hook upon my wall.... And so I think I'll hang myself today.

Don Allen.

When they are freshmen They take "No" on the porch After the dance. As sophs their undergraduate Criticisms in the Uni daily Help mag eds on their way To Kankakee. While Juniors they Pass their time admiring Their doggy looks in their Class caps. Worst of all, As Seniors they say, "The Fraternity will go to the Canines When our class Graduates."

S. O. S.



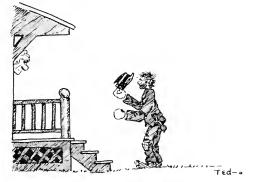
Jim: What's a caviar sandwich? Dandy: Oh, something on the order of a restaurant.

Goddess's

Hail! Dour Priscilla.
Hail! Dame Sourface.
Puritan Maidens lend your grace;
Turn your menacing grimace;
Whirl your pantellets of lace;
At each terrible embrace,
At our reckless Hell-bent pace....
Take your place, take your place.
Hail! Dour Priscilla.

Hail! Dame Sourface.

--- D. C. A.



A noted after dinner speaker.



URBANA

University Pharmacy, 705 S. Goodwin Urbana Drug Co., 411 West Main St.

CHAMPAIGN

John Schuler & Co. Arcade Confectionery (J. Thornhill)

Concerning Progress

1

LITERARY PROGRESS

At one cent a word:

"He lit a cigarette."

At (wenty-tive cents a word:

"Holding the dainty morsel to his Jips he brought the jewel of flame to its end, and then slowly exhaled the fragrance of a perfect smoke."

At fifty cents a word:

"He regarded the tiny white goddess in his palm, she was exquisite . . . wonderful. He could see the beautiful veiled woman in the factory where she was fashioned . . . Turkish beauties longing for love. He slowly pressed her lips to his and lit her with a pigmy torch of Venus; the smoke curled up like incense before a pagan altar, through its thin film he could see the priestess's dancing a sensous dance with wild abandon."

When he arrived . . . One dollar a word,

"He lit a eigarette."

H LOVE

Dear Mr. Smith.

Dear Charles.

My Own Dear Charlie.

Dear Charles.

Dear Mr. Smith.

 \mathbf{III}

SCHOLASTIC PROGRESS

First report.

"E"

Second report.

Third report.

"D"

Final.

"Of course you were doing nicely for a while but your work fell off so towards the end that we could hardly"

—Don Allen.

"-and then some one stole the car."

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Green St. Pharmacy

Ossifer: "Here, man—pull yourself together and go home before I have to call the wagon."

Hieaster: "His—My Gawd-hic-have I come to pieces?"—Mugwump.

Frater: "Are you giving a spring dance this year?"

Nity: "No, the toddle is passé."

He (noticing draped pin): 'Smatter, someone

Yes, Founder dead.

die?

Oh, found 'er dead.

Field Artillery Instructor: "The Field Artillery is divided into two classes: Materiel, and Personnel. In which class is horses?"

Bright soph: "Animell!"



A Hartmann Wardrobe Trunk is as Good as an Extra Closet



We have sold a number of these to university women and men who appreciate the extra closet space they provide. In a small compact space, the size of a Hartmann wardrobe, you can keep an amazingly big lot of things.

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W.Lewis & Co.



Andy—Does your roommate play "Carolina in the Morning"?

 $\label{eq:Ralph-Not} \mbox{Ralph-Not only then, but all afternoon and evening too!- Tiger.}$

Hit the Ball

That's exactly what we are doing.

Wilson Official Base Balls

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Carson

College Clothes 530 E. Green St. Although the dictionary contains almost everything, it hasn't much about anything.

The sun kist girl from California hasn't anything on the son-kissed maiden from Illinois.

The greatest reform movement on the campus takes place in the corrective gym.

I am the most hated of campus conditions. I am the love of all Anti's. I am discussed in the papers, laughed at by students, the killer of joy, the cause of prohibition, the essence of blue laws and Women's League rules. I am the reaction to gossip, the blood-hound of sin. I am the ambition of failures, the reason for pardons. I am REFORM.

Just because a girl wears clocks on her hose, you can't tell how fast she is.

There's many a slip between the cup and the fraternity mantle.

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ON THE WIRE

Rrrrrr i-n-g.

"Hello. Fraternity?"

"Is Harold there?"

"Xo."

"Is Dave?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Then Joe?"

"I'm sorry."

"Well, I'm awfully lonesome. Won't you come over?"

"Ah-thanks!"

"By the way, who is this?"

"The janitor."

BANG!

-Pitt Panther.

Sambo-Mandy, can I kiss you?

Mandy-Piggly Wiggly.

Sambo-What you all mean?

Mandy-ep yo'self,-Sun Dodger.

"How is it that I haven't seen you in church lately?" $\ \ \ \,$

"Why, my dear, I haven't been there."—Bison.



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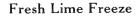
Deacon Brown was seen

yesterday chasing a skirt. Nothing wrong about this. It blew off his wife's clothes line. The best clothes line in town is found at—

VAUGHN#RICHMOND SHOP for MEN

Rialto Theatre Building

Springtime Delicacies



Fresh Strawberry Sundae

The Apollo Confectionery

MOUYIOS BROS. URBANA "Daddy, what is a better half?"
"A figure of speech, dear."—Judge.

Stude: "My car is out being repaired, so I'm going to take a street car home to-night."

Stewed: "Gosh, you musht have a big garash!"—Sun Dodger.

TEARABLE

"Three hairnets, please."

"What strength?"

"Two dances and a car ride."—Sun Dial.

THE DICKENS YOU DON'T!

"Did you see Oliver Twist, Aunty?"
"Hush, child. You know I never attend those modern dances."—Pitt. Panther.

22's Keenest-How did you get that wonderful wavy hair, Bob?

00's Pride—Turning somersaults on a corrugated roof in my youth, m'dear. - Orange Owl. Why do the most discriminating persons choose—

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Phones: Main 175 - Main 176

The First Electrochemist

ing to the science of a century ago, was "the principle of contagion when respired by animals in the minutest quantities." Mere say-so.

Imaginative yet skeptical Humphrey Davy, who believed in experiment rather than in opinion, "respired" it and lived.

It was this restless desire to test beliefs that made him one of the founders of modern science. Electricity was a new force a century ago. Davy used it to decompose potash, soda, and lime into potassium, sodium, and calcium, thus laying the foundations of electrochemistry. With a battery of two thousand plates he produced the first electric arc—harbinger of modern electric illumination and of the electric furnace.

Czar Alexander I and Napoleon met on a raft to sign the Treaty of Tilsit while Davy was revealing the effects of electricity on matter. "What is Europe?" said Alexander. "We are Europe."

The treaty was at that time an important political event, framed by two selfish monarchs for the sole purpose of furthering their personal interests. Contrast with it the unselfish efforts of Sir Humphrey Davy. His brilliant work has resulted in scores of practical applications of electrolysis in industry and a wealth of chemical knowledge that benefit not himself but the entire world.

In the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company, for instance, much has been done to improve the electric furnace (a development of Davy's arc) and new compounds have been electrochemically produced, which make it easier to cast high-conductivity copper, to manufacture special tool steels; and to produce carbides for better arc lamps.



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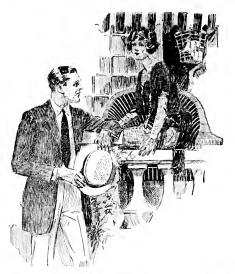
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The Lytton College Shop is a Separate Shop Devoted Exclusively to the Interests of Well Dressed College Men



After Exams, Drop In and See the New Things for Summer

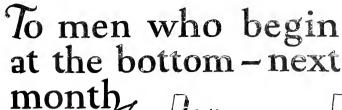
Lytton College Shop

YOU men who dress in the collegiate manner will want a lighter suit for real Summer comfort, a sport shoe for tennis, or, at least, a few polo shirts. A visit to the College Shop will authoritatively inform you of what is being worn for Summer. Assortments are wide and assembled with consideration to moderate expenditures. Burchfield will be here all Summer to help you select.

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Vagabondia

Do you know what the springtime

When buds are budding on the

And fragrant smells are on the breeze

That tickles gently round one's knees.

Do you know what the springtime

When bright young flowers blooming make

My very heart with yearning

For you-my dear-it means we shake

Our feet and start for-Crystal

-Pop A, Cowe,

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Doctors say that men who smoke are liable to

Sir Edward an English peer will marry Lady Joan who was for some time without a peer.

In Alaska they get oil from sharks' livers, but never from a shark's oil well.

It is so hot in Africa that underwear is considcred an overcoat.

They are telling Russian children that there is no Santa Clans, but many will ask, "Well what is the United States then."

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OSTRAND'S Home Cooked Eats

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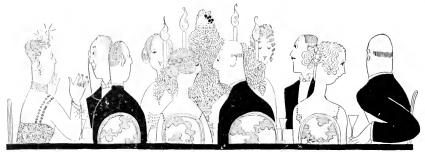
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O. Vanity Fair

Among Those Present

The author of the very latest novel—the champion promoter of charity matinées—an all-American tackle—Cousin Ella from Minneapolis—a president of a silver mine—a peri of the silver screen. . . . What made the dinner a success? What was their point of contact? Why, just this—they were all readers of

VANITY FAIR

Vanity Fair is the common meeting ground of everyone that's interesting—and interested. From Portland, Me., to Portland, Ore., it gathers the elect to watch the spectacle of the cosmopolitan world. Its pages are a ticker, recording on their tapes every movement in the list of life's amenities.

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Humorists: such as Heywood Broun, Stephen Leacock and George S. Chappell.

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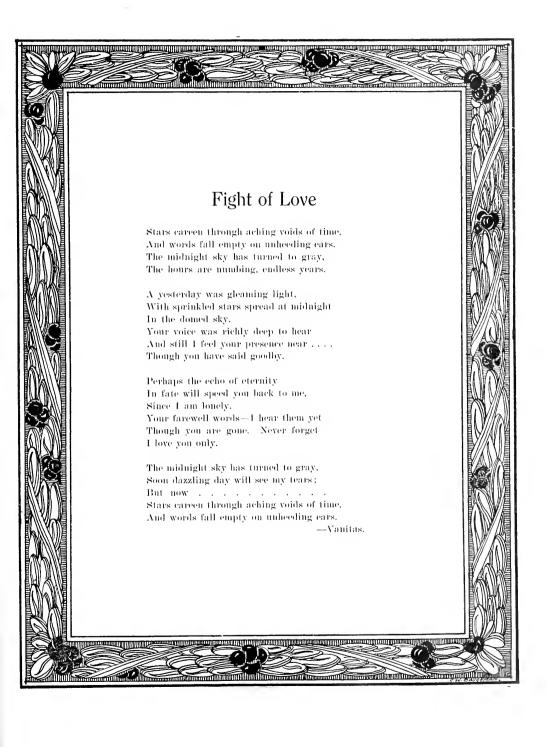
Artists: forward-looking workers, in painting, sculpture, and the graphic arts, whose achievements people ought to follow.

And for the Hors d'Oeuvres there are our usual photographs of unusual people, and our expert notations on motors, bridge, sport and men's clothes.

35 cents

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\$4 two Years



In Passing

There is even a time when all jesting is futile, when the clever phrase is empty, and wit is only a poor, tawdry thing, impotent to cheer or sparkle at a last farewell.

So in the last issue of the year the Siren must put aside her mask and satire, and lay a little offering of sincerity before the Gods of Friendship, and offer up a genuine regret as a God-speed to the neardeparted.

We would not bid you plunge boldly into life, to toil up to the rare, high places. We would only take leave of you with a little sadness, and a little joy, perhaps, at having met. We would wish you all that we ourselves could prize as worth while. We would ask nothing but a kind remembrance. This much, at least, for friendship's sake. And so-Farewell.

Sketches in Savagery

Bu Hat Hazelriga

PROFESSOR GOOK:

Each time I go to Prof. Gook's class he smirks, and pulls his nose and wheezes about the "futilitarian value of examinations," looking as always along his nasal externity to the left side of the room for approval, and the girls of the class, being laberals, smirk in their turn and register silent approbation. If, peradventure he directs his shifty glances toward the conservatives, he wilts before that scathing, concerted glare and hastily turns to fructify and bask again under the benison of uncritical coed commendation.

I have an animadversion for Gook—he gooks me. Some day his servile, crouching soul will turn to snarl and snap at the prodding prong which drives him through a new part of Purgatory known as the "tenth cornice, where sycophantic scholars go" . . . And I shall prod him mercilessly onward.

Day by day he brags about how he managed to get all his students through "this course last semester without a failure." And daily, as Gook drools he returns examination papers with dubious grades of questionable degrees of fairness... Ame dannee, that statement involves no superior intelligence. Your students could not fail and keep their self respect!

Some day when he is in a particularly malevolent mood, he will grin and twist sardonic lips about some biting sarcasm which is never uttered, but drivels to an unctious, "I believe you have missed the point there Miss Smith. The inference is obvious." The predominant characteristic possessed of man and denied to animals is the faculty of laughter—

One day I harried late to class, and saw him pause on the stairs to kick a cat from the landing, and faugh as it crawled away!

THE CANDY ANKLE:

Snark is a Friscoing, oily kind of wart. He would like to make you believe that he was born in a tuxedo when, the chances are, he will probably be wearing one in a restaurant some day.

Smut-vender, pun-barker, bawd-wit, he is a "good-fellow" and "sure has a line of jokes." Yet one cold glance will cow him while a joke fallen tlat is hastily ascribed to someone else.

About every other day, he doubts his popularity, knowing himself as he does, and walks down the street, hailfellow-well-met, forcing the recognition of surprised strangers, proccupied scholars, and political celebrities alike. The girls all know him, and call him "Dick" in nicely calculated accents, according to whether their motive be gersonal, or for the "good of the house."

Reassured, he takes up his telephone and rings up another "chorine" for a Saturday Night date, in order to have "a frame for the next creep at College Hall"

THE GENIUS:

"You say he didn't speak to you, my dear? After taking you to his house dance Saturday night? Incomprehensible!

--Of course, though he so absent-minded, so literary, you know, I suppose that is true of geniuses. He always has that faraway look in his eyes"—

Garbish has a long, red, blotched nose, and a stooped back. He talks over his olfactory appendage like this: "Bergonsonism implies a reaction against the mechanism of a purely conceptualist philosophy." Himself, he manages to convey, has given up writing of love, because he suffered a severe disillusionment concerning the amorous erratum.

Garbish hes. The only love affair ne ever had was an indiscreet liaison with an overrawed telephone girl. He never loved, His part is sophistry. A buffoon who rants and spouts cant parases innumerable to gullible jeunes filles.

Wisdom will not die with you, driveling dolt, but rather live on in spite of you. And when you die, Saint Peter will lead you by that long proboscis to the Golden Gates, and let you read inscribed thereon: 'Let not him enter here who professes the detached attitude; not let him assume to aspire these heights who has asserted radicalism as denoting a superior intellectualism; nor him who, in the distaste for life, decried it, yet looked curiously through other men's spectacles, and criticised it accordingly.'

And the venerable Saint will laugh as you sneak to Hell.

CELESTE:

Celeste is young, yet skilled in self-restraint; Celeste is beautiful.—of that Celeste is certain; Celeste is intellectual, conversation with literary men has assured her of that; Celeste is wise—especially concerning the attracton of men; Celeste is chaste notoriously so; Celeste is unsophisticated—infamously unsophisticated, when it pleases her so to be, Celeste, in fact, is impeccable—that is in all but soul.

She hides Gargoyles behind perfume bottles and toilet articles when the house chaperone chances near her room—then stoutly defends it in talk with others of like tastes. If some one she admires happens to assert to the contrary, she hastily qualifies her statement, and eventually twists her opinions to coincide. You see, Celeste is also agreeable.

Celeste's pretty mouth twists lumnorously about some imminent epigram which everyone waits for breathlessly, but which never falls. And yet, Celeste is acclaimed undoubtedly clever.

Celeste is aghast at the prospect of her own accomplished deviltry; yet she continues blithely in the flight and pursuit, certain of capture at a far distant date, by some tolerant gallant.

The fools she's jilted are her only enemies others speak of her Madonna-like face and tender, motherly ways . . .

Alas, at our last house dance, I found her thrice in our discreet card room, dancing mouth to mouth with different acquaintances.

Child Geniuses

My heart is sad although I hate to show it:
Today I rise and twitch my mantle blue;
Henceforward I must cease to be a poet . . .
My literary livelihood's napoo.
My lyric voice I may no more uplift,
For not a single soul is left to hark it
These infant prodigies have come and biffed
Me off the market.

I am not angry; do not call me 'jellus'; I simply feel I'm powerless to compete With Willie's "Why Believe What Parents Tell Us?" And Percy's pamphlet, "Malted Malk or Meat," When "Teething Tips," by Thomasine aged two And, "Thwarted, or the Pollywog's Ambition," By Enid, acetat eight have now run through Their ninth edition?

But one faint hope illuminates my sorrow;
My threatened rum may perchance be stopped;
I'll seek a friendly orphan home tomorrow,
And take some bonneing baby to adopt.
Peace and divine contentment I shall learn;
Ilis childish prattlings won't have time to bore me
For I shall get my foster son to earn
My living for me.

—Don Allen.

Noananias

A Play by Por A. Cowe

The celebrated author of "Mud Pies," "Quadruplets," "Just Before the End Comes Happiness," and others.

SCENE A carryed stone bench just outside the Junior Prom, shaded by great trees. A summer moon casts little pools of silver about the couple scated on the bench. The lilt of the music sounds dim ig the distance.

He -Comfy, lady?

She-Uniminiminimini.

Silence,

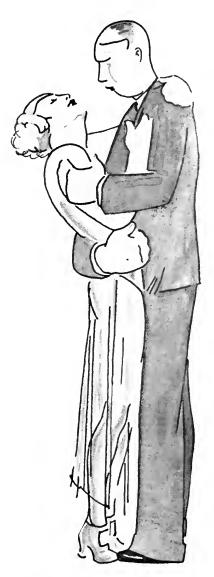
He Sure you're all fixed now, lady? Comfy? She - Ummmmmmm.

More Silence.

He Well, then I guess I'll go inside for awhile. I gotta have at least one dance with Meg tonight.

1Curtain1

The Eternal Feminine



He: "Darling, promise you will love me!"

She: "Why you effeminate thing!"

The O'er-fraught Heart

"Darling, since the moment 1 first saw you, since the time that I first grasped your hand and looked in your eyes, I have loved you. My love has been as deep as the restless seas, and as true as the steel of Excalibur. Without you, life will be a sordid desert; a Maelstrom of bitterness and tears, an inferno of fiends; with you, life will be a blessed Paradise, a romantic dream—heaven. Darling, our love will be as everlasting as the eternal stars, as faithful as the bonds that unite the horizon with the earth, as splendid as the glory of the sun-rise over Mona Loa, and as pure as the snows that crown Fujiama. When you frown, my heart plumbs the depths of hell, we you smile, my heart soars above the stars. My heart, my soul, is yours—Darling, will you be mine?"

"You betcha," she slithered. "Gosh, it took you a long time."

-- Aw Burn.



Saturday eight o'clock in non-dimensional space.

AWise Crack

Mary has an abhorrence For those of her sex who Have left the Straight and narrow. Three days Ago she proudly Announced her engagement To the son of the Traction baron In my Home town. She says, "I Expect to learn to Love him." Wasn't it Shakespeare Who made a Wise crack about A rose not So long ago?



How did your students get on with the quiz. Oh, one answered the log question. Shark? No, he just stumbled on it.

Triolet!

I must bid you goodbye
Though it is with some pain
And the lift of a sigh
That I bid you goodbye
If I waited, then I
Might be out in the rain
So I bid you goodbye
Though it is with some pain.

Pop A. Cowe.

Nocturne

It is a very strange and wondrous thing To see a woman hanging by her hair, To see her turn and turn and slowly swing And then float off upon the empty air. It is a very curious thing to view One's history prof. turn slowly inside out Silently watching as the act ensues And greet his organisms with a shout, It is a very unknown thing to smile Upon a man who slowly in a pot Cooks up himself a crying all the while, Because he claims his gravy is too hot. Well so it is when men must slake a thirst, You dream of this time afterward in bed Malaga's fairly good . . . that is at first, But then the dreams will never beat the head.

-Don Allen.

Thomas Thumb, a Fable

By Ted Carpenter

Once upon a time there was a poor farmer and his wife who had no children. They did not know how lucky they were, and instead of letting well enough alone, they asked one of the kind fairies who lived down the street if she would get them a little boy. Not a bright boy who wanted to recite all the time nor yet a cookie-nibbler, sofa scorpion, cushion cootie, or finale hopper, and by no means a College Hall boy.

Soon after the boy arrived. Before long he became a wayward brat, criticising his old man's table manners, and smoking up all the old lady's eigarettes. They didn't raise a howl though, until he took down the rain spout and twisted it into a still.

His constant smoking of eigarettes along with his frequent hootch experiments stunted his growth, and, along with the many small tricks he played on his kind and doting parents, he never grew any larger than an ordinary sized thumb. So they christened him Thomas Thumb.

Needless to state he had quite a time trying to modernize his folks. The old gentleman just wouldn't dress for dinner, and his mother considered the inter- and intra-family discords, which were wafted down the air shaft as more important than the Stillman case, or Lois Montross' latest writings.

Finally despairing of ever teaching them anything, he packed his bag and bought a lower for the big city. Because of his size he slept very comfortably on his trip.

He had a very boyish time in the big city, and, like all sophisticated young men he drew up a list of eligible young ladies upon his arrival. From these he selected the most eligible whom he fondly called his Squaw. She had affectionate eyes, and as for carriage,—a regular tally-ho.

His expense account for the first day might be summed up thusly:

Gehrigs' with the squaw	\$3.50
Scrappings for the Garcon	.75
Hyacinths for the squaw	4.90
Orph tickets for the squaw	5.50
Supper and Bradley's for the squaw	7.39
Taxi for the squaw	1.70

That's the pace that hurts the muscles of the arm that reaches for the pocketbook. As soon as Tom's jack evaporated, the squaw gave him ondies of air, and glued herself to an innocent young Sigma Nookey who had a steady allowance.

Tom sent home a loving night letter, collect, telling his folks that he had just received word that the 6:15 goes North, and he'd just have time to catch it if they wired him the necessary spondulicks. So they did, and the train did, and he did.

On the way home, Tom overhead a man, wearing checks, spats, horn glasses, boot tops and carrying a brief, talking to another who carried and wore the same. It appeared that they had lots of snappily engraved stocks of the Airtite Oil Corp. and—yes, they were stock salesmen.

They had Tom's father on their list of prospects, because the old boy had some years previously gotten cramps when he reached for his wallet and by reason of his affliction was in ample position to paper the walls with the root of all evit.

When Tom arrived home he told papa that when the two gentlemen called on him with AirTite Preferred, he was to buy \$10,000 worth and to tell them that if he liked it he'd get another \$10,000 worth in a couple of days.

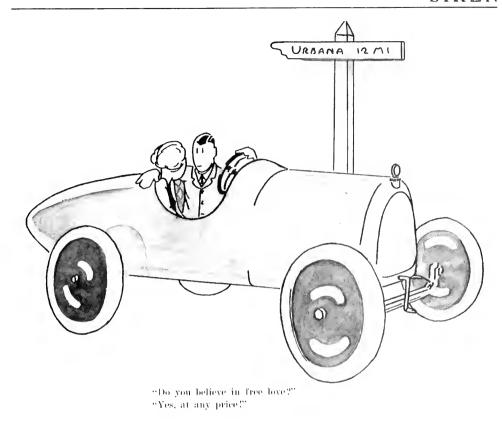
The old gent did as his fond offspring told him, which is what all fathers do when their sons reach a certain age. In a few days the oil swindlers came back. Meanwhile Tom skipped to Tulsa and sent his dad a fake telegram which said. "Buy all the Airtite you can get yer lunch hooks on. Gusher struck. If'll peddle 8768.43 on the blackboards in a few days."

Tom's old man left the message around real careless like, where the two gentlemen saw it. They undged each other, and then one of them opened his meal entrance thus:

"Mister our conscience is troubling us. We swindled you on that stock. It ain't worth two whoops in—well, East St. Louis, although most people down in Oklahoma expect it to gush one of these days. Just to show you we wanta go straight we'll buy it back for double what you paid us."

They counted out 20,000 cold berries and then hot-footed it off. Then Tom returned home with his toddle top and cleaned up. Then they lived happily

That isn't how the story goes. Anyway it's too late to tell it now.



Sonnet For Ben Jonson

Ben Jonson said that he would rather have A kiss within the cup, ah drink divine. Than all imported or domestic wine, As drunk by Tenton, Frenchman or by Slav And Jonson was no Love-sick, moon-eyed calve. Who wandered through the groves of Arcady In search of maidens fair and Love so free: To still an aching heart with Love's own salve. If Bennic could come back to these drear days And find the Mermaid corded in by law: To sale of malts and chocolate parfaits; He'd shake his head and mutter through his maw, "Oh damn the age, the passing hours have cursed me Come kiss me Celia, kiss me, God Um thirsty."

_____S____

There are about 5000 languages in the world and money speaks about 5000 of them.

The Saddest Words. . .

"John, remember the night, years ago, when you proposed? I had hoped it would happen on a boat far out on a moon-lit sea, with the gleaming phosphorescence of the water vying with the brilliance of the stars overhead, and sweet night winds blowing gently upon our foreheads; or, upon a desert isle where we had been cast up when our boat had been wrecked. Imagine! Just we two, far from aid and left alone to face the dangers of the barren island. Or, you might have proposed when we were travelling through Europe. that night we were floating down the blue Danube, with the water slipping and gurgling by the boat and the barvest moon beaming in the heavens above. Once you leaned ever to me, grasped my hands and—"

"Oh hush! You'll wake the baby!"
So she divorced him. What would you?
- Aw Burnn.

-Don Allen.

The Chem Prof.

Let others prate how the flaming sun Rose on the towers of Babylon;

Or how the beaked Grecian ships Smudged the dawn's pink finger tips;

Ah, this is not romance to me Water and wave and the wind set free;

1 only hope before I die To mix Ph with Ch I,

-Tukulti-Ninib.

The Line Primeval

1

You say that we were lovers long ago; You say you wooed and won me in the slime That lay upon the virgin earth. The glow Of life—primal desire—was ours. As time, A million ages passed; we loved again Suffering loves pleasure, and loves pain.

П

You say you were my ancient Lochinvar. In days of giant beasts and frozen things. How handsome you—upon your dinosaur! How masterly you courted me! The Kings Of Glacier-Land brought tribute—costly furs, Stone weapons, beaten silver, incense, myrrhs.

111

You say you were an Aztec chieftain when Bold Cortez sailed to conquer Yucatan. Your deadly blow-gun terrorized the men In all the sayage tribes you over-ran; And then you stormed my stronghold—captured me, And quelled my heart with ruthless tyranny.

IV

You say you kissed me by the Sapphire Sea? You were a Roman and a Sabine I; Our love, the gift of gifts, came tenderly. Our kisses cons long beneath the sky— Say, wait a minute freshman, you're all wrong; That year I rated Antioch's Junior Prom.

-Young Ray.



DISCOVERY

Adam's rib was replaced by a thorn.

—Aw Burnn.



 $POPULAR\ COURSES;$ Care and management of racquets, MTWTFS 8 to 6.

Oh-Huh

A fraternity brother's Girl is Legitimate prey—
As long as he is unaware Of it.
At the Country Club Several Saturdays ago I'm sure that Somebody's woman Acted very religions With at least Four of the brethern If you know what I mean.

-S. O. S.

Co-ed Song

Sun and earth and wind of Spring Crystal days and fair Moon and stars and everything Man can dream or dare Hint at only half the song Golden days may sing If they do not waft along A sheepskin or a ring.

-Tukulti-Xinib.

Philological Contrast

(In a Roston Street Car)

Bernice St. Clair: "Listen Eileen, is not the the quaint argot of the urban hoi-poloi extremely intriguing?"

Margaret de Lance-Bourton: "Intriguing! Ye Olympian potentates! You mean to say the disgusting perversion of excellent King's English these plebians use is diverting—Balderdash!"

Goitie: "Listen, Mamie, to de swell gush dose dames are spill'—ain't it elegant?"

Mamie: "Elegant me eye! That highbrow stuff makes me sick!"

---Aw Burnn.

Saved

She barely paid her ransom fee to death

And all his wrought soul cried him not to give. He caught the whiff of onion on her breath

But let the damsel kiss him once and live.

—Т·N.



Look here, Frosh, were you loving my import? No Sir, we was dancin'.

Dancing?

Sure, didn't you see we was movin' our feet.

Disillusion

My roommate, Jim, I pitied him, He'd lost his looks, before so trim, And all because a woman's whim.

It seemed she lay down all the laws And never gave a single cause. Her logic just was all "because".

I laughed, so crude to me it seemed And never once had I e'er dreamed With such a girl 1'd soon be teamed.

Philosophy I never feared Behind my logic out I leered, My reasoning was all high geared.

She says "do this" and then "do that", My arguments to her seem flat. She says I don't know where I'm at.



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With Extreme Unction

When in the course of academic events it behooves us to take cognizance of the fact that before us lies a great and uncertain Beyond, we have a vague feeling that we will at the same time be leaving something behind. This being the final issue of the SHREN for the year it is meet that retrospection be given over to for a space, and this being our last, our very last, appearance up the local academic stage, we wish to make a graceful bow and withdraw to the next stage in the Great Puppet Show without tripping and falling over the draperies.

Four years in a little man-made world is not too long a time in which to locate one's self in the cosmic scheme. For, after all, we come here to find ourselves at last, regardless of ostensible reasons. To say that our world is artificial is perhaps true in a certain sense; and in another sense our world is

to be distinguished from that great outer sphere only by the fact that here we are conscious of our every movement. The walls reverberate and shout back at us just what we are doing from the moment we rise in the morning until we take again to the shucks at night. It is perhaps because, after a fashion, we are using our minds more than they would be used, or at least in a different way from that which is the practice in the world at large. As a consequence we very often cry out against the strictures upon conduct, the narrowness and stupidity with which the authorities criticize our actions. We feel that there will be greater freedom when we are again out in the wide, wide world. But we are only in such a situation that the adjacent walls are a little closer to us to echo back to us our failings and foibles. Perhaps if, when we once get out into the world at large, we can shout loud enough and make enough of a commotion to be heard at the extremes of the nation, the national or cosmic walls will echo back the same things that the local officials are said to have uttered against us.

If then, we are troubled by what the local officers put in the way of our free and untrammeled conduct, it might be observed that the same thing will happen in the world outside if only we make a proportionate disturbance. We have no doubt but that the echoes will be the same in each instance. All of which brings us to the conclusion that, after all, every man is for himself his own conscience, his own dictator, the only reliable counsel in matters of the heart and mind . . . moralists and evangelists to the contrary to be seasoned with salt before eating. What we can at last be thankful for is that in the density of the atmosphere of our little knoll on the prairies, we have been in a position to find our particular selves, to lift the last veil which separated us from a knowledge of our own value, of our real bent, of our gennine selves, were it for better or worse. Yet there is a genuine regret in the fact that relatively few of us ever find ourselves here. We come with minds open and free to receive, minds containing but little which would inhibit the acceptance of what the educators see fit to give us. We are almost gullible in fact. We are at the mercy of the professorial mind.

We have often maintained that truth will probably always remain at the bottom of the well; and in this osmosis, this play of ideas and knowledge between student and professor it is to be regretted that there is not more of doubt in the mind of the student. After all, what we get is only the semblance of truth . . . what we get is a portion of gleanings from the field of knowledge after the political separator, driven by the legislators, has passed over it. If only we had a set of ideas which would inhibit the acceptance of precept without first applying the test of doubt methinks Lady Truth would be elevated considerably from her secure position in the bottom of the well.

We realize of course that all this is very vague and indistinct and without visible purpose; likewise most of us, who have come here to find ourselves, find things vague and indistinct and without visible purpose. Perhaps God doesn't intend that we shall ever find ourselves except in the kingdom of heaven. Yet we are given to suspect that such a thing as intellectual freedom does really exist and until we find with what caution our superiors follow the will of the state in the matter of keeping from our young minds the disillusioning poison of Truth we keep on striving for it. And now that the time has come when there is an end of this we should perhaps be thankful that we have been given a conception of what Freedom and Truth really is, even if we have not found it. Mayhap, in the turmoil outside, we will find them tucked away in some shadowy nook where political expediency and moral prejudice have shoved them with a furtive movement of the toe.

Out of The Night

From somewhere down the stret comes the strum and lilt of a well-played banjo, and not so far away an easy, graceful saxophone teases a sinful melody into the warm night. There is just the slenderest moon, a curved and fragile crescent silvered on a pale sky. And there is the lusty, living smell of growing things.

Strolling couples pass in the dusk with a peculiar languid, springy walk, parting and coming together and parting again in a strangely woven pattern of footsteps. They talk low and laugh in high-chested langhter to their own low tones, And ever jammed motor cars pass purring well-fed purrs, satisfied with their crowded passengers. The chimes boom almost softly the slow Westminster tune. Tis evening on the Boneyard.

Yet the Siren is minded of a loud felolw who just left, shaking his head and speaking in brave tones of the glory, and the strength of a great outside world into which he will soon plunge. He was vaguely tiresome with his confident manner. He will no doubt go a long way in his strange hustling world outside..., and yet we feel he is somehow spooting for all his brave clangor.

We wonder who she is and why she turned him down so rudely.

There is no charm now in a harsh world. Tis evening on the Boneyard.



Famous Politicians



Just Another Love Song

1

We loved—disdaining gossip's scornful smile,
And heedless had our fun;

Happiness, that summer, all the while, Was ours from sun to sun.

1 told of yachts and rolling, vast estates; (Ah, 'twas a childish ruse)

Till you went back to making pastry cakes, And I to selling shoes,

1.1

My pulse would quicken times that you were nigh, And faster beat my heart;

Adored you in your silks of Habutai,

too, wore doggy things, for fashion's sake,
 The best 1'd always choose—

Till you went back to making layer-cake, And I to hoots and shoes,

Ш

1 thought you were an heiress—'neath the moon Of Avalon. Sweet dreams!

And you believed I had a golden spoon In my mouth. Dazzling beams!

We sealed our love with kisses—solemnly— Just like the wealthy folk;

We loved each other madly—until we Found out we both were broke.

W

We swam and rode and tished and played at golf; Dreamed through our summer-love;

We vowed that our love's newness'd ne'er wear off— What were we thinking of!

What joyous journeys did we plan on, when We'd visit Jap and Turk;

We had a gay old time that week; and then We both went back to work.

-Young Ray.

Two is a petting party, three means that they go to the movie.

_ How The Camel Got His Hump _

"Long long ago before Adam lost his rib, the animals ruled the world, without dispute. The Camel in those days lived in the Desert, but there used to be oases on every corner. And Messer Camel was in a constant state of animal inebriation. Finally, the animals called a cancus—and they decided to mark the camel in such a way that his weakness would at once be discernable,—so they gave him a hump to mark his continual bun on—"—but here lightning struck the antennae.

-Aw Burnn.

The "session" is an expression of the gregarions instinct in man. Men must get together and talk, talk of science, books, art, women, schools, men, buildings, women, athletics, automobiles, money, women, diplomacy, finesse, commerce, women, cars, dances, and women.

-Aw Burnn.



Want a nice ride? No thanks, I only want a lift.



Oregonian Chant

Majestic rolls the Oregon
The Wright street clatters by,
A high and splendid galleon
Against the evening sky,
Freighted down with gentlemen
Knights of gay romance;
Wielders of the fountain pen
Ont to date or dance,
Oh, a splendid company!
Clean, and bright, and fair—
Good collegiate chivalry
Casqued in shining hair:
Brave and half-disdainful
Caring nought for fate;
Flunking may be painful

But it hurts to graduate.

-Tukulti-Ninib.

Never let a seed store cheat you, there are 556, 000 grains of wheat in a bushel.

----S-

Why is it that moths seldom make the mistake of eating a patch.

Etcetera Etcetera

Remember how you told your girl Back home, how you would love her—ah— Eternally, and she be yours— Etcetera, Etcetera?

Remember how you wrote those notes In pleading terms to ask your pa For jack to pay tuition bills Etcetera, Etcetera?

Remember how you bluffed in class This year and spread your line of blah To get you by to graduate Etectera, Etectera?

And now you're ripe to whip the world Hand old John D, the bright ha-ha; Surpass his fortune in six weeks Etcetera, Etcetera?

In stead you'll go and settle down Bid youthful dreams of wealth ta-ta And spend your time in raising hens Etcetera, Etcetera?

Pop A. Cowe.



Aw—he can't flunk me. The Dean won't let him. Why, got a drag? No. 1 just dropped the course.

The Shiek of Troy

Retold

By R. E. CLARK

Note: Having cast a role in favor of the Honor System and also, but incidentally, that I may not be haled before the commission, I feel that it might be well to acknowledge the sources of this masterpiece of American Tierature, (Applause). The plot of course is a clean steal from one of Homer's little things with almost no variation; the style is, as you perhaps perceive, an adaptation of the style used by any number of our contemporary humorists who write at thirty cents a column for the 8, E, P., American Magazine, and Cosmopolitan; furthermore, every word used is, almost without exception, an out and out crib from Webster.

A coupla million years ago a swell lookin' frail named Helen lived in one of them little river towns in Greece, and was she good lookin'?..., boy, what I mean! Say, that dame had all the other girls before or since backed off the boards. All the other ladies in the town copied her clothes and made mean remarks about her complexion and tigger which is pretty good proof that she was a mean competitor.

Across the crick in another hick town lived a bozo named Paris who was no mean looker himself. He sure was one pretty baby and rated dates with all the best numbers in Troy which was the name of the town which his pa was mayor of. Well, one day this small town Valentino got out of his territory and met up with this girl Helen, and him bein' such a good looker and swell dancer, besides bein' the snappiest dresser on the beach, they did a double flop for each other right off the bat. Of course Helen had a lawful wedded husband but Paris he fixed it up with this here goddess Aphrodite who he had a drag with on account he once gave her a taffy apple which was a prize for bein' prettier than Hera and Athene which also was goddesses. So this dame Aphrodite told Helen it would be all right to beat it with Paris while her ball and chain was outa town and so she did.

Well, of course, when Menelaos, which was the name of Helen's lesser half, got back to his little love nest and found that his sweet woman had given him the air for this Trojan baby he was kinda upset. Menelaos was a kinda gentle gny though and didn't wanta start nothin' unless it was necessary so he went and asked his big brother Agamemnon what should he do. Now this gny Ag was the big boss of

the town so he called all the ward politicians to a big meeting and they decided that no pretty boy from this Troy town was gonna walk off with the best lookin' girl in Argos without a fight, especially when she was the lawful wife of their dear but somewhat dumb friend Menelaos so they all hopped into their canoes and rowboats and ferried over to this other town to bring her back, and if you believe me they were twenty years on the job. Of course they wasn't much fighters--spendin' a lot of time talkin' and prayin' and killin' poor defenceless animals for sacrifices etc. and both sides bein' somewhat handicapped by the interference of the gods and goddesses which was actin' as referees. Well, they had a lotta ups and downs what with Achilles who was their best scrapper gettin' mad and won't fight 'cause Agamemnon had been vampin' around his sweetie and on the very day when both sides had arranged for a big battle he and his gang stayed down on the beach and played horse shoe instead of helping in the fight like they should. But anyhow the big free-for-all was called off in favor of a fight to finish between the husbands of Helen-Paris and Menelaos. They wasn't either of 'em much shucks as fighters and they played around for a coupla rounds kinda jabbin' each other playful with their swords but bein' careful not to hurt. Well, the crowd began to get sore, them wantin' to see a real tight, and begun to yell, "Quit stallin'," and "Let's have some blood" and Menny begins to remember that this is the bird what walked off with his wife and gets himself all worked up and dared Paris to come over and just try to hit him. Paris was a kinda timid little fellow but somebody tipped him off that Helen was sittin' up on the wall with his pa watchin' the fight so he walks right up to Menelaos and hits him on the bean with his sword. In them days all first class fighters were tin hats trimmed up nice with plumes and Menelaos wore an extra hard one to suit his head to Paris' sword busted all to pieces when he hit him. Menelaos gets all peeved up though on account him havin' a headache and run outa aspirin and don't like to get hit on the head so he knocks Paris for a row and grabs him by the plume on his hat and starts chokin' him to death with his chin strap. There wasn't no ring rules against killin' the other guy in a fight and it looks like it's all over for Paris Green as Menelaos called him, but not so-his friend Aphrodite jumps in and nuties his chin ribbon and grabs him up in her arms and gets him away before Menelaos can do the dirty work. Her bein' a goddess and real strong she

could do it. Well, the referee calls it a draw but the whole crowd starts to fightin' again.

Achilles finally gets over his peeve when the Argos boys are just about licked and gets into the game but Paris' pa and his brothers put up a pretty good fight and before peace is declared all the best fighters on both sides is killed off and Troy got on fire and as a town just ain't anymore. By this time Helen is getting along and beginning to lose her looks and on account of her bein' the cause of all the fuss you'd think they might be more interested but the truth is there wasn't much of anybody left to be interested in anything but gettin' home to the little wife which they all did after a lotta ship wrecks etc. and anyhow both her husbands got killed in the fuss so she was somewhat of a widow you might say and spent the rest of her days sighin' about "dear Alexandros" and "dear Menelaos" just as if she never done nothin'.



٠

Political promises. A woman's word, Pouzi, Sure things.

Premonition

Lush wind with fragrant promise of the rose Swung as a censer to the goddess moon, Come, can you whisper softly and disclose What will come after, after June?

Say, shall we spend some hot September day Filling a toilsome list one afternoon, (Checking a list of credit hours we'll say) Will this come after, after June?

-Tukulti-Xinib.

An Impressionistic Sunset

The sun, a brilliant red octopus of fire, hurdled a cloud bank, and quickened its stride into a run. He began to sweat, bright searlet sweat, that splashed itself over the western sky so that it was all red, except where silver clouds caught some of it an turned purple and gold and lavender. At last, the sweating fiery octopus reached the horizon, paused a moment in fiery glee, sprinkled scarlet sweat with a lavish flip of his crimson fins, and took a head-long dive into the ocean, which hissed and boiled and turned a dark crimson with mixture.

-AW BURN.

Take, Oh Take Those Lips Away

Honey, take those lips away:

They are too near for perfect bliss. So red they are 1 want to kiss

Those lovely curves which make me say: Oh, take them well-rouged lips away

My mother says I mustn't pet Or smirch my soul in any way

But still from them I cannot stay Those clinging lips so warm and wet

I'd like to kiss them anyway.

-B. Born.

Short Ode to a Chameleon

Behold the slim chameleon Who lives they say on neon. Though harmless he displays his colors Like one of these decade old crullers. Sometimes 1 think he muses sad, When lying on his bed of plaid.

Don Allen.

"The Boss"

(An anachronistic take off on Richard III)

BY GEORGE ROSENBERG

(Scene: Street corner, London. Large crowd of Londonites gathered about York political band wagon. On the wagon the candidate, Richard Gloucester, is conversing with Duke Buckingham, his campaign manager.)

"Buckingham, my innocent ="

"Yes, my lord?"

"You have put prussic acid in Clarence's coca cola?"

"Yes, my lord, and spiked that campaign beer you sent Messrs, Rivers, Grey, and Vaughn with a gallon of hasheesh and carbolic acid. Your strongest competitors have thus been persuaded to withdraw."

"But this man Hastings—, Buck, my pretty, have you served him?"

"Yes, my lord, we've pickled him and marked the bottle Variety 58."

"And by the way, Buck, my son, my wife Anne, she's daffy, see?"

"Yes, my lord. She couldn't stand the bichloride of mercury in that gin ricky,—made her bahny, just like that!"

"Ah! My sweet Buckingham! We'll be elected yet!"

"My lord-"

"Yes, Buckingham, my beloved-?"

"You promised me the postmastership of Dunbartonshire Crossroads,"

"Ah, yes, yes, Buckingham—but let's see, there's one more little detail, a mere bagatelle—only the brats of Edward to get rid of—just slip some ground glass in their Post Tousties—"

"My lord, 1—er, rather not—the kids, the Society for the prevention of Cruelty to Cabbages and Kings will put me on their black list—1 dare not—"

"What! You foul-hearted, iron-headed villain! Ho! Guards!—the cannibals want macaroni—take this man!"

(Guards rushed up, took Buckingham away, Gloucester prepared to address the gathered citizens.)

"Lord, friends, and citizens—tune in on this: I promise that I shall make a fine Lord High Executioner. I shall institute reforms—open grafting will not be permitted, unless hidden under a state license, —as for liquor, I don't believe in going too far with it—there should be a pub on every corner—"—(He continued with his political promises,

waxing more and more eloquent. A small portion of the crowd detached itself from the mob, but returned soon, bearing sundry small articles. At a given signal they showered these upon Gloncester.)

"—so gentlemen—What! Ye villains! Ho! Guards! Men! Save me! Succour!" (But the shower of long matured tomatoes and too-ambitious eggs continued—Gloucester was wellnigh overwhelmed; he commenced running desperately crying aloud:)

"A hose, a hose, my kingdom for a hose!"

Henrick: "J'uh hear about the man who never took a bath or changed his socks in twenty years?"

Huddsonn: "No—hoonell was 'ee?" Henrick: "Rip van Winkle."

-Aw Burnn.

There is danger in reproving a man who is impolite to a woman—she may turn on you for calling down her husband.

In spite of the cotton shortage they still have enough of it to make woolen suits out of.





Gun: "Do you believe in love at first sight?"
Gnat: "Yes,—and every other opportunity!"
—Aw Burnn.



Commencement Presents

FOR YOUR SIREN AND OTHERS

Are to Be Found Sitting All About at

U. of I. Supply Store

JEWELRY-PENS-GOLD PENCILS NIFTY GIFTS

Green-Wright





All Kinds of Better Straws

Gelvins

611 E. GREEN ST.

What Indeed!

Art, what sacrileges Are performed Under thy name? Yesterday, Mary Brown Ran off To New York to Learn to Draw geometrical figures As a preparation To becoming A great artiste. Last Saturday I read A wonderful Dadaistic poem concerning Mahomet, Villon, Henry Ford, Eddie Guest. Alfred de Musset and Heinie Zimmerman. Yesterday my wife Spent \$32 On a "gorgeous, wonderful

Hat."

Art, what sacrileges

Are performed Under thy fair name?

Sonnet On Failure

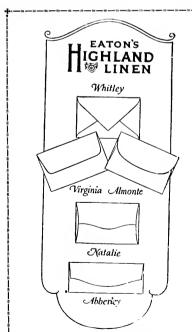
When all the world is but an empty dream, And happiness a fragile shell of thought To crush and crumble 'neath a might that seems But mocking misery desire has brought To those who strove to win; when in tire Of hope for flaming, gloried life, The struggling soul is freed from earthly mire, Then seized and thing again to strife, A madness falls upon the weary mind,-A madness heavy with despair and loss That Fate has heaped on undeserving hands. And he who strives to rise above the dross Of lowly things and fails, at last will find That life is built on shifting, sinking sands.

-Vanitas.

New Orleans man sells cats by weight, what not so much purr.

An Alabama man who drove too fast with a wagon load of dynamite is a former Alabama man now.

8.0.8.



Embossed Stationery

for Summer Rushing

Imagine yourself as a rushee receiving two letters-one on ordinary stationery and one on fine linen with the seal, crest or name of the sorority or fraternity embossed neatty across the top. Which letter would impress you more highly?

Rushing letters are your representatives. Like all representatives their appearance is almost as important as their message.

How will you be represented in your rushing letters this summer?



"Chuck" Bailey

606 East Green Street

Shelby" Himes



Riddle

When is a fountain penlike a pig pen?

Take yours to Rider's before exams and find out.—Adv.

The Gallery Clod

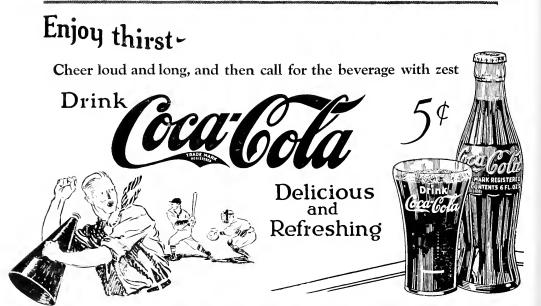
You dance quite well
My latest flame.
1 know your dance
Though not your name.
For you're beyond
My salary.
You dance—1 rate—
The gallery.

-Pop A. Cowe.

Rash Youth

My shoe is worn Almost worn through Another pair Was nearly due... I thought they were That's why I drew— And why I wear This ragged shoe.

-Pop A. Cowe.



Single Copies of The Siren are always on sale at the following places:

University District:

U. of I. Supply Store (Co-op) Green Street Pharmacy Engineer's Co-op University Pharmacy—Goodwin Ave. Idol Inn

Champaign:

Inman Hotel & Drug Store Mollett and Woller Swannell's Drug Store

Urbana:

Joe's Place Leslie's Music Store



The Siren, the Flapper and the "Old-Fashioned Girl"

all like Autocrat Linen—whether they are on the receiving or the sending end of the line.

I L L I N I

H. Jerry Gray, Mgr. 522 E. Green St. "Phone Main 72—We Deliver"



For Your Vacation

We have something for the one who will have any writing to do this summer, no natter what sort. Beforeyou leave, we would like to have you visit us if you never have, and if you have, call again.

White Typewriter Sales Co.

613 E. Green

"If You Write— Call on White"

Not Bad

My meter's poor My rhyme is worse I'm not so good at Writing verse But here's a compliment I've had. I'm very good at Writing Dad.

-Pop A. Cowe.

Drag

The study lamp burns late tonight I must pass all my courses Nothing can drag me from my books
No—not even wild horses
But hark—below a motor honks
A ride? By gosh! I'll go
A Ford can drag me from my books

But not wild horses—NO.
—Pop A. Cowe.

WE ARE ALL

Cake Eaters

when it comes to BERRY-MAN'S cake—the cake with that delightful homey flavor. Phone us your party order, and we will please you.

Cake—Any Kind—Any Kind
—Any Time

Berryman's Bakery

213 South Neil.

We make it RIGHT and deliver it ON TIME

"THE REAL CO-OP"

AND NOW

NEXT YEAR

This comparatively new supply store, a cooperative student owned organization, has now proved itself a fixed asset to our University. Students have found that we save them money—which is our purpose. Next year will find us bigger and ever ready to serve you. We invite your patronage.

OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE STUDENTS

-Open During Summer School-

The REAL CO-OP

J. R. Lindley, Student Manager Mathews & Boneyard

We wish you all a pleasant vacation



The Broken Troth

A few small tears were shed and dried, A few short sighs were still and done; She waited calm and quiet eyed To get her man—another one.

T-X

California woman has had her teeth set with diamonds. The crown jewels.

San Francisco woman says that her husband spanked her six times in one day. Experts say that this is too much.

It will be warm enough in a few weeks to wash your elbows.

Half the broken telephone wires are caused by replies to, "Bet you can't guess who this is talking."

A woman can do almost anything with a hair pin except make it stay in her hair.



THE ORIGINAL

Ask for and get—

Horlick's

There is a reliability and satisfaction in securing the Original-Genuine product at fountains, that no imitation affords. Food-drinks of delicious and original flavor. Popularized by its uniform quality for over one-third of a century.

Refreshes at the fountain. Sustains and invigorates the student and athlete. A convenient luncheon on your way to your room at night, or at other fimes.

Purchase Jars and Flasks in Powder and Lunch Tablet forms

AVOID IMITATIONS



610 E. Green

"Home of the Electric Waffle"

When father sent his spendthrift son away to learn stenography, he concluded from the type of letters he received, that the boy was expert at the touch system. To touch yourself up properly, get furnishings from

VAUGHN-RICHMOND SHOP for MEN

Rialto Theatre Building

Cadillac Chevrolet

Versatile

We did not date this winter time I toss no wicked shoe.
I'm not so good at taking tea And other things folks do.
But now that springtime's come again

I'll date a bit with you For I can pipe a tenor keen And stroke a mean canoe.

-Pop A. Cowe.

Watch & Jewelry Repairing

IN

The Co-op

Engraving

Pembroke Cadillac Co.

18 E. Washington 203 W. Park

Good Values in Used Cars

The Last Word

My room-mate says That I dance rotten That's not the only Slam I've gotten

The I don't dance like Ruth St. Denis I shoot a right mean Stick of tennis.

-Pop A. Cowe.

A. G. Kirmse

Ingersoll Watches

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PAINTS
WINDOW GLASS
AUTO GLASS
MIRRORS
WALL PAPER

Corner Walnut & Taylor Sts.
Phone 1361

A New Service

We take all your house linens, rugs, curtains and drapes and store them through the summer for you.

Fully insured while in our care, Λ White Line 100 percent Service,

The White Line Laundry

PRESSERS RUG SHAMPOOERS

Main 106

Millard & Snyder



Take It From The Air

NOT only music, but news, speeches, messages of every sort, are today being picked out of the air.

"How has this come about?" we ask.

The new impetus given to radio development may be definitely associated with the development of the high power vacuum tube, for that made broadcasting possible. And the power tube originated from a piece of purely theoretical research, which had no connection with radio.

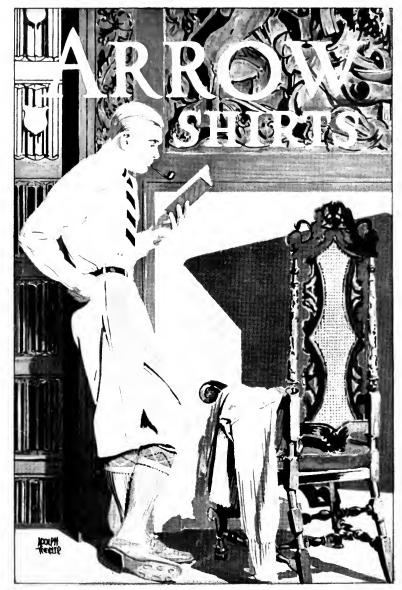
When a scientist in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company found that electric current could be made to pass through the highest possible vacuum and could be varied according to fixed laws, he established the principle of the power tube and laid the foundation for the "tron" group of devices.

These devices magnify the tiny telephone currents produced by the voice and supply them to the antenna, which broadcasts the messages. At the receiving end, smaller "trons", in turn, magnify the otherwise imperceptible messages coming to them from the receiving antenna.

Great accomplishments are not picked out of the air. Generally, as in this case, they grow from one man's insatiable desire to find out the "how" of things.

Scientific research discovers the facts. Practical applications follow in good time.





GORDON The ARROW College SHIRT

MADE of a fine oxford, in a thorough tailor-like way by the makers of Arrow Collars. \$3.00 CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., MAKERS





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